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- ART. I.—1. *Report made in the Senate of the United States, on the subject of an Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas.* By Mr. SOUTHARD, Chairman of the Committee; March 21, 1836.
2. *View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation, demonstrating their ancient discovery and progressive settlement of the Continent of America.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., Principal of the Australian College, Sydney, &c.; London, 1834.
3. *Miscellaneous Works of WILLIAM MARSDEN, F. R. S., &c. &c.; On the Polynesian or East-Insular Languages; On a Conventional Roman Alphabet, applicable to Oriental Languages;* London, 1834.
4. *Ke Kumu Hawaii, or The Hawaiian Teacher; for December, 1834.* Published in the language of the Sandwich Islands, at Honolulu, in Oahu (Woahoo.)
5. *Ka Lama Hawaii, or The Hawaiian Luminary; for the months of February, March, April, September and December, 1834.* Published in the language of the Sandwich Islands, at Lahainaluna, in the island of Maui (Mowee).
6. *De Lingua Othomitorum Dissertatio; auctore EMMANUELE NAXERA, Mexicano, Academia Litteraria Zacatecarum Socio.* Communicated to the American Philosophical Society, March 6, 1835.
7. *A Narrative of the Shipwreck and Captivity of Horace Holden and Benjamin F. Nule; on the Pelew Islands, and on Lord North's Island, with a Vocabulary of the Language of the latter Island.* Boston, 1836.

The origin of the population of America is a problem which has exercised the ingenuity of the learned from the period of

Columbus's discovery to the present day. It is a problem, too, which is not yet satisfactorily solved, though much light has been thrown upon it by modern discoveries; and the question is certainly, at the present time, embarrassed with fewer difficulties than it has been at any former period.

It is not our intention, however, on the present occasion, to pursue as our principal subject the simple and precise question of the original population of America. As connected with that question, we propose to invite the attention of our readers to a quarter of the globe which has hitherto received little notice among literary and scientific enquirers; but which is, nevertheless, highly deserving of investigation, and, independently of its importance to the United States in a commercial view, is full of interest as a subject of philosophical speculation; and, when taken in connection with the continent of America, becomes an indispensable element in the solution of the great problem above mentioned.

The region of the globe to which we allude, is that vast collection of islands which fill a large portion of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, particularly between the tropics, and which seem to form the connecting links, though much broken, between the shores of Asia—the cradle of the human race—and the western coast of America; islands, that in the fabulous ages might have been imagined to be the stepping stones, by which the giant race of those days passed from their domain on the old continent to the shores of the new; from

“The barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light”—

to that new world, where

“Columbus found the American, begirt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild,
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.”¹

To the general considerations above mentioned, we might add, if any further motive were necessary to excite our attention to this subject, that, as Americans, we have a particular interest in it, arising from circumstances to which it may not be amiss to advert. One of these is the fact, that an important group of the intertropical islands is properly an American discovery; we mean the group originally named, after their discoverer, *Ingraham's Islands*, and since that time, the *Washington Islands*; which are now well known, to every reader of voyages,

¹ Milton's *Par. Lost*, iii., 438; ix., 1115.

by the Journal of an American commander of some celebrity in our naval history. Another circumstance, which gives this part of the globe a particular claim upon our attention, is the American Missionary Establishment at the *Sandwich Islands*, which was begun in the year 1819, by missionaries from Boston; and which, apart from the praiseworthy religious objects of it, will be of incalculable importance to the United States in many respects. This group of islands, now the most important of all in relation to the civilized world, has long been known as a place of resort for American whaling ships; and, until the establishment of the American mission, the savage inhabitants of them led such a life as would be the necessary consequence of a native ignorance, that was enlightened only just enough to be trained to the most disgusting licentiousness and depravity by an unrestrained intercourse with the profligate part of their civilised visitors.

Since the establishment of the American mission, now about sixteen years, a most material change has taken place in this people, in many respects; and when we state that reading and writing—aye, and printing too—have been introduced by the missionaries, and are now extensively diffused, and that the natives feel the most intense interest in those precious arts, we have said all that an intelligent reader will desire to know, in order to form an estimate of their future prospects. For these advantages, of which the grateful natives are fully sensible, they have been indebted to Americans. Their curiously constructed language, of more than Italian softness, was first reduced to writing by American missionaries, according to a plan originally proposed by an American, and by which their children and adults learn to read in a vastly shorter time than it is possible for us to learn our language. They have their elementary books of all the most useful and necessary kinds—primers, spelling books and reading books; and among these we cannot omit to mention a book of *Arithmetic*, the study of which is almost a passion with them, and, in the opinion of the missionaries, has done more to excite their thinking powers than has been effected by any other work ever published for their instruction. The Gospels and other parts of the New Testament have been for some time in common use among them—the types set up and the work done by native printers, but, of course, not without the aid of Americans—and, what will more surprise our readers, we have now lying before us two different *newspapers*, published in the language of the island; yes, two newspapers, one on a whole sheet and the other on a half sheet, of the large quarto size, and quite as respectable in their external appearance as the average of our own gazettes. Our readers, we are sure, will not be displeased

to have a brief notice of these two journals, the first fruits of what we must call, however strange it may sound to our civilized ears, the *literature* of the Sandwich Islands!

The names of these journals will be found at the head of this article (Nos. 4 and 5); and their contents are the same with those of our own country; as, European and American news, letters and communications from correspondents, both natives and foreigners—obituary notices of deceased natives and others; an extensive list of vessels arriving at the islands, with statements of their cargoes, &c.; scraps of poetry; scripture extracts, and numerous articles on natural history (in which the natives are much interested); accompanied with wood cuts of the most remarkable animals, engraved, as we understand, by one of the American missionaries.

In their "Shipping List" an American reader will be struck with their mode of writing our difficult names. It is well known, that all the syllables of their language end with a *vowel* sound, and that they cannot pronounce the harsh combinations of two or more consonants, which occur so continually in the European languages. We accordingly see our English names all softened in conformity with this principle; *New-Bedford* becomes *Nu Bedefoda*; *Boston* is made a word of four syllables, *Bosetona*; *Nantucket* is *Nanetuketa*; *Philadelphia* becomes *Piladelepia*; and *Britain*, *Beritania*. The letter *s* is one of their stumbling blocks; they cannot pronounce it, but always change it into *k* or *t*; hence Mr. Ellis, the missionary, was called *Elliki*. From a similar cause, it is said (though we will not vouch for the fact) that their celebrated prime minister, *Boki*, derived his name from an attempt to imitate the sound of the English word *Boas* (or *Bose*) the sailors' abbreviation of *Boatswain*, which was the name of a dog, that was a great favourite with *Boki*.

We add one further remark, which is suggested by the subject of language. Our English tongue is now, beyond all question, destined to be the language of *commercial intercourse* throughout the Pacific ocean and the adjacent coast of America, if not of Asia also. The enterprise and activity of the two greatest commercial powers—England and the United States—will defy all competition; and the common language and the commerce of these two powers will mutually co-operate in giving additional interest to that region of the globe. We might also add to this list of countries, where our language is to go hand in hand with our commerce, the coast of Africa, hitherto impenetrable to civilization, but where we at length have a newspaper printed at an American press.

But we must forbear any further observations upon this point, and return to our principal subject.

The immediate occasion of our attention being directed to these "isles of the sea" has been, what may properly enough be called the late discovery of a new people, inhabiting one of the very smallest of all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans; we mean *Lord North's Island*, sometimes called *Johnstone's* and sometimes *Neville's Island*, which is the subject of the little "Narrative" enumerated among the other works at the head of this article. We speak of this as the discovery of a new people, because, though the natives of the island in question had occasionally been seen from ships passing by their shores, and, though there had been some intercourse with them, yet so little known was the island itself, that in our popular books of geography it was generally described as uninhabited; and no particular or authentic information had been obtained of the islanders, until the recent account of them brought home by two American seamen, both natives of New-England, who were detained as captives among them for two years, and have lately, after long-continued sufferings and misfortunes, been permitted once more to rejoin their anxious and despairing friends.

Of this little island and its inhabitants, we shall presently give a very brief account, as the facts have been furnished by the unfortunate captives, whose "Narrative" we have just mentioned, and to which we shall again recur.

The region of the globe which comprehends the vast body of islands in question, has been described by some writers under the name of *Polynesia*; by others, under that of *Oceania*, from the French *Océanie*; and by the celebrated geographer, Malte-Brun, under the name of *Oceanica*, the inhabitants being called in conformity with that, *Oceanians*. It extends from about the 95th degree of east longitude to the 110th west, and from the 25th degree of north latitude to the 50th south.

The first English writer, who brought this region under the notice of European readers, was a gentleman, whose name is well known to every mercantile and seafaring man, and to every scholar, in our country—we mean, William Marsden, Esquire, the author of the invaluable history of Sumatra—who, more than fifty years ago, published the first edition of that admirable work, and is, we believe, still living to witness the importance justly attached to that part of the world, which his sagacity so ably displayed at that early period, and so long before any other individual had taken the trouble to study it. The same zeal in the cause of science and philanthropy, has continued unabated in him; and it is but little more than a year since he published the new and valuable work, on the general subject of the *Polynesian Languages*, contained in the volume, under his name, which is at the head of this article,

and to which we shall again refer. Indeed the publications of this able writer are so intimately connected with that quarter of the globe, that we shall be pardoned for interrupting the course of our remarks, in order to advert to a few circumstances in his life and character, which are not so generally known to American readers as they deserve to be, and one of which, for the honour of our race, ought never to be forgotten.¹

Mr. Marsden was born in 1754, in Ireland; and was first employed in the service of the English East India Company, at Bencoolen, so long ago as the year 1771. While in that employment (about nine years), he began his investigations into the history of the Malay nation, the most important people of the eastern archipelago. His *History of Sumatra*, already mentioned, has been translated into other languages; and we have now before us the *third* edition of the English original. This publication immediately brought the author into notice, and he was soon appointed chief secretary to the Board of Admiralty in England. In 1807, he retired from office, with the usual pension of £1500 a year; and—what is particularly worthy of notice, when disinterestedness and public spirit are not the predominant virtues of the age—this enlightened scholar and patriot most liberally relinquished the pension, which he had so well earned by his substantial services to his country. The English journals of that day characterized this noble act as “a good example which would not be imitated;” a prediction which has been almost literally verified.²

The general extent of the Oceanic region has been already stated; but so little importance is attached to this part of the globe in our ordinary geographical studies, that few readers acquire any precise notions respecting it. Those persons, therefore, who take sufficient interest in the subject to induce them to obtain accurate views, and to accompany us in our hasty survey of it, will do well to have before them a good map, or, what is still better, a good marine chart of the Pacific and Indian oceans; of which, we believe, the best extant is the large chart in six sheets, by Norie, published in London, corrected to the year 1835, which is used by the intelligent masters of our whale ships that are continually traversing that whole region.

Upon inspecting the chart, we shall discover within the limits before mentioned, extending many thousand miles in each direction, innumerable islands scattered over an immense ocean, in the midst of which, as Malte-Brun observes, we find

¹ We are indebted, for a part of our information, to the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for 1834. See also the *Encyclop. Americana*.

² Just as we were writing this paragraph, the newspapers announced one new instance of this public spirit in England; but we do not recollect the name of the individual.

a score of extensive countries resembling minor continents, and one of these, New Holland, or Australia, which is well entitled to the name and rank of a continent.¹ To these islands, in order to complete the view, we should add the territory called the Malayan Peninsula, which is also of great extent.

The principal portion of the land, in this region, lies between the 95th and 160th degrees of east longitude, and comprehends territory partly without and partly within the tropics. South of the equator and without the tropics we find the greater part of New Holland and the whole of New Zealand; but the remainder of the Oceanic region is intertropical, and of this the principal part lies not more than ten degrees from each side of the equator. The whole quantity of land has been variously estimated; while some geographers have reckoned it at 3,500,000 square miles,² others have reduced it to 2,500,000. New Holland by itself is nearly equal to all Europe; and the several islands taken together present a surface considerably larger than Europe.

Here, then, as an able English writer observes, we have countries greater in extent than China and Hindostan put together. Australia itself is more extensive than the Chinese empire; Borneo, three times the size of Great Britain; and Sumatra larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together.³

These regions, says Malte-Brun, "present in every quarter scenes fitted to move the most frigid imagination. Many nations are here found in their earliest infancy. The amplest openings have been afforded for commercial activity. Numberless valuable productions have been already laid under contribution to our insatiable luxury. Here many natural treasures still remain concealed from scientific observation. How numerous are the gulfs, the ports, the straits, the lofty mountains, and the smiling plains! What magnificence, what solitude, what originality, and what variety!"⁴

It is not within our view, in this article, to speak of the geological character of the Oceanic region farther than to observe, very briefly, that it contains objects of the highest interest, among which may be reckoned a greater number of volcanoes than are known in any other part of the world. The island of Java alone, according to some writers, contains at least fifteen; of which, that of Geté is estimated to be 8000 feet above the level of the sea; Sumatra has a number of them;⁵ and the

¹ Malte-Brun's Geogr. Book 53. Part 1.

² Encycloped. Americana, Art. AUSTRALIA.

³ Foreign Quart. Rev. 1834.

⁴ Malte-Brun's Geogr.

⁵ Marsden's Hist. of Sumatra, p. 29.

Philippine Islands and the Moluccas are full of them.¹ Many of the islands themselves are of volcanic origin. Buffon, indeed, and some other philosophers have accounted for the existence of islands by supposing a violent convulsion of nature, which submerged a vast continent, and left the tops of the mountains projecting above the surface of the waters; those mountain tops thus constituting the islands now found there; and Malte-Brun, following out the same idea, calls them "the magnificent fragments of a former world, scattered over the mighty ocean."

However just this hypothesis may be in respect to some of the islands, it is most certain, that others are formed by a different process; that is, not by the disappearance of portions of land already existing, but by the actual formation of *new land* in places where all was ocean before. All over the tropical regions of the Pacific ocean the coral animal is still incessantly employed in forming numberless islands and in rearing piles of building, as a late British writer justly observes, "far loftier and doubtless far more durable than the pyramids of Egypt, in the midst of the fathomless sea."² These minute animals, as naturalists inform us, pursue their gigantic labours with that unerring sagacity, which is the peculiar attribute of what we call instinct. It is said that they cannot work above water; and, as they chiefly inhabit an ocean where the wind generally blows from one quarter, they raise their structure in a perpendicular direction on the *windward* side, so that, when they approach the surface of the water where the rolling of the ocean would at times leave them naked, the waves are thus broken, and they can continue their labours to the *leeward* without any embarrassment. After the windward side has been protected, the next part raised to the surface of the ocean is at some distance to the leeward. The whole, when first seen, consists of a chain of detached rocks usually placed in a circular form, including an area which is often of several hundred feet in diameter. In the progress of the work, the intermediate parts, whether circular or straight, are gradually filled up; so that on the outside the walls are perpendicular and the water deep; but within, the water grows deeper from the margin towards the centre, producing a solid mass of rock, the upper part of which is in the form of a basin. This cavity is at first a kind of salt lake, but is gradually filled up by the animals, until finally the sea is so far excluded, that during calm weather the rain freshens the water in it, and thus at once end the labour and the lives of these industrious little animals.

¹ Malte-Brun's Geogr.

² Lang's View of the Polynesian Nations: London, 1834.

It is easy to perceive how the islands thus formed will, in the course of time, be covered with vegetation. The sea, casting sand and slime on the top of these rocks, raises their surfaces above their level; the seeds of plants are known to float thousands of miles and still retain their vegetative powers; and these seeds, taking root in the crevices of the rocks, produce plants, which, in their turn, by annual decay, together with the decomposed coral, soon furnish a soil for others. By a process of this kind, these new islands are gradually supplied with the cocoa nut tree and other valuable products for the sustenance of those hapless natives, who are so often driven to them from the other islands in their frail canoes, which become the sport of the same winds and waves that have already drifted the fruits of the earth before them for their reception.

We ought not to omit adding, that if the formation of this class of islands were not now well ascertained, yet many of them are so far from having the appearance of any thing like the sloping sides of mountains on land, that they are perpendicular elevations, with bold shores, and water of the deepest blue surrounding them on all sides. The little island which we have before mentioned, (Lord North's,) though scarcely more than three quarters of a mile long and half a mile in width, stands, if we might use the comparison, like a tower or monument, just raising its head a few feet above the surface of boundless waters, alone, in sight of no other land, with its coral reef encircling it like a diadem, and washed on all sides by the ocean, of darkest blue, and in which the sounding lead of the mariner

“Drops plumb down
Ten thousand fathom deep.”¹

Of all the countries in this vast region of the globe, it has been justly observed, that the greater part remains, to the present day, unchanged by the hand of man, and clothed with the native perennial verdure of the innumerable forest trees and other vegetable productions which the Creator originally bestowed upon them. The animal kingdom is hardly less various than the vegetable; and it has been remarked as a fact particularly worthy of notice, that in the tropical parts of the Oceanic region the larger quadrupeds are found only in the larger islands; and that the smaller quadrupeds are comparatively few. The elephant, for example, is known only on the Peninsula, Sumatra, and a small district of the northeast part of Borneo; the tiger is not found in any of the smaller islands, even when these are near to larger ones which abound with that animal; and

¹ *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. 933.

this, and other animals of the same tribe, though numerous in the larger islands to the westward, disappear as we go eastward. In Australia proper we find that phenomenon of quadrupeds, the kangaroo, which is the largest of this region, and at the same time has the particular form which in other parts of the globe nature has given to the smallest race of quadrupeds—the rat and the dormouse; here also we have the no less extraordinary flying phalangers, ornithorynchi, and other anomalies, which, as Cuvier observes, have been found to astonish naturalists by their strange conformation, which broke through all rules and overthrew all systems!¹ The varieties of the monkey tribe in the Oceanic region, generally, are wonderful, and almost all differing from the species of that family in the other quarters of the world; the ourang-outang, however, apparently the least intelligent of the race, though so strongly resembling man in form, seems to be confined to two spots, Borneo and Sumatra. The birds present no less remarkable features than the quadrupeds; their varieties, singularity of form, and splendour of plumage, are unrivalled; and there is among them a vast proportion of suctorial birds, or such as derive their principal support from sucking the nectar of flowers. This peculiar organization, which in Africa, India, and America, is restricted to the smallest birds, is here given to species as large as any of the thrushes. Fish of various kinds are found in this region; but it is worthy of notice, that the cod, herring, and salmon are unknown. This abundance of fish has rendered the occupation of the *fishing* life the common condition of the inhabitants.

These general remarks must be taken with many limitations, so far as respects some parts of the Oceanic region. In the Pacific or South Sea Islands the quadrupeds are very few, and those small; the large ones found there at this day are carried from other countries. Bougainville and Cook found on them, generally, only a small species of hogs with long heads and small erect ears, dogs, lizards, and an animal larger than a mouse but smaller than a rat. No noxious or poisonous reptiles are found there, except centipedes, which, however, are neither large nor numerous.²

We shall detain the reader but a moment longer on this branch of our subject, to mention a singular fact in relation to the *tides* in the Pacific ocean; and we do this, in order to draw

¹ Cuvier's *Revolutions of the Globe*, p. 41, Amer. ed.

² See Lardner's *Cabinet Cycloped.* vol. 66, Nat. Hist.; Cuvier's *Revolutions of the Globe*; *Foreign Quart. Rev.* for 1834; Ellis's *Tour through Hawaii (Owhyhee)*; *Encycloped. Americana*, Art. *Australia*, &c. for further particulars respecting the natural history of these islands.

the attention both of practical navigators and philosophical observers.

It is stated by the intelligent Mr. Ellis, the missionary, who resided several years in Tahiti (Otaheite) and the Sandwich Islands, that the rising and falling of the tides, (in the South Sea Islands,) if influenced at all by the moon, appear to be so only in a very small degree. "The height," says he, "to which the tide rises, varies but a few inches during the whole year; and at no time is it elevated more than a foot or a foot and a half. The sea, however, often rises to an unusual height; but this appears to be the effect of a strong wind blowing for some time from one quarter, or the heavy swells of the sea, which flow from different directions and prevail equally during the time of high and low water. During the year, whatever be the age or situation of the moon, the water is lowest at six in the morning and the same hour in the evening, and highest at noon and midnight. This is so well established, that the time of night is marked by the ebbing and flowing of the tide; and in all the islands the term for highwater and for midnight is the same."¹ The same thing is stated by Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, in their *Journal of Voyages and Travels*: "It is generally known," they observe, "but may be repeated here, in connection with the aforementioned periodical but irregular inundations of the sea, that the tides throughout the Pacific ocean do not appear to obey the influence of the moon in the slightest degree. It is always high water about twelve, and low about six o'clock, day and night."² The fact has also been noticed by a few British navigators. Captain Beechey, after describing the harbour of Papiete and some others on the north side of Otaheite, says—"It is generally high water at half an hour after noon every day, and low water at six in the morning;" at the same time he observes, in language which might mislead the reader if not understood with some qualifications—that "the tides in all these harbours (of Otaheite) are very irregular."³ These irregulari-

¹ Polynesian Researches, by the Rev. W. Ellis, vol. i., p. 28.

² Tyerman and Bennet's *Journal*, vol. ii., p. 225, Amer. edit.

³ Beechey's *Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Strait*, vol. ii., Appendix, p. 648, London edit. 1831. We should apprise all those persons who read voyages and travels for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and not merely to beguile an idle hour, that they will look in vain in the American reprint of Beechey's *Voyage*, for this and many other important facts; they are contained in an "Appendix" of 150 quarto pages, the whole of which, beside twenty-one plates and three charts, is suppressed in the American edition, and without any notice to the reader (that we have observed) of this mutilation of the original work! That Appendix contains—an account of Fossil Remains in the Arctic Regions—The habits of Mexican Bees—Vocabulary of the Western Esquimaux—Nautical Remarks—Geographical Position of Places—

ties are, doubtless, what Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet call "irregular inundations" of the sea, which, according to Mr. Ellis, are occasioned by the strong winds blowing for some time from one quarter, or the heavy swells of the sea coming from various directions. The fact is also confirmed by an intelligent correspondent in Professor Silliman's Journal of Science, (Mr. John Ball, of Troy, New York,) who states, that during his "three weeks' stay at Tahiti the tide was observed to rise about one foot, and always highest at twelve o'clock noon and midnight;" and, he adds, "I was informed that this is always the case."¹

Another writer, whose remarks are republished in that Journal (from that of the Franklin Institute), adds to the testimony on this point the following—that Professor Whewell states, that Lieutenant Malden, who accompanied Lord Byron on his voyage to the Sandwich Islands in the British ship *Blonde*, in 1824–25, "gives a similar account of the tides at Owhyhee." But the language of Lieutenant Malden is, that "the tide was observed to rise about four feet, and to be high water at sunset and low water at daylight, being influenced by the sea and land breezes. This regularity would probably not take place in the winter months, when they do not prevail."² This statement can

Meteorological Observations—On the Aurora Borealis—Specific Gravity of the Surface of the Sea—Temperature of the Sea at Different Depths—Dip and Intensity of the Magnetic Force—Variation of the Compass. All this important information is withheld from scientific readers, in order to make a book cheap enough to suit the general market. If, however, we have not national pride enough to encourage good editions of valuable works, we cannot blame the booksellers. A similar mutilation was made several years ago in the American reprint of Capt. Hall's *Loo Choo Islands*.

¹ American Journal of Science, vol. xxviii., p. 8. We stop to make a single remark here, to show how difficult a matter it is, in the investigation of facts, even to *quote* an author correctly. A correspondent, cited in the same Journal, (vol. 28, p. 312,) says—"Mr. Whewell quotes the observation of Capt. Beechey, that at Papiate, one of the Society Islands, it is high water every day at half an hour *before* noon," &c. Here are two errors: 1. Captain Beechey says half an hour *after* noon; and 2. Papiate is not one of the *islands*, but a *harbour* in one of them, (Otaheite) as above stated in the text.

² Byron's Voyage of H. M. Ship *Blonde*, Appendix, p. 256, Lond. edit. 1826. We quote this statement from a paper, published in the Appendix to the Voyage of the *Blonde*, purporting to be an "Extract from Lieut. Malden's Official Account of the Sandwich Islands." Whether the "extract" is faithfully made or not, we have no means of determining; the "Voyage" itself is unworthy of confidence in many particulars. This meagre and wretched volume is not the work of Lord Byron, but is made up from disjointed scraps and notes of different individuals, and published without a responsible name; and is, it seems, the work of a Mrs. Graham, to whom, unaccountable as it may appear, the task was assigned of preparing the narrative of a voyage performed in a public

hardly be called "similar" to that of Captain Beechey, as Professor Whewell supposes; on the contrary, it is materially different, both as to the height and time of the tides.

We have brought together these statements of different writers, with a view to draw the attention of our nautical and philosophical enquirers; and in their hands we now leave it.

Of the remaining parts of our subject, the most important in every point of view, is—the race, or rather *races of men*, inhabiting the different portions of the Oceanic territory. And, when we are reminded of the fact, that this region is peopled by not less than fifteen, or, according to some writers, twenty millions of human beings of various physical and intellectual endowments, of habits and modes of life essentially differing from our own; of various degrees of cultivation, from the merest brute-like ignorance to a very considerable advance in the arts of civilized life—this vast subject assumes an importance which cannot fail to command the attention of every man who has the natural desire to know something of the different members of the human family. If, moreover, the farther investigations of the learned should lead us to the conclusion—which some philosophical enquirers maintain—that the population of the southern parts, and perhaps all others, of America, is to be traced, through the Oceanic islands, to the coast of Asia, the interest of the subject, to *Americans* at least, will be incalculably enhanced.

ship and by order of the British government! Her entire ignorance of the subject rendered her wholly incompetent to the task; but this was not so much her own fault as the fault of those who employed her; and it might be pardoned if she and her coadjutors had had honesty enough to perform the task with a just regard to truth. So far from this, even after she was informed by an American gentleman in London, previously to the appearance of her work, that various particulars she mentioned were mis-statements, she suffered them to go out to the world uncorrected! Yet this farrago of blunders and misrepresentations was gravely relied upon as authority by the London Quarterly Reviewers; who further countenanced its misrepresentations by publishing a *forged* letter, purporting to be written by the celebrated Boki, governor of Oahu, though it was well known that Boki could not understand or speak English, except in short, broken sentences, on the most common subjects; and that as to *writing* English, the thought had never entered his mind! To add to the meanness of adopting this fabrication, it appears that the letter (which was manufactured at the islands) was so clumsily framed that poor Boki was made to write his wife's name "*Mrs. Bockey*" with two letters, *c* and *y*, that are not used in the Sandwich Island alphabet—and two lines below, to sign his own name, *Boke*! And, as this gross inconsistency in the pretended original would have instantly exposed the fabrication, another forgery is superadded, by altering both these names in the letter (as published by the reviewers) to the usual orthography, *Boki*. For these facts, we refer to an able article published in the North American Review, No. 58, for January, 1828, and afterwards in a pamphlet, with additional remarks.

In that hasty and general view, which we take of the population of Oceania, as we skim over the books of superficial travellers, or, what is more common, the superficial reviews of those books, we are apt to consider the inhabitants of that whole region as one race of men. A nearer and more careful view, however, soon shows us, that they are composed of two, at least, if not three different stocks.

The first, and that with which we are most familiar, is described by Mr. Marsden and other writers, as having complexions of a yellowish brown, long, lank, jet-black hair, thin beards, wide nostrils, and high cheek bones; of a stature somewhat less than that of Europeans. These compose the population of Sumatra, Java, and other Indian Islands, the Malayan Peninsula, and most of the *South Sea Islands*.¹

The second race approach in their physical character, though they are not identified with, the African negroes, having skins of a sooty colour, wool-like hair, flat noses, and thick lips. These inhabit not only New Holland or Australia, and the group of New Guinea, but also several islands both in the hither and further division [of Polynesia], and even the interior of the Malayan peninsula. By the Malays they are called *Papūah*, but they have other national appellations in different parts. By the Spaniards, who first made them known to Europe, they were called *Negritos* (a diminutive of *negro*), which is, literally, blackish or negro-ish men; and by the early navigators, New Guinea negroes. In their persons, they are said to be smaller than the first, or yellow race, and are considered, on the whole, as among the most puny and ill-favoured of the human species.²

To these two principal races, some writers add a third, which they suppose (on what ground we know not) to be an admixture of the two; their lips are thick, their hair neither woolly nor lank, but crisped and curled, and their complexion of an intermediate shade between the other two races. These are found in the island of Timor and its vicinity, in New Caledonia (east of New Holland), the Feejee islands, and some others, which need not be particularized.

We ought not to omit one other circumstance, which is stated by Mr. Ellis, in respect to the physical character of the islanders. He mentions it as a singular fact, that "the *chiefs* and persons of hereditary rank and influence in the islands, are, almost without exception, as much superior to the peasantry or common people, in stateliness, dignified deportment

¹ See Marsden's Miscellaneous works; Craufurd's Indian Archipelago; Foreign Quarterly Review for 1834; Malte-Brun's Geography; Virey's Hist. Nat. du Genre Humain; Ellis's Polynesian Researches.

² See the authorities last cited.

and physical strength, as they are in rank and circumstances ; although they are not elected to their station on account of their personal endowments, but derive their rank and elevation from their ancestry. This is the case with most of the groups of the Pacific, but peculiarly so in Tahiti and the adjacent isles. The father of the late king was six feet four inches high ; Pomare was six feet two. The present king of Raiatea, is equally tall Their limbs are generally well formed, and the whole figure is proportioned to their height ; which renders the difference between the rulers and their subjects so striking, that Bougainville and some others have supposed they were a distinct race, the descendants of a superior people, who at a remote period had conquered the aborigines, and perpetuated their supremacy . . . Some individuals among the lower classes exhibit a stature equal to that of the chiefs, but this is of rare occurrence, and that circumstance alone does not facilitate the admission of its possessor to the higher ranks in society."¹

Of these various people, some have made advances in civilization, beyond what existed among the most polished nations of America at the time of its discovery by Columbus. The Malays, and some others, have an agriculture equal to the Asiatics generally ; they domesticate the common animals used by man, have manufactures, and use silver and gold as currency ; and, what is particularly worthy of notice, they have had a systematic calendar (as indeed the Mexicans had), and the art of writing, for a long period. But this advanced state of civilization has existed only among the principal nations ; the smaller ones are still in a very different condition ; generally speaking, they lead a roving life, depending not upon agriculture, but upon the products which the bounty of nature has provided for them. Some are now known to be cannibals, and living in constant warfare with each other ; and—what is most revolting to our feelings—they have a passion for amassing the greatest quantities of the skulls of enemies slain in battle, which, as civilized warriors do trophies of other kinds, they pile up in their rude huts as honourable memorials to be transmitted to their descendants.²

After this general but very brief survey, of the different people inhabiting the Oceanic islands, we are naturally led to ask—what was their origin ? How are they connected with the population of either of the two continents between which they are situated ?

These are questions not merely of speculative curiosity, but

¹ Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. i. p. 82.

² See the authorities above cited.

having an important bearing on the history of the human race; and they are questions which, in the absence of all other proofs, cannot be answered, with any degree of satisfaction, except by a careful investigation of *languages*; the only witnesses (to use the homely but emphatic expression of Horne Tooke), the only witnesses "that cannot lie."

Our readers, however, need not be apprehensive that we shall fatigue them, by an examination of those languages, with a view to support any one of the theories which have been formed by different writers on this subject. If we had the requisite information, the enquiry would demand more space than can be allowed to that single subject. We may, however, be able to exhibit some of the more interesting results that have been obtained from the materials already in possession of the learned.

And here we must, as in regard to the languages of the American continent, do justice to the labours of that illustrious people, the Germans, by acknowledging how much we owe to their industry and genius, for having successfully prosecuted the study of the languages, and, we may add, the literature, of the Oceanic nations. In the present instance, this acknowledgment is not made without the melancholy recollection of the late death of one of the most successful of their students, in this comparatively new subject of investigation—we mean, Baron William Humboldt. That eminent statesman and scholar, by means of correspondents in this and other countries, had begun to amass, with truly German enthusiasm and labour, the requisite materials for a general survey of the Oceanic languages, beginning with Madagascar and pursuing the investigation quite round to Easter Island, which is the last of the islands in question, and is not very distant from the western coast of America. But, unhappily for the cause of science, while this illustrious man was prosecuting his enquiries, with that energy and zeal which ever animate those noble minds, that pursue knowledge for its own sake, his career was suddenly arrested by death; an event which will, in some degree, retard our progress towards the solution of the various problems involved in this great and interesting subject.

It seems to be agreed, except by a few writers, that the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, even those nearest to America, originally came direct from *Asia*; and some persons—particularly Mr. Ellis, whose "*Polynesian Researches*" are well known to every reader—proceed one step farther, and confidently pronounce the Indians of America to have originated from Asia, *through these islanders*; or, at least, that *a part* of the islanders came to America, though it may also have happened, that

others of them originally went *from* this continent and peopled some of the islands in their turn.

The hypothesis of this Asiatic origin, is maintained with great confidence by Dr. Lang, whose work is among those at the head of this article; and he has given a very good summary of the arguments in support of it; some of which we shall very briefly state, without however intending to adopt his conclusions.

1. The distinction of *castes*, the most remarkable, and probably the most ancient peculiarity of the social order in Asia, prevails also to a great extent in the South Sea Islands. In the Friendly Isles, the brahmin or priestly caste takes precedence even of the king; and in this group of islands Dr. Lang finds four castes, corresponding to the same number of them in India. This distinction, as in India, is kept up with such rigour, that if an individual of a higher caste has children by a wife of a lower one, the offspring must be put to death, in order to prevent the degradation of the family. Mr. Ellis, however, we ought to add, says that the distinction of ranks or castes, is not so strongly marked in the islands as it is in India.

2. That extraordinary institution called the *taboo* (pronounced *tah-boo*), which prevails universally in the islands, is thought by Dr. Lang to be indisputably of Asiatic origin; Mr. Ellis, however, says it has not been met with in any other part of the world than the islands. Most readers now know, that the word *taboo* corresponds to the Latin word *sacer*, which is sometimes equivalent to *sacred*, and sometimes to *accursed*. Accordingly, when any person, place, or thing is *taboo'd*, they cannot be touched, and in some cases, even under the penalty of death. The taboo seasons are either common or strict. During a common taboo, the men were only required to abstain from their usual avocations, and attend at the *heiau*, when the prayers were offered morning and evening. But during a strict taboo, every fire and light on the island must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow—or the taboo would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes; and nothing was suffered to disturb the death-like stillness of the scene.

3. The rite of circumcision, which is considered to be indisputably Asiatic, is practised in several of the groups of

islands, as the Feejee, the Friendly, and the Society islands ; and, according to Dr. Lang, not as a religious observance, but as an ancient custom.

4. In some islands their idols, and other images, are said to bear a striking resemblance to those of Eastern Asia, particularly to those of the Burman Empire.

5. The islanders, in their physical conformation and general character, strongly resemble the Malays, and have the same cast of countenance.

6. Various Asiatic customs are found among them ; as the custom of not allowing women to eat with their husbands, nor to partake of the food reserved for the latter ; the practice of sitting cross-legged on the ground ; and in the Friendly Islands, as in Siam and some other countries, it is deemed most respectful for the subject to sit while in the presence of his sovereign ; the custom of saluting each other by touching noses, which is known also in Eastern Asia. In the Feejee Islands, when a man dies, his principal wife must be strangled and buried with him ; a barbarous custom which seems to be borrowed from the cruel *suttees* of Hindostan. According to a well known navigator, Captain Hunter, on one of the islands called the Duke of York's Island (east of New Ireland), "most of the natives chew the betel nut, with the chunam and a leaf, as practised in the East Indies ; and this island is twenty degrees eastward of the Pelew Islands, which are commonly supposed to be the most distant country from Asia, to which this custom could be traced."

7. The islanders, particularly of the South Pacific, have a tradition, that their first ancestors came from the *north west*.

8. According to Mr. Marsden, and some other writers, the original clothing of the Sumatrans is the same with that called Otaheitan cloth.

Such are some of the principal arguments derived from physical resemblances and corresponding customs of the people of Asia, and the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These coincidences might be multiplied ; and some of those here mentioned are certainly remarkable.

The identity of two people, however, is not to be inferred with so much certainty from the mere similarity of customs and usages, as from their languages. Strong resemblances in the former may exist between nations who have had no intercourse with each other. But when we find two different nations, even if on opposite parts of the globe, speaking the same language, or whose languages are substantially the same, we feel at once assured that they are all of the same stock. To take a strong case : if all historical records had been extinguished relating to the settlement of the American colonies, from our

mother country, and some voyager—as new nations are from time to time discovered in other parts of the world—should have found a people here, speaking the same language that he knew to be used in England, he would seek no further proof of a common origin.

So when, among the remote islanders now in question, we find that the natives of Otaheite can converse with and be understood by those of the Sandwich Islands, each using his own language, though the two groups of islands are 2500 miles apart, (nearly as far as we are from England), we are obliged to consider them as members of the same family, however they may happen to differ in any particular customs, and however difficult it may be for us to conceive that they could have navigated over such an extent of ocean, in the frail canoes that have been used by them, as long as they have been known to us.¹

This evidence of identity, it is true, will be stronger in proportion as the instances of resemblance are more numerous. To illustrate the subject again, by our own language; because we happen to find in English a single French word *grandeur*, or a Spanish word *cargo*, or an Indian word *wigwam*, we are not to infer our relationship to all those nations, and thus prove that we are at the same time Frenchmen, Spaniards, Indians, and English. Particular words will find their way, from one people to another, by means of commerce and otherwise; but these serve only to prove, that the people who use them in common have had some intercourse with each other. Of this we can give a striking instance, from the little island which has been the more immediate occasion of our discussing this subject.

Upon accidentally enquiring of the captive seamen above mentioned, whether the natives of Lord North's Island wore any kind of hat or covering for the head, he informed us that some of them did occasionally, though very seldom, and that their name for it was *shappo*. We immediately remarked to him, that this could not be a native word, but must have been borrowed either from the French, or more probably, from the Portuguese, who have so long had an extensive intercourse with the east. On our again enquiring, whether they had no other name for it, our informant, upon further recollection, said, that they sometimes called it *shambaráro*, which again is a European word, being evidently a slight corruption of the Spanish word for a hat, *sombrero*.

Again, if we had no memorials whatever, of the mixed aboriginal and English race, which has grown up, in our own

¹ See Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. iv. p. 36.

day, on that ever memorable spot in the Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, we should, notwithstanding their yellow complexions and Otaheitan physiognomy, recognize them instantly to have English blood running in their veins, when we read in their history the interesting fact, that upon the approach of an English ship towards their little kingdom, they ran down the hill-side, and darting through the surf in their canoes, vociferated, to the inexpressible amazement of their visitors, the electrifying *English* exclamation—"Won't you heave us a rope."

It is further deserving of our notice, that although we cannot with certainty infer the *identity* or common origin of two nations from a very small number of words that happen to be common to their two languages, yet the *differences* between different stocks, or the various branches of the same stock, may be detected even by the pronunciation of a single word. Of this every reader will immediately call to mind a memorable instance, mentioned in the Old Testament, where the pronunciation of a single syllable was made decisive of national character.—"The men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said nay, then said they unto him, say now *Shibboleth*; and he said *Sibboleth*, for he could not frame to pronounce it right."¹

But, without pursuing these illustrations any farther, let us for a moment survey the ground already explored by the learned,—so far as the imperfect materials in our possession will enable us—and see what results have been obtained through the medium of languages, tending to show a connection between the Asiatic nations and the South Sea Islanders, and between either of these and the people of the American continent.

In a very general view of this question, it may be stated, with sufficient exactness for our present purpose, that the languages which are spoken by the yellow complexioned or Malay race, through an extent of more than two hundred geographical degrees, that is, from the coast of Asia to Easter Island (which is about forty degrees from the western coast of America), are dialects of the same stock; and that if either of the *Insular* races of men in question is to be traced to the continent of Asia, it must be some one nation of the Malay stock. Accordingly, some writers, confidently relying upon the assumed identity of language, assert, that there is no difference between the two races of men designated, by Blumenbach, as the *Mongolian* and *Malayan*.

Now, whatever resemblances in physical appearance may be brought in support of this hypothesis, it happens, that the lan-

¹ Judges, xii. 5, 6.

guages, so far as our present information extends, present formidable objections to it. The received opinion of philologists, particularly of Mr. Marsden, to whom we have so often referred, is, that the languages of the *islanders* are to be considered as *polysyllabic*, or at least that they cannot be reduced by analysis to the class of *monosyllabic* languages; whereas, on the contrary, the languages of the eastern *Asiatics* are admitted to be monosyllabic. If, then, the Islanders and those Asiatics were of the same family of men, the question arises—what has occasioned this radical difference in their modes of speech?

One late writer of ingenuity and research, Dr. Lang, endeavours to obviate this difficulty by boldly denying the fact, and unhesitatingly asserting that this difference in the languages does not exist; on the contrary, he maintains, that the languages of the South Sea Islands are as truly monosyllabic as the Chinese, or any other languages of the continent; and, though he admits, that the words are now actually used in a compounded form, which gives them the appearance of being polysyllabic, yet he is of opinion that they may, by a just analysis, be reduced to pure monosyllables.

To those persons, who have not given much attention to questions of this nature, it may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that any doubt can exist as to the mere fact, whether a language is, or is not, polysyllabic. But an illustration from our own language will make the matter intelligible. Every one will immediately perceive, that many English words, which by mere custom we join together as one, may be analyzed into monosyllables; for example *penknife*, *inkstand*, *husbandman*, *statesman*, &c. In our own language, it is true, we find no embarrassment in this analysis; but in *unwritten* dialects, of which we have so little knowledge as is the case with those now in question, the process is incomparably more perplexing, and our results proportionably unsatisfactory.

We ought to add, that the author just mentioned certainly differs from philologists in general on this subject, though he adduces many facts in support of his opinion which deserve attention.

Without following out the arguments on either side, therefore, let us assume for the present, that the languages of the Islanders are derived from Asia, and that this affords proof of the identity of these people with the Asiatics. Our next enquiry will be, how far the settlement of the American continent can be traced to the same source, by the same mode of proof.

At this stage of the enquiry, the very circumstance which has just been adduced to prove the connection between the Islanders and the Asiatics, that is, the supposed monosyllabic character of the languages of both of them, becomes one of the

most formidable obstacles to the establishing of the like connection between the Islanders and the aboriginal Americans. It happens, that the American languages are particularly distinguished from those of the old world by being much more highly compounded than any of them—the Indian languages of *North America*, in particular, being proverbial for their long words. So strongly, indeed, does this peculiarity show itself in those American dialects which we have hitherto had the means of examining, that our great philologist, Mr. Du Ponceau, has heretofore held it to be well established as a general proposition, that, for the purposes of philosophical enquiry, they might all be considered as having the same character; and if this were indisputably the case, it would prove an insuperable objection to their having an affinity to the Chinese or other monosyllabic languages of Asia. But this general proposition, it seems, is now to be taken with some limitations; and for this further advance in accurate investigation, we are indebted to the same eminent scholar, who has again been the first to bring under the notice of our philologists the fact, which we are now about to mention—a fact, which is one additional instance to show, how slow and difficult a process it is to arrive at the truth.

Just at the moment when we had assumed it as a sound conclusion, that *all* the languages of the American continent were to be considered as *polysyllabic*, we are suddenly astonished by the fact, recently communicated through Mr. Du Ponceau, to the Philosophical Society in this city, by a learned *native of Mexico*, Don Manuel Naxera (or Najera) that one, at least, among the American languages, is, properly speaking, *monosyllabic*. How many others may hereafter prove to be so, no man will at this time venture to predict.

Mr. Najera, an accomplished scholar, speaks five or six Indian languages of his own country; and he has, at the request of Mr. Du Ponceau, translated into the *Othomi* language, the Lord's prayer, and the 11th ode of Anacreon; and, into the *Tarascan* idiom, the first psalm of David; all which are accompanied with grammatical notes, and will appear in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society. He has also engaged to prepare grammars of the *Huastecan* and some other idioms.

The *Othomi* language, then, according to Mr. Najera, is strictly monosyllabic; and, what will no less surprise the reader, the general structure of it resembles that of the Chinese, and various words are actually found to be alike in both languages. This last fact is so novel and extraordinary, that our readers will not be displeased to see a very short specimen of the two languages:

| <i>Othomi.</i> | <i>Chinese.</i> | <i>English.</i> |
|-----------------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| Yē, (pronounced yēng) | Jin, . . . | Man. |
| Nga, | Ngo, . . . | I (ego.) |
| Ni, | Ni, . . . | Thou. |
| Tē, | Ti, . . . | What, which. |
| Hia, | Hoa, . . . | Discourse, speech. |
| He, | Ye, . . . | And, also. |
| Ma, | Man, . . . | Full. |
| Tsi, | Tsoui, . . . | Ebriety. |

The resemblances are certainly remarkable; they are not, however, yet ascertained to be very numerous; and no affinity is found between the *numerals* of the two languages.

By this new view of one of the American languages we are again compelled to re-examine our former conclusions respecting them, before we can with certainty make a general classification of them, with a view to apply the results to the solution of the great problem of the connection between the inhabitants of the two continents, and their connection respectively with the intermediate people of the *South Sea Islands*.

Here we should conclude our remarks on the subject of the South Sea Islands, but for our purpose of giving some account of the handful of human beings that reside upon the little island before mentioned, and which originally drew our attention to this curious and interesting subject. Our account of it must be brief.

The little spot in question, called Lord North's Island, is now rendered interesting to us by the two years' captivity of our countrymen, whose simple *Narrative* is among the works enumerated at the head of this article, and who have again reached their native shores, covered in every part except their hands and faces, with marks of a part of their sufferings, in the indelible *tatowing*, to which they were compelled to submit—a most painful, and in hot climates, most dangerous operation. The island, which, according to the estimate of the two captive seamen, is about three quarters of a mile long, and half a mile wide, as we have before observed, just rises a few feet above the level of the ocean, on whose surface it appears like a mere speck of earth, a mere lighting place for human beings, out of sight of all other land, and containing three or four hundred miserable, half-famished savages, who have never seen any other country, and have only had occasional intercourse with other people, when European ships have casually passed through those seas. It will be found on the charts in about 3° north latitude, and 131° east longitude; but those readers, who may not happen to have access to good marine charts, will have a sufficiently correct idea of its geographical position, by knowing that it lies south westerly of the Pelew Islands, and about half

way between that group and Gilolo, one of the Molucca or Spice Islands.

This island has been described as uninhabited in works of authority; but the more accurate works on the navigation of those seas describe it, correctly, as having inhabitants, who sometimes come off in their canoes to visit a passing ship. No white man, however, had been upon the island, before the two seamen and their captain and surviving companions.¹

The simple and unpretending "Narrative" just published by one of these men, Horace Holden, gives a minute account of the manners and customs of this people, who may be justly called a newly discovered nation, because nothing has before been known of them, except the mere fact of there being such a people. The voyage and disasters, which led to our knowledge of them, are full of interest.

The newspapers have already informed the public that the ship, to which the seamen in question belonged, was a New England whale ship, the *Mentor*, owned by an eminent merchant of New Bedford, William R. Rodman, Esq. This gallant ship's company, consisting of twenty-two persons, equipped for the pursuit of that gigantic game of the ocean, so strikingly described in the well known language and imagery of Burke when he was displaying the enterprise and spirit of New Englandmen—this gallant ship's company left their native land in the month of July, 1831, animated with the hopes naturally excited by their noble and perilous enterprise, and little anticipating the reverses they were destined to experience.

In the course of the following summer, they were driven, by long-continued storms, upon the Pelew Islands; where, upon the ship's striking, ten of the crew immediately took to the boat, and were almost instantly swallowed up in the furious sea, and disappeared for ever. The remainder of the ship's company saved themselves upon one of the reefs which surround those islands, and many miles from the shore. In this desolate condition, they were obliged to pass the dreary night; sustaining life by taking a single eel, a few crabs, and a species of snail. At daylight they were discovered by some natives of the islands, and after being severely treated, they escaped from their hands in the ship's boat, and steered for the land, which they ascertained to be one of the Pelew Islands. Here, after some very rough and uncereemonious treatment at first, they met with a more humane reception, and staid several months, hoping from day to day to be taken off by some passing ship. The particulars of their residence there will be found

¹ See Horsburg's India Directory.

in the "Narrative;" but one little circumstance, which we do not find in the book, will amuse the reader.

It happened, that among the few articles saved from the ship, was a copy of *Bowditch's Navigator*; an article of as little use as we can conceive any one thing to have been at that place. But the ingenuity of the females, who also have their passion for ornaments, tore out the leaves of the book, and making them into little rolls of the size of one's finger, wore them in their ears, instead of the tufts of grass which they usually employed to give additional attractions to their native charms. We cannot forbear adding one extraordinary incident which occurred to them on their landing among the Pelews, which we extract from the Narrative:

"Just at the time when the servant of the prophetess brought out the materials for our repast, we observed, at a little distance, a singular looking being approaching us. His appearance was that of a man of sixty. His hair was long and gray, unlike that of the natives. His legs, arms, and breast were tatowed. His step was firm; his motions indicating that he felt himself a person of not a little importance. His teeth were entirely gone, and his mouth was black with the use of the *kabooa*. Judge of our emotions, on hearing this strange being address us in broken *English*! His first exclamation was—"My God, you are Englishmen!" He immediately said, "You are safe now;" but he gave us to understand, that it was next to a miracle that we escaped being killed on the water.

"This person was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington; he had been a private in the British naval service, on board of the *Lion* man of war. Cruising in those seas, he had, while on duty, been guilty of some trifling offence, and, apprehending that he should be severely punished for it, had left the ship, and taken up his residence upon the island. He seemed to be contented with his situation, and had no desire to return to his native country. He had attained to great celebrity, and was the sixth chief among them. His authority seemed great, and he exercised it with exemplary discretion."

A residence, however, in such a place soon became insupportable to the survivors of the ship's company, and they determined to quit it; an arrangement was made with the natives, who assisted them in making a large boat, as well as they could, for the purpose; and, leaky as it was, they set sail in it, with three Pelew Islanders in the place of three Americans, who were kept as hostages. Their expectation was to fall in with some of the islands to the southward, and to obtain at the European settlements the means of ransoming themselves. But during their voyage in this crazy boat, they experienced bad weather, lost nearly their whole stock of provision by a heavy sea, and at last, after being on the ocean a fortnight, reduced to skeletons and debilitated beyond belief,

they discovered land. Their joy at this event, however, was soon embittered by sufferings exceeding any before experienced.

As soon as they were in sight of the land—which proved to be Lord North's Island, called by the natives *Tobee* or *Tobi*—a fleet of canoes made towards them, filled with savages, who displayed the most brutal ferocity, and to whom, in their feeble state, they fell an easy prey.

We have not room for particulars of their treatment during their stay at this island. The captain and a part of the crew had the good fortune to obtain their release in about two months afterwards; but the two seamen Holden and Nute, were compelled to remain there two years. The "Narrative" gives a particular account of their adventures, and of the manners and customs of the natives, who seem to be in a lower and more miserable state than any that have yet been visited in the Indian or Pacific oceans.

The island produces no food but cocoa-nuts and a species of roots resembling yams; and of these there is such a scarcity, that many of the natives die of famine; it being their unnatural custom, as soon as any one becomes enfeebled by want of food, to turn him off from among them and let him perish.

There are no animals in the place, except small lizards and a small species of rats; but these have something sacred about them, and cannot, ordinarily, be used for food. Now and then a straggling sea-turtle finds his way to the island; but this animal also is sacred, and the meat is served out in minute pieces, under the direction of their priests or sorcerers. The Americans endeavoured to induce them to take fish, which they might have done; but their indolence and stupidity could not be overcome by any persuasion.

The condition of these miserable islanders would, if our space admitted, give rise to the most interesting reflections. The situation in which we find this little band of human beings—placed on a spot of earth in the midst of a boundless ocean—having never seen any other inhabited land than their own little domain—in a state of society not having numbers or territory enough to afford room for what we should call wars between different nations, but yet not free from collisions and actual conflicts between different clans or families and individuals—having some regulations which we may properly call laws, and punishments for crimes, all founded upon the master principles which the Creator has implanted in the bosoms of his children, even the most unenlightened—these, and a thousand other reflections, crowd themselves upon the mind on contemplating the case of these islanders, themselves but a mere fragment of the millions, whose condition is hardly better than their own.

It was our original intention to make some remarks upon the Oceanic Islands in relation to the subject of national and commercial intercourse—availing ourselves of the materials contained in Mr. Southard's able *Report*; but our limits do not permit it. In that important paper, the reader will find a greater fund of information on those subjects than is to be obtained (as we believe) in any other book extant. We rejoice that the subject is in his hands, and that it has been brought before congress; and we earnestly hope they will adopt the suggestion of equipping an *exploring expedition* to the Pacific and Indian oceans, for the purposes of commerce as well as of science. Those persons who may read that report will, we are sure, be astonished at the vast amount of American capital and lives employed in the whale fishery alone; to say nothing of other branches of trade, which are daily growing in importance.

But, apart from the mere question of interest, as is justly and forcibly urged in the report, Americans owe something to the general cause of science. Our ships of war and our merchantmen at present navigate those seas by English and other foreign charts, imperfect and faulty, it is true; and yet, as we conclude from the statements accompanying the report, none of those imperfections and faults have been corrected under the authority of the American government, notwithstanding the numerous materials we might obtain by means of our extended navigation, particularly from our whalers, and the science of our naval commanders, if they were only permitted to bring into exercise those talents which we know them to possess.

We submit one other consideration to those whose duty it may be to attend to the subject. It appears from the Narrative of Holden, that three Americans were left in the Pelew Islands as hostages for the ransom of the ship's company; other cases of this kind have occurred; and who can say, how many of our shipwrecked countrymen, at this moment, stand with aching eyes, anxiously looking from the shores of many an unfrequented island to discern some friendly sail on the boundless waters before them! In the name of humanity, let the country no longer delay in discharging a solemn duty to those who have a *right* to its paternal assistance and protection.¹

¹ Since this article was written, the hostages left at the Pelew Islands (or the two that remained) have been recovered, by an amicable arrangement made with the native chiefs, and have been taken away by the United States' sloop of war Vincennes. An exploring expedition has also been authorized by congress.

ART. II.—*Commentar zum Evangelio Johannis.* Von Dr. A. THOLUCK, Consistorialrath und ord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität zu Halle. Vierte verbesserte Ausgabe. Hamburg, 1833—pp. 360.

A Commentary on the Gospel of St. John. By A. THOLUCK, D. D. Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. Translated from the German by Rev. A. KAUFMAN. Boston and Philadelphia, 1836.

The history of universal literature is the history of the human mind, putting forth its energies and revealing its inward workings, under the different influences which have been brought to act upon it in different ages. The productions of the pen are but the visible manifestation of the invisible spirit, which, at different periods and in different countries, pervades the higher classes of human society; and they may be taken in the general, as a comprehensive index to the predominant character of the age or nation, in which they make their appearance. The study of literature is therefore the study of *humanity*, which, though always the same in itself, is perpetually changing its complexion and presenting to the eye of philosophic observation some new or modified aspect.

Regarded in this light, literary productions are far more valuable to the historian and the philosopher, than they have usually been considered. They are a most important medium, through which to examine the nice, distinctive shades of character, peculiar to an age or nation. For ourselves, were we to attempt a history of any particular period in the past, we should first of all seek an acquaintance with the writers who in that period were most read and most admired, and then pass to an examination of the principal authors whose talents were called into exercise by the taste and exigencies of the times. And were we to assume the responsibilities of a prophet, and modestly attempt a sketch of the future, we should go back at least a century, and follow the general track of cultivated intellect up to the impassable point of the present. Here we should of course find ourselves at the Ultima Thule of certain knowledge—we could tread upon *terra firma* no longer—but as the past and future are parts of one accordant whole, and, like the opposite hemispheres of our globe, arched by one continuous firmament, we should be able to lay our course upon the unexplored ocean before us, with some good degree of confidence. The stars and constellations which we had left behind, and those shining from the zenith, would continue to guide us for many a league, until a storm had overspread the heavens, or distance had caused them to sink below the horizon.

Casting our eyes back to the reformation, and taking in at a single view the general course of the human mind from that time to the present, we find that there has been a constant and manifest tendency towards the practical. Imagination has yielded much of her ancient domain to reason; the spirits which once peopled the air and held the world in awe, have been put to flight by a larger acquaintance with science; and the metaphysical subtleties which so long usurped attention and wasted the mental energies, have given place to profitable investigation and available knowledge. Intellectual trifling, such as was once the highest object of ambition, has come to be held in so low esteem, that we have no one at the present day gravely enquiring, whether angels can see in the dark, or what would be the consequence in nature, should a fierce *irresistible* chance to encounter an obstinate *immoveable*. Could the celebrated doctors of the schools appear again upon earth, they might well be astonished at the wide departure of the general mind from the period at which they left it. We doubt whether they would find docility enough in the present generation, on their favourite subjects, to attempt a reformation. They would regard the task as hopeless.

The idea of such a progress of mind from the visionary to the practical, as has distinguished the last five centuries, harmonizes well with the common figure of speech which we are wont to apply to the thousand years preceding the reformation. This period we significantly denominate the dark ages, implying that it was then night; and speak of the close of the fifteenth and opening of the sixteenth century, as the dawn of a new day whose sun is now marching through the heavens. Now night is the time of visions; men are then expected to dream; but when the day-star has led on the morning, we expect them to arise, collect their vagrant thoughts, and apply their powers to some profitable pursuit. We must, however, allow them time to rub their eyes, talk of their dreams, form their purposes, and put themselves in readiness for the appropriate work of the day. We do not ordinarily expect to find men actively engaged in their more important business, turning every moment and all their energies to account, till the sun has advanced well nigh to his meridian.

For the last half century, the thoughts of men have been more than ever before employed on matters of general utility. The principles of government have been discussed and applied; science has been made not only the handmaid but the mother of a thousand useful arts; and philosophy, in all her multiform varieties, has been rendered subservient to the natural and artificial wants of man. There is at this moment a spirit at work throughout the world, which it is hoped will not depart till

society shall have disburthened herself of the evils which have hitherto repressed her energies, or diverted them from their proper channels. We do not wish to commend, at least in wholesale, what is vauntingly termed the "Spirit of the Age;" we have little sympathy with the ultraism and fanaticism in which multitudes so much glory; but believing in the benevolent purposes of an overruling Providence, we are sanguine in the hope, that the volcanic fires which are now agitating the foundations of society from beneath, and the hurricanes which are lashing its surface into such fearful surges, will ere long be succeeded by a better state of the waters and more serene heavens, than the world has heretofore beheld. Agitation, fearful though it may be for the time, is often the most effectual means of purification. The sun never shines more brightly, nor does the bosom of ocean ever present a more beautiful, cheering prospect, than after the raging of a storm in which the warring elements have spent their violence.

If observation has not deceived us, the intellectual tendency of the present day is especially towards palpable and practical truth. Mind, in all its present movements, is arriving at some end. Men are not willing to spend their strength in pursuing shadows, but seek some substantial good as the permanent reward of their exertions.

In connection with this general tendency of mind towards palpable and practical truth, our readers have doubtless observed a growing fondness for the study of nature and of revelation. Natural science and biblical theology are now receiving a larger share of attention than they have received at any former period. Never before, were so many well trained and industrious minds applied to the patient examination of the works and word of God. The mineralogist, chemist, geologist, and astronomer, are daily enriching the temple of science with some new and important discoveries; and the indefatigable student of the sacred text is almost as frequently bringing out something in illustration or confirmation of the eternal truths of scripture.

In contemplating this subject, we have been struck with the fact, that the thoughts of men are now turned *simultaneously* to these two great sources of substantial knowledge. We might, perhaps, at first expect, that an increased attention to science would be followed by a diminished interest in the study of the scriptures, since the mind of communities as well as of individuals, is prone to be engrossed with a single topic at a time. The history of past ages shows us, that when the public appetite has been eager for philosophy, there has frequently, if not generally, been little attention to revelation. Nor is it untrue that those who have given their days and their nights to the

Bible, have often cast a contempt upon nature, by neglecting to observe her works and listen to her instructions. The followers of Aristotle, in the early ages of the Christian church, though they might have the Christian name, cared little for the meaning of the divine word: thus philosophy was their all; while not a few of the reformers, who were devout students of scripture, seem to have thought, that there was nothing worthy of study in the material creation. Some divines of later times have regarded the Bible as a complete encyclopedia of all kinds of knowledge, and therefore considered it a waste of time and talent to attempt to learn any theory from nature. But this state of things has passed away. The present fondness for the study of nature, is attended with an equal fondness for the study of revelation. The natural philosopher cultivates an acquaintance with the sacred records, and the divine with the wonders of creation.

The fact that the volumes of nature and revelation have at length begun to be perused with so deep and concurrent an interest, is an encouraging omen of the future progress of truth! So long as the mind is held to fact, or kept conversant with the real, it will continue to enlarge its funds of useful knowledge, and strengthen its powers of original investigation; but the moment it escapes into the region of the purely imaginary, it is wholly uncertain, whether it will return laden with new riches and prepared for more vigorous effort in the direction of the useful, or impoverished and debilitated by the excursion.

We would not be understood to condemn all speculation, for we believe the mind of man was intended at times to venture far beyond the limits of absolute certainty; but we mean to say, that as the works and word of the Almighty are the two principal sources of human knowledge, so the mind, when extending its acquaintance with these, is advancing towards the goal of universal truth.

Regarding the progress of natural science as most intimately connected with the general improvement of society, we are always glad to meet with any competent author, whose object it is to help us to a more enlarged and intelligent acquaintance with the facts and laws of the physical universe. For this reason, we never take up a volume of a La Place, or a Lyell, or contemplate the unfinished labours of an Audubon, without a feeling of gratitude to a directing Providence, that such men are so arduously devoting their distinguished powers, each in his own way, in accordance with his own taste, to the advancement of human happiness. Such men are constantly unfolding to the world some new phenomena or facts, a knowledge of which expands the mind and fills it with more elevated and

awful conceptions of the invisible, but ever-present Power, by which all things are girt.

Nor are we less gratified to meet with a volume, the object of which is to throw light on the facts and principles of the Bible. To those who devote their powers to the investigation and exposition of the truths of scripture, the world is, at the present day, under great and increasing obligations. This class of writers has for some time been increasing both in numbers and ability, until, it is believed, it may claim to itself as much talent and erudition as any other class of literary men. In no department of modern literature has there been, for the last few years, a greater or more perceptible progress, than in the interpretation of scripture. Formerly, the interpretation of the inspired writings was conducted much on the same principles with the interpretation of nature before the time of Bacon. As in the investigation of the laws of the material universe, well known facts were disregarded and imaginary ones made the bases of the most important conclusions—so, in expounding scripture, the usual laws of language and the ordinary meaning of words were set at nought, and new laws and new significations invented, to meet the supposed exigency of the case in hand. The imagination scorned the restraints of sound philology; the words, if interpreted literally, or according to their usual acceptation, would not so readily carry the mind into the elysian regions of mysticism; and it was therefore found more agreeable to adopt a method of interpretation, which should find hidden mysteries, where the writers intended nothing but plain and common matter of fact. Thus breaking away from all the laws of ordinary exposition, it required no uncommon genius to discover mountains of sense mystically wrapped up in many a little word, or to give to a train of Hebrew accents, strange and marvellous significations. The proper names, Adam, Sheth, and Enosh, with which the first book of the Chronicles opens, would easily furnish matter for long and laborious investigation, and the interjection O, as was once actually the case, might be a pregnant text for a series of eleven discourses!

Our readers may be aware that the Jews put what they termed a mystical interpretation upon many parts of the Old Testament. They had, for instance, three synagogue days in each week, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. The reason of this they found in the mystical meaning of the passage in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, which declares, that the Israelites were in great distress on their travelling three days in the wilderness without water. By water, they tell us, is there mystically meant the law; and therefore three days ought not to be suffered to pass without their hearing it. This is but a specimen of the

ingenuity of the Jewish doctors, and of the manner in which they employed it.

The nature and design of scriptural commentary would hardly be learned from an examination of the numerous and ponderous tomes that have, in past ages, assumed this title. The principle of induction applied to the works which have appeared under this comprehensive name, would lead to the conclusion that the commentator was a sort of privileged being, allowed to select his own subjects and treat them in his own way, and then dignify them with the title of notes or comments on the Bible. One professed commentator has made it his principal object to teach some favourite system of metaphysics; another, to make what are termed practical observations, or in other words to preach a sermon on paper; a third has spent his strength in vindicating the supposed classical purity of the style of his author; another, in framing analogies between the natural and spiritual, showing that the literal meaning of all scripture has a hidden counterpart in the realm of the supernatural; while perhaps the majority, if we reckon from the age succeeding that of the Christian fathers, have endeavoured to do little more than collect, arrange, and comment upon what others have said before them.

The question, however, as to the nature and object of sacred commentary, seems at length to be nearly settled by the concurrent voice of scholars and divines. Its nature is that of disquisition; its object is elucidation. The etymology of the word reveals its original meaning, which is essentially the same as the one attached to it by most modern writers. To comment on an author is to follow along in the train of his thoughts, to *accompany his mind*, in order to interpret and illustrate whatever, in the thoughts he designed to express, he himself has left unintelligible or obscure to the common reader. The business of the sacred commentator is, according to Professor Hahn, who has written ably on the subject of interpretation, *to deduce from the holy scriptures the very sense which the writers of them intended to convey, and to exhibit, in a perspicuous manner, the thoughts which the author connected with his words and intended to express by them.* His efforts must therefore be directed, first, to the investigation of the meaning of his author, and then, to the explanation of this meaning to the ready apprehension of the reader. He must endeavour to transfer to the mind of the reader, the identical conceptions of the writer. The thought should be the same, not only in its substance or outline, but, as far as possible, in vividness, and in all its peculiarity of colouring. It should also be so exhibited as to be conceived by the reader under the same relations, with the various modifications and limitations under which it was viewed by the writer at the

time of writing. This last, that the thoughts be presented under their original relations and limitations, is absolutely essential to any thing like a faithful transference of the sentiments of a writer to another mind, since the same thought, seen in different connections and under different modifications, may give rise to sentiments, by way of inference, which are wholly at variance with the sentiments of the author. A want of attention to this fact has been the source of innumerable mistakes in religion. Men have alighted upon some important thought in the Bible, and without any regard to the limitations under which it was apprehended by the writer, have begun to draw their own inferences and push their own conclusions, till they have found themselves dashed and wrecked on the hidden rocks of destructive error.

In addition to a mere development of the meaning of the text, it may sometimes be incumbent on the sacred commentator to remark on the consistency, or apparent discrepance, between the passage under consideration and other parts of the same writer, or of the sacred volume. Every inspired writer must be consistent with himself, and as the whole Bible was composed under the infallible guidance of the same spirit, all its parts must harmonize with each other. Their exact and beautiful agreement, however, is not always obvious; it may lie beyond the ken of one who has for years been a laborious student of the Bible; so that the commentator, who, by his investigations, has come clearly to see it, should not withhold the light he has gained, and which the mind of his reader spontaneously craves.

The question has sometimes been asked, whether a commentator upon the Bible ought to bring out his theological sentiments in a work, the professed object of which is simply to give the meaning of the sacred text. So far as the practical effect is concerned, it matters not how we answer this question; for no man, who has the ability to write a commentary, will be restrained from acting his own pleasure in a matter of which he must be acknowledged to be the best judge. We should say, however, that in our opinion, discussions on knotty points of doctrine should never be introduced into a work intended simply to explain scripture; and that, when it is necessary for the commentator to *theologize*, in order to develop the meaning of any particular passage, or vindicate the consistency of different and apparently conflicting passages, he had better not incorporate his remarks with the body of his work, but throw them into the form of dissertations, or notes, at the end. That a writer's theological opinions should in no respect modify his interpretation of scripture, is plainly impossible; and so far as they modify it, he must make them known, as a part of the explana-

tion. A believer in the Copernican system would put a different meaning upon the account of the sun and moon standing still that the people of God might have time to complete their victory, from what would be put upon it by the man who believed that the earth was the centre of the planetary system, and the heavenly bodies wheeled their way around it; and no one, it is presumed, would censure him for avowing his astronomical creed and turning it to account in the business of interpretation.

It is easily seen, that the office of the sacred commentator is one of no ordinary difficulty, and requires the union of many rare and costly qualifications. A great part of the writings which he is to interpret, originally appeared in a language which has been dead for two thousand years, and of which, in its purity, no considerable specimen remains, excepting the Old Testament. The state of the world, the customs of society, the habits of thought and modes of expression peculiar to the times and country of the writers, were so different from anything to which we, in this distant age, are accustomed, that we are obliged, if we would understand their meaning, and enter into their spirit, to transfer ourselves back to the days of Moses and the prophets, and take up our abode, for the time being, on the soil which they trod, and under the sky by which they were canopied. We must leave the modern city, and wander far beyond the plains and hills of modern civilization, until we find ourselves in a country of flocks and vineyards, surrounded by a people whose thoughts are cast in the mould of nature, whose language is the unstudied expression of feeling, whose government is a theocracy, and whose general condition is entirely unaffected by the thousand circumstances peculiar to a more artificial state of society. We must, in a manner, relinquish our identity, and become Jews; feel as they felt, reason as they reasoned, and subject ourselves to all the various influences which would unavoidably act upon the mind of a descendant of Abraham, and give a colouring to all his thoughts.

The first and most important qualification for commenting upon the scriptures, is undoubtedly a familiar acquaintance with the languages and dialects, in which they were originally written. A deficiency here can in no way be compensated; since it is impossible to study an author to advantage, to investigate and decide upon his meaning in the more difficult parts of his writings, through the medium of a translation, or with only a partial acquaintance with his native tongue. A *general* knowledge, as it is termed, of the Greek and Hebrew,—that is, such a knowledge of these languages as will enable one to read critically a chapter in the Old or New Testament, with the aid of a lexicon and grammar, is not to be despised; it may

be sufficient for the general student of the sacred volume ; but it will by no means answer the purposes of the commentator. He undertakes to teach others ; it is his business to ascertain for himself the precise meaning of his author, and he cannot with any safety trust implicitly to what others have written before him. Lexicons and grammars are in many instances but blind and bewildering guides, and in no case are they a proper substitute, in the examination of a difficult phrase, for a practical knowledge of a language. The commentator on the Greek and Hebrew scriptures should be so familiar with those tongues as to be able to *think* in them, or to re-imbody the thoughts which he has received from them in their original native costume.

Besides this intimate knowledge of the original languages and dialects of the scriptures, the commentator should possess some acquaintance with the cognate languages and dialects. A thorough knowledge of the Hebrew requires no inconsiderable knowledge of the Arabic and other Shemitish languages ; and a knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament pre-supposes an acquaintance, not only with the ancient Greek as preserved in the Grecian classics, but also with the Hebrew and Aramaean languages. This last, which was a current, if not the principal language among the Jews of Palestine in the time of the Saviour, would of course infuse its peculiarities more or less into the writings of the evangelists and other apostles ; and as the writers themselves were Hebrews, educated in the religion of their fathers, and from their infancy accustomed to listen to regular lessons from the law and the prophets, their thoughts, and modes of expression would partake strongly of a Hebrew colouring. To a practised reader of the Old Testament in the original, the writers of the New seem almost to have written in the language of their forefathers. The words are Greek, but the conception, the imagery, the turn of expression, the whole contour of their manner, are highly Hebraistic. When you are among these writers, you are among Hebrews, who, though they speak a tongue unknown in the days of Israel's prosperity, have inherited the thoughts and feelings, and nearly all the constitutional peculiarities, of their remote ancestors. It is not therefore to be supposed, that you will be able to converse with them to the greatest advantage ; to discover, in their intended significancy, their peculiar shades of meaning, or enter at all into their sympathies, if you have never conversed with their fathers in their native tongue.

In consulting the cognate languages as helps to a correct understanding of the sacred text, great care should be taken lest we be led into error by too much reliance on etymologies, or merely verbal and literal resemblances. Minds which have a natural or acquired fondness for philological pursuits, are

always in danger of pushing real analogies too far, and of bringing to their aid such as are only imaginary. When we have been poring over a dark passage for days or weeks, and like the mariner who has been long looking in vain for land, become almost discouraged, nothing is more gratifying, than to believe that we have found a clue, which will guide us out of the labyrinth of our difficulties, in some happily discovered root or cognate of the particular word or words which we have found so obstinate. In such a case we are ready to grasp at a shadow, and treat it with all the respect which belongs to a veritable man, who had heard of our troubles, and kindly came to our assistance. It is sometimes not a little amusing to observe the dexterity with which certain critics handle their far-fetched etymologies, and the results to which they suffer themselves to be led by these *ignes fatui*. One commentator, for instance, finding it difficult to believe that it was a literal serpent that addressed the fatal words of temptation to our mother Eve in paradise, because this animal never could have walked erect, as it is implied he did, in the sentence, *upon thy belly shalt thou go*, and on account of some other difficulties attending the narration, has recourse to the Arabic, where he finds a root to the doubtful word in question, which at once solves the whole difficulty. The word translated *serpent* means a creature of the ape or satyrus kind, and ought to have been rendered *monkey*, or *ouran outang*. The whole riddle is at an end. An ape may have walked erect—he may have been accustomed to express his feelings in human language, or by some chattering noise resembling words, and what is not less important, may literally have been more subtil, or wise, than all the beasts of the field; which could never have been said of the animal which has, for so many ages, been regarded as the instrument of the temptation. Such a discovery had been worthy the days of Monboddo, and it is passing strange, that human ingenuity did not reach it before the nineteenth century!

Another requisite in a commentator on scripture, is that he be a man of deep historical research. He needs to have unrolled the records, not only of the Jews, but of all the neighbouring and cotemporaneous nations. He should be especially familiar, so far as familiarity is practicable, with the history of Egypt, and of those proud monarchies which lay north and east of Palestine, and which the Almighty so often employed as instruments in scourging his offending people. The Jews for a long time had commercial intercourse with the Egyptians, Arabians, and Phœnicians. They were almost incessantly at war with the neighbouring nations, until they had filled up the measure of their iniquities, and were given into bondage to the Assyrians and Babylonians. The writings of several of the

prophets contain numerous predictions, respecting the heathen nations, which would be unintelligible, were it not for the light of profane history. During the captivity, the Jewish character would, of course, undergo considerable modifications; the Hebrew language would be corrupted by the introduction of new words and phrases, which cannot well be understood without a knowledge of the people among whom they originated, and all the ideas of a Jew who lived subsequently to that period would be tinged with a Babylonish or eastern colouring. To a commentator on the New Testament, an acquaintance with eastern history, from the return of the Jews from Babylon, down to the time of Christ, is of great importance. To this knowledge of general history must be added, a minute and thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew, Grecian and Roman antiquities. The geography and natural history of Palestine and the surrounding countries, with the philosophy, religious ceremonies, public and domestic usages, and the other minutiae of real life, should be well understood. The meaning of a difficult passage is not unfrequently cleared of all obscurity by a knowledge of some matter which, regarded by itself, would be wholly unimportant. No interpreter will have proceeded far in his work, without experiencing the truth of this observation.

From the nature of the case, the light which history throws on the earlier parts of the Old Testament is much less than that which it sheds upon portions that were written at a later period, and especially upon the New Testament. We have indeed no history, on which we can rely as authentic, from the creation down to the captivity, except what is found in the Bible. The records to which we are so often referred for information respecting remote antiquity, are all of them of doubtful authority, while many of them are known to be but fables. But it should be remembered, that a knowledge of eastern history as far back as five or six centuries before the Christian era, is a most valuable introduction to what is more remote. The customs, habits, and modes of thinking, which are found to have prevailed at the time when authentic history commences, may reasonably be supposed to have had an existence long before. In ancient times, and especially in eastern countries, change was a thing hardly known. The mantle of the father fell unrent upon the son, and generation after generation passed away with scarcely a thought of innovation. So averse are the people of the East to any thing like change, that many usages which are recognized in the writings of Moses, and more especially in those of David and the prophets, still continue unimpaired among the present generation. The Arab in many places, where his religion has not transformed his whole character, is essentially the same as he was in the days when the

children of Israel passed through his coasts, on their way from Egypt to the promised land.

A want of historical knowledge has rendered well nigh void the labours of some acute and otherwise able commentators. This has been more particularly the case in regard to commentaries on the prophetic parts of scripture, where, more than any where else, the light of history is needed to keep one from running into strange and fanciful interpretations. Of the predictions contained in the prophets, not a few have already been fulfilled, and history points us to the time and circumstances of their fulfilment. Were our knowledge of the past more full and accurate, we should doubtless find that many predictions which are now supposed to have reference to events that are yet to come, have been long since accomplished. It is certain that not a few were accomplished in some few months or years from the time of their utterance, which have by many commentators been referred to distant ages, and even to the end of the world. The various writings which have appeared on the Apocalypse, furnish an illustration of the truth of this remark. Most of the events to which reference is made in the former half of this book, have, in our opinion, already taken place. That the seven seals were opened, and the seven vials poured out centuries ago, seems almost too plain, to a consistent interpreter, to require argument in defence of the position. And yet the majority of commentators who have come under our notice, have referred these representations to some far distant period in the future. How many glowing descriptions of the final judgment have been found in passages which were intended by the seer of Patmos to warn his contemporaries of scenes which their eyes were to behold before they had tasted death! Our views of the original design and meaning of this book may appear startling to some readers, but we believe they rest on the sure foundation of a correct interpretation.

There are two authors, with whom every one who undertakes to comment on the sacred writings, ought at the outset to make himself familiar. We refer to Philo Judæus and Flavius Josephus. The former of these was born some time before the birth of Christ, though the precise date of his birth has never been determined. He was of the sect of the Pharisees, and was deeply versed in the scriptures of the Old Testament, which he probably read in the Alexandrian version, being himself a Hellenistic Jew, and perhaps unacquainted with the Hebrew. The sentiments expressed in his works, and the phraseology which he employs, coincide in many instances with those of Paul and John in the New Testament; which may be accounted for by the fact, that he and they were accustomed to read the scriptures in the same translation of the Seventy. His writings contain

many quotations from the Old Testament, and were highly esteemed by the primitive church, as a repository of biblical knowledge. He gives us accounts of many customs among the Jews, of their opinions, as connected with the philosophy of the East, and of many facts respecting their condition under the Roman yoke, which throw great light on many passages of scripture.

Flavius Josephus every body knows as the animated and eloquent historian of the Jews. He was of sacerdotal extraction, and received a liberal education among the Pharisees, after which he went to Rome, where he cultivated his talents to great advantage. He was born in the thirty-seventh year of our era, and of course occupied a position from which he could look back upon the long train of events which had transpired among the Jews from their earliest history down to the time when their national existence was whelmed in final destruction. He wrote a history of the war of the Jews against the Romans, in seven books; a work on Jewish antiquities, in twenty books; two books vindicating the antiquity of the Jewish nation, against Apion, and an account of his own life. In his work on Jewish antiquities, he begins with the origin of the world and comes down to the twelfth year of the reign of Nero, when the Jews began to rebel against the Romans. The writings of this author are a fountain of light to one who wishes to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Jewish scriptures; and the facts which he relates respecting the civil and religious state of his nation about the time of the Saviour, are a great assistance to a right understanding of numerous passages in the New Testament. His account of the destruction of Jerusalem, one of the most painful narratives within the compass of history, shows us the accomplishment of our Saviour's prediction respecting the fall of that great and populous city, and the utter subversion of the Jewish polity. Michaelis regards the works of Josephus, from the beginning of Herod's reign to the end of the Jewish Antiquities, as affording the best commentary on the gospels and the Acts of the apostles, to which the student can have access.

In addition to a large and philosophical acquaintance with profane history in general, from its earliest era, the sacred commentator should be deeply read in the writings of the Christian fathers and of the Jewish doctors. The works of the former, notwithstanding the rubbish which encumbers them, are a rich storehouse of biblical, historical, and philosophical information, which may be turned to great account by the modern expositor. Many of the Christian fathers were men of deep and comprehensive erudition, and, from the age in which they lived, possessed many facilities for interpreting the sacred writings, which, except as they have come down through their works, must be

lost to distant generations. The knowledge of antiquity, of facts, and of opinions to which allusion is frequently made in the inspired writings, was a great advantage to them in their labours of exposition. They were intimately acquainted with the original language of the New Testament, and could more easily take their stand by the writers, appreciate the peculiarities of their circumstances and condition, and enter into their sympathies, and the various local, national, and hereditary views and feelings, which would naturally work themselves into their writings. Not a few of them were indefatigable students of holy writ. They applied themselves to the reading of the scriptures with an intensity of thought and pious admiration of their contents, which it becomes us to imitate. Such men as Origen, Chrysostom (John), Jerome, Theodoret, and Augustine, bishop of Hippo, were no drones or sciolists in the work of sacred criticism. It was their delight to investigate the meaning of the spirit, as it was impressed upon the sacred pages; and though their warm imaginations and love of philosophy sometimes carried them into the regions of chimera, where they sported with their own fantastic creations, and regaled their spirits from other streams, and amid other flowers, than bloom or flow in the land of the pure word of God, yet they cultivated the field of sacred interpretation with an assiduity and wisdom which could not fail to yield a rich and valued harvest of historical and doctrinal information. In the exposition of many recondite passages, they went below the surface, they sunk the shaft deep into the sacred mine, and laid bare and dug up gold, which others may now gather and coin for modern use. The man of a keen eye and sound judgment may visit the land, wilderness though it be in some respects, of the Christian fathers, to great profit, and return laden with riches of biblical information, which can no where else be found.

The principal danger to be guarded against, in consulting the early commentators as helps to a better understanding of different parts of the bible, is that of being led into an excess of allegorical interpretation, and of allowing too much weight to their philosophical and theological theories. Facts they generally state correctly, and their philological criticisms are often able and judicious. It should always be borne in mind when consulting them on points of philology, that their knowledge of the Greek was far greater than of the Hebrew. With the latter, their acquaintance was generally small, and their writings on the Old Testament should generally be regarded as commentaries on the version of the Seventy. Were we called upon to give our opinion, *en masse*, of the early fathers who commented on the sacred text, we should say with Luther, in

his commentary on Genesis ii., "The labours of the fathers demand our veneration; they were great men, but yet they were liable to mistakes; and they have committed mistakes." The student of their pages needs to be both wary and docile, gathering up the good, and casting the bad away.

The writings of the Jewish doctors in which, as has been said, the sacred commentator should be versed, are the Targums, the Apocryphal writings of the Old Testament, the Talmud, and the works of some distinguished rabbins, who, in later ages, have written commentaries on the Jewish scriptures. The word Targum is of Chaldee origin, and signifies, generally, any version or explanation; but it is now commonly used with reference to the versions or paraphrases of the Old Testament, which were made at different periods, in the Chaldee dialect. These versions or paraphrases, which are ten in number, give us the sum of the different parts of scripture in which they were written, as it was understood at different times by that peculiar people to whom the law was first given, and who, as Augustine observes, have been our librarians. The Targums of Onkelos, who is generally supposed to have been cotemporary with our Saviour, and of Jonathan ben Uzziel, concerning the time of whose birth there is some dispute, are most highly esteemed by the Jews, and receive from many of them a reverence which belongs only to the word of God. The former of these works, which comprises the Pentateuch, is written in a style of comparative purity, and is comparatively free from the idle legends which disgrace many of the Jewish writings. It is a version rather than a paraphrase, rendering the Hebrew text, word for word, with so much accuracy, that being set to the same musical notes with the original, it could be chanted in the same tone in the public assembly.¹

The Targums are of great use to a better understanding both of the Old and New Testaments. As to the former, they vindicate the genuineness of the Hebrew text, where it has been charged with corruption. They give us the meaning of many words in the Hebrew, which would otherwise be wholly doubtful, and hand down to us many of the ancient customs of the Jews, of which, without them, we should be ignorant. As to the New Testament, their principal use is in illustrating the phraseology, idioms, and turns of thought, which were peculiar to the age and country of the writers.

The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, for which the world are indebted to the Alexandrian Jews and their descendants, are a valuable help to the sacred commentator, both as documents of history and as elucidating the style and phraseo-

¹ Horne.

logy of the New Testament. Some modern writers, and particularly Kuinoel, have made an important use of these writings in illustrating the evangelists and epistles.

The Talmud, a word which comes from a Hebrew root, signifying to *teach* or *indoctrinate*, is the great repository of the doctrines and opinions of the Jews. There are two works which bear this name, the Talmud of Jerusalem, and the Talmud of Babylon; the former of which, according to Prideaux,¹ was completed after the beginning of the fourth century, and the latter after the beginning of the sixth. Each of them is divided into two parts, the mishna or text, which is common to both, and the gemara or commentary. The former of these comprehends the laws, institutions, and rules of life, which, in addition to those contained in their sacred scriptures, the Jews felt themselves bound to observe; the latter is made up of the notions of learned rabbins, some of which are as wild and absurd as the mind of man can well conceive. The mishna is useful in elucidating many passages of the New Testament, where the phraseology is similar. The justly celebrated Lightfoot has availed himself of its aid in his valuable writings on the inspired text. It may not be amiss to observe, that the Babylonish Talmud is in much the greatest repute among the Jews, and is the one intended whenever they use the word.

Among the principal Jewish commentators from whom the modern expositor may derive aid, are Maimonides, Jarchi, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi. From the works of these, much light has been thrown on some parts of the bible by some continental commentators.

Of course no one would recommend a servile adherence to the Jewish commentators, or constant consultation of their writings, when studying the sacred text. It is not worth while to enter a wilderness, unless there is some treasure there which you cannot find in the open field. The rule laid down by Ernesti is a good one for the modern commentator to follow, in reference to consulting the writings of the rabbins. "We are to seek for help," says he, "only in those cases where it is absolutely necessary; that is, where our knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues does not afford us the means of ascertaining an easy sense, and one that corresponds with the context." The same distinguished scholar has laid it down as a rule of universal application, that we are to look into the Jewish writings for our principal information in every thing that pertains to their sacred rites, forms of teaching, and speaking; especially in the Epistle to the Romans, which evidently shows

¹ Prideaux's Works, Baltimore ed. 1833, Vol. I. p. 269, and Vol. II. p. 350.

its author to have been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. He ought to have said the same, more especially, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the apostle (we have no doubt as to the writer of this epistle) makes a still freer use of his Jewish learning.

Some very important thoughts on the utility of rabbinical literature to an expositor of the New Testament, may be seen in a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, himself an able critic, entitled, "A Reference to Jewish Tradition, necessary to an Interpretation of the New Testament."

The importance of being acquainted with the opinions of the Jews at the time of our Saviour, may be seen in the fact, that much of the instruction given by himself and his apostles was intended to meet existing false doctrines, or to inculcate sentiments directly opposed to those generally held by the Jews. The first nine clauses, for instance, of the Sermon on the Mount, as recorded by the Evangelist Matthew, are all antithetic to notions prevalent at the time of its delivery, and their peculiar force and propriety cannot be seen by one who has not a knowledge of these notions. We must know the peculiar form of error which he was opposing, in order to catch the broad and glowing outline of the truths which he wished to establish in their minds.

Under this general division of our subject, we might proceed, did our limits permit, to remark on the value, to an expositor of the sacred writings, of an enlarged historical acquaintance with the ancient manuscripts. These he will have frequent occasion to consult, for a variety of purposes; and a knowledge of the time when and the circumstances under which they were made, he will find of no little practical utility. The business of collation may be left to other hands.

The modern expositor will of course not fail to avail himself of the labours of the distinguished Christian writers, who have composed or collected commentaries on the scriptures, since the time of the Christian fathers, both previously and subsequently to the reformation. The works of some of the reformers, particularly of Martin Luther and John Calvin, will afford him great assistance. The commentaries of the latter of these eminent students of the sacred text, have, in our opinion, seldom, if ever, been surpassed. For comprehensiveness, and strong logical consistency, we know not who has produced their equal. Nor was the German scholar less of a philologist than logician. He shows you his skill in biblical criticism, not by unfolding to you the process of his thoughts, in arriving at the meaning of a difficult passage, but by presenting you, as by a single stroke, with the original sense, both in its local and general bearings and connections. Scaliger said that no commentator

had better hit the sense of the prophets, than Calvin. His commentaries on the epistles, no one who has read them will pronounce otherwise than able. An edition of his writings on the New Testament has recently been published in Germany under the superintendence of Professor Tholuck, who we hope will be induced to bring out, as soon as possible, and in a convenient form, his commentaries on some of the most difficult parts of the Old Testament. Calvin on the Psalms, Isaiah, and Zechariah, would find a considerable sale, even in an American market.

It is further essential to the sacred commentator, that he be, in a greater or less degree, a theologian. By this we do not mean that he must be deeply read in what, at the present day, are termed systems of theology, the less of which he knows perhaps the better, but that he should have carefully examined, for himself, the doctrines of the bible in their logical and practical connections, and have cemented them together in his own mind, if we may use the expression, by a general and consistent philosophy. Let not the reader be startled at the word philosophy in this connection. Every man who reads the bible understandingly must be able, in a general sense, to see the consistency, not only of one part with another, but also of each of its doctrines with the others; and that system of reason by which he vindicates to his own mind the consistency and unity of these doctrines, we call his philosophy. The interpreter should be able to see a unity in the principles of the word of God, and the general adaptation of all its truths to one designed result. The more he knows of the character and ways of God, as they are revealed in his providence, the more likely will he be to put a right interpretation upon his written word. The mind of the Eternal is one, whether it be disclosed in nature or in revelation; and the man that has studied it in the one, will more readily discover and understand it in the other.

The phrase, analogy of faith, is a good one, by which to express the unity of the system of religious truth contained in the bible, and should not be laid aside, simply because its meaning has been misunderstood, and its principles misapplied by certain writers.

The importance of attending to analogy of faith, in its proper sense, in interpreting different parts of the inspired volume, is too obvious to require consideration; since if we take isolated passages by themselves, and construe them according to the strict, unmodified signification of the words, without any regard to what is taught in other passages, we might quote scripture by chapter and verse to support almost any error or imagination of our own. The German rationalist, who rejects the idea that the sacred writers were infallibly guided by inspiration, may con-

sistently take the liberty to array some passages against others, in proof of the limited and mistaken views of the several writers; but the man that believes that it was the Spirit of God that dictated to them both how and what they should record, will not be satisfied that he has arrived at the true sense of a passage, till he can perceive, not only its local appropriateness, but its general bearing upon and its harmony with other *apparently* conflicting passages.

Some commentators have made strange work with scripture, by attempting to bring the sacred writings to their own standard of belief, or force them within the limits of their own previously formed creed. They have come to Paul, or John, or Peter, with a system of faith already matured in their mind, and with the adroitness of a barrister, who can use a statute for one purpose to-day, and, with as good a countenance, for its opposite to-morrow, have made the language of inspiration conform to their own preconceived and erroneous opinions. This has probably been the source of most of the doctrinal errors which infect the majority of commentaries. The writers have come to the book of God, not to learn from thence the beautiful and harmonious system of divine truth, which is there given to the world, but to find something there, by which they might corroborate the sentiments which they had previously imbibed, and which they now wish to defend. They have first built their house, and then sought the authority of inspiration as a rock on which it might stand. The interpreter who, at the outset, denies that the sacred writers were inspired, and so cares not what they teach, as he can correct their errors by his own reason, is certainly not less to be trusted for a true meaning of their words, than one who, though he acknowledges their infallibility, has equal or greater confidence in the infallibility of the creed he has formed without their aid.

Another requisite in the sacred commentator, which should not be overlooked, is that he be well versed in the nature and laws of figurative language. No writers have made a freer or bolder use of the various figures of speech, than the sacred penmen. The bible was intended principally as a book of instruction; but this did not prevent the writers from employing the language of a rich and glowing imagination, whenever their purpose could be better accomplished by it, than by the use of literal expression. They often choose to teach in symbols, because, by so doing, they are more sure to reach the heart. This is the case, not only in the Old Testament, but also in many parts of the New. The language of Christ and his apostles is often highly figurative, and must be interpreted accordingly.

Several reasons may be assigned, why the sacred writers so frequently employ figurative language to express truth, which we should choose to express by literal. From the country and age of the world in which they lived, and their general habits of life, their imaginations were naturally more vivid than ours; their language was less copious, and of course they were compelled to depart further from the literal meaning of words to express their thoughts; and besides, the subjects on which they treat, are, many of them, such as we are obliged to approach through the meaning of figurative language. All language, as metaphysicians tell us, has primary reference to sensible realities, and hence, when we speak of truths which cannot be directly apprehended by, nor communicated through the senses, we must do it by a new or figurative application of expressions already formed for a different purpose.

The writer who is accustomed to present his thoughts in a figurative style, and while he enlightens the intellect by direct and forcible instruction, quickens the imagination of his reader by beautiful and glowing images, we usually denominate poetic. And we cannot here refrain from saying that, in our estimation, no book is so full of deep and genuine poetry as the bible. We would not even except the immortal works of the father of Grecian song. We now speak, not so much of the poetry of words, as of thought. The sacred writers, whether they compose in prose or in verse, are accustomed to *think* in poetry. Imagination gives a hue to all their most common conceptions; they live and move, not in the cold region of philosophy, but in the region of the poetic; they view and speak of things, as they appear to a plain, susceptible mind, trained in the school of nature and religion, and not as they are viewed and represented by one who has been taught to bring all creation into subjection to "cold material laws." This predominance of poetic feeling they could hardly avoid. They could not wander over the hills and bathe in the streams of their native Palestine, and tend upon their flocks, and gaze at night upon the full moon or twinkling stars, as they looked forth from the firmament in their beauty, and witness the frequent rush of the cataract from the mountains, without an excitement of their feelings. Their sensibilities could not sleep amid such scenes and objects to arouse them. Their habitual feelings must of course impress themselves upon their pages, where they now suffice to teach us, of a distant age and country, how coldly prosaic the world has become.

It is now generally admitted, not only that the sacred writings are vitally pervaded by a spirit of poetry, but that large portions of the Old Testament, in addition to the writings of David and Solomon, were originally and designedly composed

in verse. That the prophetic writings were originally metrical, was first discovered, among the moderns, by the celebrated Lowth, who, about the year 1753, published his invaluable Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, and afterwards, about the year 1778, his new Translation of Isaiah with a Preliminary Dissertation. In the former of these works he devotes a few pages to a modest discussion of the question, whether the prophetic writings were designed to be read in verse; and in his Preliminary Dissertation, he endeavours to show, that there is a conformity in every known part of the poetical character, between the prophetic style and that of the books acknowledged to be metrical. This task he undertook and prosecuted in opposition to the general opinion of the learned world at his time. Vitringa, on authority deservedly great, had allowed that Isaiah's writings had a sort of numbers and measure, and had quoted Scaliger as being of the same opinion; but as adding, however, that they could not, on this account, rightly be called poetry. The Jews were also known to have believed, that the books of the prophets were written in prose. Jerome, who wrote his Translation of the Evangelical Prophet in a form which some might mistake for verse, cautions his readers against supposing it to be metre, as if it were any thing like the Psalms; for his division of the text into stichi, he says, was nothing more than was usual in the copies of the prose works of Demosthenes and Cicero. Since the time of Lowth, whose works soon found their way into Germany, few critics have questioned the correctness of his main position. His discovery has been of great and essential service to the art of prophetic interpretation. Michaelis, Herder, De Wette, and several other continental scholars, whose zeal in the study of Hebrew poetry was awakened through his writings, have contributed largely to the facilities for obtaining a thorough acquaintance with the poetical parts of scripture.

That figurative language, as well as literal, has its laws of interpretation, no one who has looked into the philosophy of mind will be disposed to deny. Its laws are different, it is true; they are its own, but they are not, therefore, the less permanent and immutable. The mind, when under sufficient excitement to prompt to the use of figures to express its thoughts, acts in accordance with certain principles prescribed by its own nature, which, when they are understood, are an almost infallible guide to the exposition of the meaning of the words employed. We must, however, suppose the mind to be left to its own spontaneous workings, *to follow its own free will*, untrammelled by the restraints of artificial criticism. The poet who has a system of artificial rules before his mind, when composing, would not admit of so easy an interpretation.

In investigating the principles of figurative language, with reference to the interpretation of scripture, special regard should be had to the allegory, several species of which occur in the sacred writings. An allegory is defined, by Dr. Blair, to be a continued metaphor (we quote from memory); as it is the representation of one thing by another that resembles it, or is made to stand for it. It differs from the common metaphor, in not being confined to a single word, or phrase, but extending to any desired number of successive thoughts. A picture, or a thing, may be employed allegorically, as well as words.

Of this figure, Bishop Lowth reckons three kinds: first, the Allegory, properly so called, which he terms a continued Metaphor; secondly, the Parable; and thirdly, the Mystical Allegory. In this last, he supposes a double meaning couched under the same words; as when a prediction, according as we interpret it, may be made to refer to different events, distant in time and place, and wholly distinct in their character. The principal characteristic of the mystical allegory is, that the imagery is all taken from several objects and their opposites, and must be conformable to literal truth; whereas, in the first kind above mentioned, the objects may be selected either from the realm of fact or of fiction, according to the pleasure of the writer. To this three-fold division we see no particular reason to object; the parable is certainly a species of allegory; nor do we question the general principle on which the epithet, *mystical*, is here applied to the last division of this figure, the authority of Michaelis, and several other distinguished critics, to the contrary notwithstanding. As we have said above, things may be employed allegorically, as well as words. The royal character and the dominion of David might be used to signify the character and dominion of the Messiah; and so language, which, in its original and literal sense, was intended to apply to the son of Jesse, might have a mystical or secondary reference to the Son of God. An inspired apostle has informed us,¹

¹ We are aware that Professor Hahn, of Leipsic, whose name we have before mentioned, and for whose opinion, in biblical matters, we entertain generally a very high respect, has attempted to show that the apostle does not mean to say, that Hagar and Sarah were really and properly to be regarded as types of the Jewish and Christian churches, but that such was the interpretation adopted by the allegorizing rabbins, for whom the Galatians had a great respect, and to whose interpretation they would more readily listen. According to this view, the assertion of the apostle referred to (which may be found in Gal. iv. 24), is, in itself, no authority for supposing that *any* part of the Old Testament is allegorical. We shall only say here, that it has been generally supposed that the apostle was here delivering his *own* sentiments on this point, and not catching the Galatians *with guile*, by "taking them in their own way," in the words of Hahn. See Horne's Intro. to the Crit. Study of the Scriptures, vol. II. p. 632—Phil. ed. 1825.

that Hagar and Sarah represent, allegorically, the Jewish and Christian churches; and if we allow this representation to have been designed, either by God himself, or by the inspired writer who gives us their history, we must admit that the words employed, with direct reference to these two individuals, have a higher and more important application to the subsequent character and condition of the two churches. So when the Saviour spoke to his disciples of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, in language which received an exact fulfilment in that distressing event, he may have intended that his words should turn their thoughts to the time of his final coming at the end of the world. The thing, the destruction of the great city, might be designedly typical of the final change or dissolution of the present material universe.

It will be seen that we suppose Lowth to mean by mystical allegory, essentially what is intended by many writers by the double sense of certain passages of scripture; that is, that things of which a description is given in literal language, are themselves representatives of other things, on which the eye of the spirit who directed and presided over the language, was fixed, as the grand object of the literal description. It is in this sense only, that we would be understood to advocate the doctrine advanced by this distinguished critic. We cannot say that we like the term *double sense*, on account of its liability to mislead; we should prefer, with Olshausen, to call it the *under sense* (*untersinn*); but it is not the name about which we would contend.

It would be a thankless task to attempt an enumeration of the errors into which different commentators have been led by an ignorance of the nature and design of figurative language. There is, however, one great and fundamental mistake connected with the interpretation of allegories, which has been so general, both with ancient and modern interpreters, and caused them to make such a wilderness of the word of God, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. This mistake consists in seeking for some definite, distinct meaning in every circumstance embodied in the original narration. It originates in the supposition that every part of an allegory, or symbolical piece of scripture, is in itself significant of some truth intended to be represented, and capable of an exact interpretation. For instance, in the parable of the good Samaritan, or of Dives and Lazarus, or of the unjust judge, every circumstance in the fictitious narrative is supposed to have an exact correspondence with, and to be designedly representative of some particular moral truth. Of course the powers of invention must often be stretched to the utmost to carry out the comparison, and when it is completed, and the interpretation given, the whole, or much of it at least, is fanciful and ridiculous. As an illustration of our meaning, let us take a partial

interpretation of the first mentioned parable—that of the good Samaritan, as given by one who connects every circumstance in the narrative with some particular or real verity. The traveller, who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, is a man wandering in the wilderness of this world; the thieves, who robbed him, are evil spirits; the priest, who offered him no relief, is the Levitical law; the Levite is good works; the good Samaritan is Christ; the oil and wine are grace; and the other minutiae of the story equally and separately significant.

This principle of minute, circumstantial specification, has, until recently, been very generally applied in the interpretation of the prophetic writings, but more especially of the apocalypse. Every circumstance, or incident, which stood before the mind of the sacred seer, in the vision of coming events, it has been supposed, must have a corresponding reality in the fulfilment. The historian, who should live after the fulfilment, must be able to see the exact and complete picture in the past, which the prophet beheld in the future. There is no wonder that interpreters of prophecies, who have proceeded upon this principle, have greatly fallen out with each other by the way. Their confusion of tongues is just what we should expect.

Connected with the interpretation of the symbolical parts of scripture, there are two facts, which should be constantly kept in mind, and an attention to which will relieve the interpreter of much of the perplexity which has usually attended the labours of commentators. The first of these facts is, that a symbolical, or figurative representation in scripture, is intended to teach or to illustrate some *ONE principal truth, or fact*, and not a multiplicity of truths, or facts. For example: the parable of the good Samaritan, above referred to, is designed to illustrate the *extent of the duty of beneficence*. This is the object of the narrative, which is, therefore, to be taken as a unity—the whole bearing upon this particular point. The second fact is, that though figurative representations are intended to teach, or illustrate, each, some single and principal truth, or fact, yet the sacred writers are wont to introduce into their narrations, or representations, many circumstances which have no direct bearing upon the illustration of the truth, or fact in question, but only serve to give a naturalness and consistency to the picture in which they set it before the mind. They behold, in vision, what they wish to exhibit, and endeavour to hold it up to the mind of the reader in the same glowing and impressive form under which it is apprehended by themselves. Their fictitious narratives are descriptive paintings, in which there are many things thrown in simply to give verisimilitude, or concinnity, to the whole picture, and which, in themselves, have no particular significancy.

We should not have written the above paragraph, did we not suppose the suggestions contained in it as applicable to the interpretation of large portions of the prophetic writings, as to the proper explanation of acknowledged allegory. We believe that the prophet, like the author of a parable, usually had some one great truth in view, when he uttered a prediction, and that the prediction, *as a whole*, is fitted to direct the mind to that truth, while many of the circumstances, embraced within the outline, were not intended in themselves to have any significance, but merely to give beauty, expressiveness, and verisimilitude to the whole representation.

We believe, with the learned and pious Hengstenberg, that the prophets generally received their communications respecting the future, *in mental vision*, that is, by the presentation of images, or pictures, to the mind, which, being once admitted, it were natural to suppose that they would fill up and adorn their representations with much that would have no literal correspondence in the fulfilment. The prophecy contained in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Isaiah, furnishes an illustration of our meaning. That prediction has been fulfilled; Babylon has fallen; but was it literally accomplished, in all its particulars? If the reader has any curiosity on this subject, let him compare this prophecy with that contained in the twenty-first chapter of the same prophet, which relates to the same event, and then look at the history of the destruction of that great city of the East, as given by the best authorities, the general correctness of which we have no reason to question, and he will be satisfied that much of the representation, as it stands in the inspired prophet, is nothing more than costume, with which the writer chose to adorn his description. The overthrow of Babylon, by the Medo-Persian army, was the truth he designed to teach; the particulars connected with the siege, and the manner of its subversion, he did not intend to describe.

To the mistakes into which commentators on the Apocalypse, both ancient and modern, have generally fallen, we have alluded in another part of this article. We there attributed their misconceptions of the meaning of this writing, in part, to a deficiency of historical knowledge. But the chief source of their errors has been, an ignorance of the nature and design of symbolical language. While they have not, at least many of them, looked for a literal fulfilment of the words of the vision, they have supposed that every thing seen and described by the writer must have reference to some specific and corresponding event, which was future at the time of the composition of the book. They have, accordingly, undertaken to study each chapter and verse, by itself, and to decipher the meaning of each successive

image, as it occurs in the order of the vision. Unable to find, in history, any thing correspondent to all the separate and detached images there presented to the mind, some of them have rejected the whole as a sealed book; while others, of keener optics, and more confidence in their own imaginations, have seen, in the history of the world, from the fall of Jerusalem to their own time, a gradual and exact developement of the prophecy. One has found in it all the particulars of the life of the apostate Julian; another, a circumstantial history of the French revolution; and should another arise about this time, and adopt the same principles of interpretation, he would probably be able to direct our eyes to some part of the vision which was fulfilled in the recent subjugation of Poland, or in the abolition of slavery in the West Indies.

Now, although we are not prepared to say, with Eichhorn, and some others, that the whole of this book is a regular drama, yet we do not hesitate to hazard the assertion, that a few simple truths only lie at the foundation of this book, and that the specific, definite statements of the writer, in the minor parts of his descriptions, are intended simply to give vivacity and interest to the general representation. Like those parts of the prophetic writings, to which we have referred, the whole piece is symbolical. The sacred seer had a vision in Patmos; this vision he has presented to us, not through the medium of literal painting, addressed to the bodily eye, but through verbal description, adapted to meet the eye of the mind, and adorned with imagery, which, regarded according to its original design, renders the whole most impressive and delightful. No one can look up at the picture which he has drawn, without confessing that his strokes are those of a master hand, and his colouring rich and gorgeous, altogether beyond the creations of a modern, or western imagination.

It appears strange to us, that it has so seldom occurred to interpreters that it is possible to paint by words, on the page of a book, as well as by the pencil on the canvass, and that the symbolical representations of scripture are intended to teach historical and moral truths, in the same way in which they would be taught by a Raphael, were he inspired to teach them by his own art. Once conceive that the prophets *saw*, in mental vision, the events which they were directed to describe, and you can easily believe that they would naturally labour to present the picture, that was before their own minds, to the minds of their readers. In order to gain their object, and make others *see* what they saw, they would, of course, be obliged to combine, in their verbal descriptions, all the minutiae which the painter would throw into his picture, to give it completeness and verisimilitude.

When the commentator has become well skilled in the rules for interpreting figurative language, he must next seek for some principles, by which he may determine whether a word, or a succession of words, is to be taken in a literal, or in a figurative sense. This is a matter of great practical importance; since, if we regard, as literal, words or passages which, in themselves, are intended to be figurative, or as figurative, such as are intended to be literal, the pure words of truth may be, to us, a prolific source of error. The heresy of the Anthropomorphites, of the tenth century (if in opposition to Schlegel, we may call it a heresy), consisted in a mistaken adherence to the letter of scripture. They regarded the Almighty as possessing a human form, and sitting upon a golden throne, and his angels as winged men, clothed in white robes. They made heaven, not a *sensual*, but a material paradise, and, of course, limited the future blessedness of the righteous to the capabilities of a material existence. The Gnostics, and more particularly the Manicheans, who were properly a branch of this sect, afford an instance of the opposite error. It was a doctrine of their philosophy, that every thing concrete and corporeal was intrinsically and essentially evil; whence they were compelled to deny the real humanity of Christ, and the doctrine of a future resurrection of the body. They supposed the Saviour to have been man, and to have suffered and died only in appearance—construing, figuratively, a large class of texts, which the inspired writers designed should be understood in their literal sense. We know not that there is a very great tendency to this error, at the present day; but when we see certain commentators allegorizing the whole story of Eden, from the planting of the garden to the expulsion of man from this home of primeval innocence and joy, we cannot but feel that there is danger of falling into this, as well as into the other extreme.

In ordinary cases, a few simple rules, such, for instance, as are given by Ernesti, will enable one to determine whether a single word or phrase is to be taken in a literal, or in a figurative sense. But when we ascend from single words and phrases to extended combinations, and inquire whether this or that passage, which is, perhaps, a narrative, was intended to be understood literally, or allegorically, we may find greater difficulty in deciding. Judging from the past history of commentary, we should say, that in nothing is the interpreter more likely to fail, than in his attempts to find the happy medium in this matter. The excess to which the ancient allegorists carried the business of *spiritualizing* the sacred text, is a warning to the student of the Bible, not rashly to depart from the literal, or grammatico-historical sense; and the unwillingness of many modern inter-

preters to allow any other than this sense, should put him on his guard against trusting too much to the letter.

Origen, and the school of Christian mystics who succeeded him, often manifest great contempt for the literal meaning of scripture; and, what the Christian allegorists of the preceding century, among whom were Pantænus and Clemens Alexandrinus, did not venture to do, they turned a great part of biblical history into fables, and many of the laws into allegories. This practice they probably learned, in part, from the school of Ammonius, which explained Hesiod, Homer, and the whole fabulous history of Greece, allegorically. It is easily seen, that such a mode of interpretation, subjecting, as it does, every part of the sacred oracles to the crucible of one's own imagination, must often transmute the original meaning into the absurdest fantasies, and convert the word of God, a rock to those who rest upon it, into floating clouds, at which one may look and gaze himself away into a dreamy or ideal existence, but which can afford no solid support amid the trying exigencies of actual life. From the time of Origen, to the present, there have always been those who attached great importance to the spiritual meaning of many parts of scripture, which others have understood literally. The name of Cocceius will readily occur to the mind of the reader, as the founder of a school of interpreters of this class, in the seventeenth century.

The German rationalists, to whom as philologists and laborious students of antiquity we are ever ready to acknowledge our obligations, appear to us to be quite as far from the true medium, as were Origen and his followers. They stand at the opposite extreme. They see no deep spiritual significance in any part of the sacred volume; no deep from beneath its surface calls unto a hidden deep in their own souls, to waken, by its sympathetic voice, a thousand dormant energies of the immortal spirit, which struggle upward, striving after spiritual perfection. All with them is literal—letter—letter—letter. They study the book of God as they study Homer or Aristotle, as a book of words. And well may they do it; for they believe the bible to be simply the word of man. It will be understood, that we here use the term literal, as opposed to spiritual, and not to allegorical, in the common rhetorical sense of the word. No writers find more figurative language in the bible than the rationalists, but they allow no spiritual meaning either to the figures or to separate words of scripture.

We are sorry to say that, among modern interpreters, not a few whose religious creed is entirely opposed to that of the neologist, and who give evidence of a truly pious intention, have fallen into the error of overlooking or denying much of the spiritual import of the sacred oracles. They allow

nothing to be typical in the Old Testament, which is not expressly declared to be so in the New; and in the words of Christ and his apostles, they find little that addresses itself to the deeper and more rudimental feelings of humanity. They are too exclusively philologists, and commenting with them is too mechanical a business. A dread of mysticism has seized them, and rather than approach even the borders of the region where a burning imagination may impair or overcome the judgment, they choose to dwell in the frosty land of mere verbal explanation. This is a fault, which in our opinion, is characteristic of the works of some German commentators, whose sentiments are known to be evangelical, and too much so of the works of the father of biblical criticism in America.

We had intended to say something on the present state of biblical interpretation, both in Europe and in this country, but the length to which this article is already extended, admonishes us to be brief. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that we believe, that both the science and the art of interpretation have reached a point, in their ascending progress, which they never before attained. In Germany, the fountain head of biblical learning, the true principles of scripture exposition are better understood, and more generally adopted, than they have been at any former period. Not a few of the neological critics are approaching more nearly to the standard of evangelical sentiment, and their explanations of the bible becoming more and more conformed to the spirit which actuated the sacred writers. The exact critical method of interpretation, which, in the hands of men no less distinguished for their infidel philosophy than for their philological acumen, has converted the bible into a frozen ocean, and left the soul of the reader to contract and perish from the cold of the surrounding atmosphere, has begun to be successfully employed in subservience to the high and more divine purpose of eliciting from the sacred volume the pure and living meaning of the spirit by whom its writers were guided. Such men as Neander, Hug, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Havernick, and Olshausen, are rearing a magnificent spiritual superstructure, on the critical foundations which the neological commentators have contributed largely in laying.

With the present state of biblical interpretation in England, we do not profess to be minutely acquainted. The fact, however, that we so seldom receive a work on the bible of an evangelical character from the booksellers of our mother land, or see one announced in their quarterly advertisements, is evidence, that British genius and industry are not, to any considerable extent, directed to the critical investigation of the scriptures. While we are occasionally presented with a work like Dr. Blomfield's

Critical Digest of Sacred Annotation on the New Testament, or his Compendious Commentary on the same, which indicates a progress in biblical interpretation, we believe that little comparatively is now doing, either in the established church or among the dissenters, in the way of critical and learned exposition. The extensive work of the late excellent Dr. Adam Clarke, is in some respects an advance on preceding writers, but it cannot be called a good commentary. With great apparent depth and copiousness of learning, it contains much that is really superficial. Professor Pusey of the university of Oxford, in a letter addressed a few years since to Professor Tholuck, in which he gives a brief account of the state of theological literature in England, says, "in these branches" (interpretation and criticism) "but little has been done." According to the same authority, the exegetical works most commonly used by the English clergy, are Lowth, Whitby, Hammond, etc. while some few resort to German commentators, or perhaps to Chrysostom and Theophylact. Doddridge on the New Testament is, we presume, in use among the dissenters.

From what English mind could do, were it to direct its energies that way, for the cause of biblical interpretation, and from the recent critical labours of such men as Professor Lee and Thomas Hartwell Horne, who are preparing the way for a more thorough and correct understanding of the sacred text, we cannot but hope that, ere long, we shall be able to import from our mother country and in our own tongue, as valuable helps to the critical study of the bible as we now receive from the continent. Not that we suppose that the English commentator will soon be changed into the German, or become as laborious and patient a philologist; but we think that the good sense of the former, taking advantage of the critical labours of the latter, may produce exegetical works of greater merit than the world has yet seen.

In the present state of biblical literature on this side of the Atlantic, there is much to gratify and encourage the American scholar and divine. Considering the recent date of the first efforts among us to promote a critical and thorough knowledge of the scriptures, we are rather surprised at the progress we have made, than at our present deficiency in biblical learning. We do not wish to draw comparisons, but we believe it is generally admitted that the standard of theological education, and particularly in the department of sacred literature, is higher in America than in England. We have our professional seminaries, at some of which, at least, candidates for the christian ministry are expected to reside several years previously to their entering upon official duties. During this term of residence, considerable attention is given to the Greek and Hebrew scrip-

tures, and frequently, if not generally, the art and science of interpretation is a distinct branch of study. In England, (we now speak with reference to the established church, for we have no means of knowing the usual course of theological education among the dissenters,) there is, according to Professor Pusey, no direct theological education for candidates for holy orders. It is true, the universities have, in theory, a professional character; the statutes of Oxford, and we presume those of Cambridge also, requiring candidates for orders to spend several years in attendance upon the lectures of the divinity professor. But this condition is dispensed with in fact, and the candidate permitted to prepare himself for his examination, before the bishop, in any way he may choose. Private study at home forms the general preparation. It should be recollected here, that in the English universities much more attention is given to the learned languages than is done in our colleges, and that those who choose may receive instruction in Hebrew, and other branches connected with the critical study of the bible, before they receive their first degree.

A history of what has been done in our country within a few years, for the advancement of sacred literature, would suffice to show that American talent has by no means neglected this important department of knowledge. Twenty or thirty years since, the theological student looked in vain in our bookstores for the apparatus necessary to a successful prosecution of the study of the original scriptures. His eye might occasionally light upon a Hebrew grammar, or lexicon, or a commentary on the original text, but they were all from a far country, and most of them in a foreign tongue. The libraries of our colleges and other institutions were also comparatively destitute of suitable helps for a critical understanding of the bible. In the department of commentary, the student was generally obliged to content himself with such writers as Henry, Scott, Poole, Doddridge, Whitby and Gill.

Such was the state of things, essentially, when Professor Stuart of the theological seminary at Andover was called to the chair of sacred literature in that institution. There was not a Hebrew grammar, nor lexicon, nor any treatise on interpretation in the English language, which was adapted to the wants of a theological class, in his department of instruction. Nor was there much taste in the community for the study of the original scriptures. In 1821, Professor Stuart published a Hebrew grammar with a copious syntax and praxis, which has since passed through five editions in this country, and we think nearly as many in England. The basis of this work was the Hebrew grammar of Gesenius, published in 1817, the appearance of which, says Professor Stuart, in an early edition of his

own, must form an era in Hebrew literature. Accompanying this grammar was a little work entitled, a "Dissertation on the importance and best method of studying the original languages of the Bible, by Jahn and others." The next year, the excellent little manual of Ernesti, entitled "Elements of Interpretation," was translated from the Latin by Professor Stuart, who added notes and an appendix, containing extracts from Morus, Beck, and Keil. In 1824, the manual Hebrew lexicon of Gesenius, abridged by the author himself from his large work in two volumes, appeared in an English dress from the hands of Mr. J. W. Gibbs, now professor of sacred literature in Yale College. The next year, Professor Robinson, then of Andover, gave to the American public a translation and revision of Wahl's invaluable lexicon of the New Testament. The appearance of these and some other works of a kindred character, so nearly at the same time, gave an impulse to biblical learning in New England, and through the country, which, we doubt not, will be felt by distant generations. No sooner had our theological students begun to read the scriptures with ease in the original, than they sought for commentaries on the Greek and Hebrew text. Unable to find these either at home or in the land of their fathers, they went over to the continent, and drew upon the philological treasures which had been accumulating under the diligent hands of the Germans. Since that time much use has been made, in the interpretation of scripture, of such writers as Kuinoel, Rosenmüller, Titmann, De Wette, Bretschneider, Jahn, and Gesenius. We need not say, that the theology of many of the ablest German philologists finds few friends among those who, on this side the water, seek their acquaintance merely as guides in the study of language and biblical antiquities. Among the works in the department of biblical criticism which have recently been translated and published in our country, in addition to the one at the head of this article, we may mention Herder's *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, a charming work, Planck's *Introduction to Sacred Philology and Interpretation*, and Hug's *Introduction to the New Testament*. This last work, which is the most able of its kind of any thing we have seen, was translated and published in England a few years since; but the translation was so imperfect, that the American publishers procured a new version of the whole work. We understand that a translation of Hengstenberg's *Christology* is in press, and also that Olshausen's *Commentary on the Gospels* is in the hands of a translator. Professor Robinson has nearly completed a translation of Gesenius's *Hebrew Lexicon*, which will be given to the public in a few months. A new *Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*, by Professor Robinson, is also in press and will soon appear. The

basis of this work is probably the *Lexicon* of Wahl, to which allusion has been made, but the whole is undergoing such a revision and receiving such additions, as to entitle it to the reputation of a new work. From our knowledge of Professor Robinson, and the labour he is bestowing on this lexicon, we do not hesitate to say, that it will be superior to any New Testament lexicon that has ever appeared in any language. Besides being a book of verbal explanations, it will be a compendious commentary on all the books of the New Testament.

We have said nothing of the commentaries which have been produced on this side of the water, within the last few years. The principal of these are the two works of Professor Stuart, the one on the Epistle to the Romans, the other on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the recent work of Professor Hodge, of Princeton, on the Epistle to the Romans. The commentaries of Professor Stuart have acquired a deserved celebrity with a large class of divines, and we believe they are acknowledged by all to be equal, if not superior, in philological merit, to any others which have appeared in the English language. The principal exceptions which have been made to them, have been made on theological grounds. They are upon the German plan, their chief object being to develop the precise meaning of the text; but the author is too fond of theological disquisition to conceal, at all times, his peculiar doctrinal and metaphysical views. These works have been republished in England, where they have received no small praise. The work of Professor Hodge we have not had time carefully to examine, but believe it will be found worthy of the age and of the institution from which it emanates. It appears to be sufficiently critical, and is certainly candid and judicious. In addition to these principal commentaries, we might mention the notes on several of the books of the Pentateuch, by Professor Bush of the New York university, and also notes on the Gospels, Acts, and Epistle to the Romans, by Albert Barnes of Philadelphia. A version of the books of Job, Psalms, Isaiah, Hosea, Amos, Joel, and Micah, has been made by Mr. George R. Noyes, which in many respects possesses very considerable merit.

Perhaps some foreign reviewer may pertly say, that America has produced no elaborate, original work in the department of sacred literature. We are ready to confess that we have no Vitrina, who can show his two folios of commentary upon a single book of the canon; nor Lowth nor Herder, who has unlocked the rich stores of Hebrew poetry; nor Lightfoot, who has entered the arcana of Jewish lore, brought out its riches, and cast them into an available form for the use of subsequent interpreters; nor Griesbach, who has nicely balanced the conflicting claims of the thousand different readings of the Greek

text of the New Testament; nor Gesenius, who has fathomed the depths of oriental philology. We have no such names as these, nor is it at all to our disparagement that we have not. They are not the growth of new soil; they are to be looked for only in countries where the sons find the foundations of biblical learning deeply laid in the labours of the fathers, and where men may give their days and their nights to uninterrupted study. It is enough for us at present that we have biblical scholars whose talents and industry are procuring them a name among the candid of other countries, and whose efforts are diffusing a sound and healthful knowledge of the scriptures among the rising millions of this western world. We have no special desire to be considered original; we have no particular respect for what the world in these days calls originality. In biblical matters, we esteem the man who selects, arranges, and condenses judiciously, what able critics have said before him, as great a benefactor to those who could not have access to or read the originals, as one who should spend his life in search after something new, with which he might astonish the learned world. We care not whence the commentator obtains his ore, provided the metal he extracts from it be good, and he coin it skilfully, so that there shall be no fraud nor deception to those who receive it.

The translation of the commentary on the gospel of St. John, upon which we shall now add a few words, is a welcome addition to the exegetical works already in the hands of the American divine. The writings of the beloved disciple, and particularly his gospel, are, in our opinion, more difficult of a full and adequate exposition, than any other part of the New Testament. An examination of the different commentaries which have appeared on this gospel, will justify this opinion. Not that his words are far-fetched, or their collocation strained or artificial, —for no writer could possibly exhibit greater simplicity and naturalness of expression; but there is a reach of thought and depth of spiritual meaning in his sentences, which few minds are prepared to appreciate or to see. He addresses himself not simply to the intellect, but to the more refined and spiritual sensibilities of the inner man. Even in his narrations it is apparent that his eye is on the heart, and that it is the conscience which he is aiming to excite. He is desirous of awaking in the bosom of the reader a deep response to the sweet voice of Divine love, which shall result in a living union between the spirit of the reader and the spirit of the Divine Redeemer. This peculiarity in the writings of this apostle, which is the one that renders them so precious and refreshing to the unlearned and unsophisticated Christian, has been a great stumbling-block to many modern interpreters, and presents a real difficulty to the man

who looks at every thing in the inspired volume as addressed, simply or principally, to the intellect or ratiocinative faculty. Hahn lays it down as a fundamental principle, that the interpreter of holy writings should be himself a holy man, and come to the reading of the holy scriptures with a heart open and longing for all that is good, true, and divine. His meaning, when generalized, we suppose to be, that the spirit of the interpreter must harmonize with the spirit of the original writer, consciousness meeting consciousness, and heart responding unto heart. Without this, there are many writers that we can not interpret, even philologically. The man who would understand the words of a poet, and make them the medium of the poet's thoughts to his own mind, must have the spirit and sensibilities of a poet. *Paradise Lost* was a sealed book; its very lines were unintelligible, to the mathematician who looked for a *quod erat demonstrandum* at the close. The spirit of our evangelist, which so delicately pervades every part of his gospel, is so diverse from the spirit of man, in its native untrained state, that most interpreters have failed to penetrate and disclose the rich, full meaning of his language.

Professor Tholuck, who has had the diligence and intrepidity to present the world with a commentary on this difficult book of scripture, is the man whom, above all others within our knowledge, we should have selected for so important a work. He possesses, in an eminent degree, all the requisites of a commentator, which we noticed above. Though less than forty years of age, he has acquired by his talents, industry, and Christian spirit, a greater personal influence and reputation among his countrymen, than is possessed by any other theologian of Germany. At the early age of twenty-three, he wrote a treatise on the nature and moral influence of heathenism, especially among the Greeks and Romans, viewed in the light of Christianity, which Gesenius, though differing widely from its author in religious opinions, pronounced the ablest performance that had appeared on the subject. He has also written a work on Sin, and a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, each of which, it is said, (we have not read the former of these at all, nor the latter carefully,) would confer upon their author an enviable reputation. The principal languages of modern Europe, as the translator informs us in his preface, he speaks with ease and fluency; the Latin and Greek, if we may judge from his writings, are almost like his vernacular tongue; and his acquaintance with poetry and philosophy, both ancient and modern, as extensive and thorough as perhaps that of any other man living. In addition to his labours as a professor of theology, and liberal contributions to the theological and philosophical literature of his country, he has edited some valuable

works, among which are the Commentaries of Calvin on the New Testament, as we before stated. From what we have been able to learn of his character as a scholar, he is not only a man of native genius and versatility of mind, but of great literary enterprise. The eyes of his mind are every where, and he is constantly gathering up treasures of learning, which few others would have either the keenness of observation to discover, or the diligence to accumulate.

But what is most interesting to us in the character of this distinguished man, is his sincere and ardent love of truth. He is a man of deep and glowing piety. His influence is consecrated to the promotion of evangelical religion. The reader of his writings need not be at all afraid of being injured by a concealed, insidious rationalism.

The grand and distinctive merit of this work of Professor Tholuck, is its deep and living philosophic spirit. The author shows that he does not belong to that school of divines who are obliged to dis sever their philosophy from their religion, to prevent the latter from being destroyed by the chill embraces of the former, like Laocöon in the folds of the serpents. Tholuck's philosophy is religion, and his religion is philosophy, as must always be the case where the two things are rightly named and rightly apprehended. The very touch of a false philosophy is, we know, polluting to religion; but this does not make it appear that true philosophy and true religion were not intended to be mutual helpers, nay, *to be one flesh*. In the mind that has right apprehensions of spiritual truth, its connexion with and regency over the whole intellectual and moral worlds, they neither are nor can be separated. The Author of all truth has made them one, and the theologian who makes them twain does it because of the hardness of his heart.

We are aware that it is the fashion of the day, to advocate a perpetual divorce of philosophy and religion, and to sound an alarm, for the safety of the people, before the author that shall have attempted a union of the two. The usual cry of the alarmist is, mysticism, or incipient heresy, either of which words is sufficient to make the honest Christian put his fingers in his ears and flee from the seductive song of the approaching charmer. This state of things does not excite our wonder, when we consider the character of the metaphysical philosophy which, for the last century, has been lord of the ascendant in some of our schools of theology. As friends of spiritual religion, we are ourselves afraid of such philosophy, and should no more think of advocating its union with the religion of the bible, than the union of cold with heat, or death with life. There is no natural or possible consentaneousness between the two things. As one predominates, the other must dis-

appear. But it is not so with the philosophy of the work before us. The philosophy of Tholuck is a vital principle, which guides, and chastens, and strengthens the understanding, thus calling forth the soul from its captivity to sin, and casting up a high-way for its return to its native land of holiness and peace. It is neither mysticism nor empiricism, but truth, living, spirit-pervading, harmonious truth.

The introduction to this work, which is divided into seven sections, is peculiarly interesting and valuable. We have never seen so much pleasant and relevant matter, in so small a compass, at the opening of such a work. The subjects of the different sections are the following: 1st, the life of John; 2d, his character; 3d, the language, time, and place, together with the object of his gospel; 4th, the peculiar character and style of the gospel; 5th, the sources of the gospel; 6th, its authenticity; and 7th, the most important commentaries upon it.

The author supposes that the father of the evangelist was in easy circumstances, and afforded his son the means of early instruction, by which his mind might be prepared for its future growth. The mother of John appears to have been a pious woman, and probably formed his mind for a ready reception of the doctrines of the new dispensation. Tradition states, that after the ascension of Christ, John did not leave Jerusalem till the death of the mother of Jesus, which, according to Eusebius, occurred A. D. 48. He afterwards went into the regions of Asia Minor, whence he was banished to the isle of Patmos by one of the Roman emperors, where he saw the visions of the Apocalypse. He probably wrote his gospel at Ephesus, at a period somewhat earlier than the year 100.

The language in which this gospel was written, our author believes to have been the Greek. This he does in opposition to Salmasius, Grotius, and Bolton, who assume an original text in the Syro-Chaldaic.

Tholuck does not admit that the apostle, when writing this gospel, had a fixed polemico-doctrinal object in view, though he does not deny that he incidentally refers here and there to the perverted doctrinal tendencies by which he saw himself surrounded. In the prologue, he admits, there is a manifest reference to the idle inquiries of the hellenistic Jewish theosophy. Our author does not admit that John *designed* to give a more spiritual representation of the doctrines and life of the Redeemer, than the other evangelists had done before him, and still less, that he intended any opposition to what they had written. Clemens, of Alexandria, says that John, seeing the *carnal* had been set forth in the other gospels, and being urged by his friends and inspired by the Holy Spirit, wrote a *spiritual* gospel. This statement Tholuck would answer, as Herder has

done—that if John's gospel be a gospel of the spirit, the others are not gospels of the flesh. That John, however, has given us a more full spiritual portraiture of the Redeemer than any other evangelist, our author does not question. He attributes this fact to the peculiar temperament, intellectual and moral, of the apostle. He was one of those favoured spirits that readily conform themselves to the pattern which they determine to follow. By long and delightful intercourse with the Saviour, he had imbibed much of his spirit, and become greatly transformed into his image, so that his thoughts and mode of expression would naturally partake much of the depth and spirituality of those of his divine example. Tholuck adopts the general opinion, that John may have intended to supply, in his gospel, some of the omissions which he observed in the other evangelists.

The general style of this gospel is characterized, according to our author, by an equality of tone, a tranquillity and self-collectedness, and a sublime simplicity, which originate in a holy seriousness and mildness, and deep intensity of love. The following beautiful passage from Claudius, is happily introduced. "I like best to read in the gospel of John. There is something so very wonderful in it—twilight and night, and through them the quick flash of the lightning! A soft evening cloud, and behind the cloud, lo, there is the large full moon! There is in it something so melancholy, so sublime and foreboding, that you cannot get tired of it. When reading John I always feel as if I saw him before me, lying on the bosom of his master, at the last supper; as if his angel were holding my light, and at certain passages wishing to embrace me, and to say something into my ear. I am far from understanding all that I read; still it often seems as if that which John meant were floating before me in the far distance; and even when I cast my eyes upon a place that is quite dark, I have nevertheless a presentiment of a great and beautiful meaning, which I shall understand at some future time, and therefore do I take up so joyfully every new interpretation of the gospel of John. True it is, that most of them are playing with the evening cloud, and leave the moon behind it entirely out of sight!"

ART. III.—*Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London, 1835.

It is but a few years since the name of Wordsworth was really repulsive, and though utterly ignorant of his writings, like most or all of our generation, we heard of him with disregard or dislike. A part of this feeling was undoubtedly owing to the homage we then paid to the authority and influence of the individual who was lord of the ascendant, in the realms of poetry; the rest was gathered in the usual loose way with which men receive opinions; from report, idle remark, or bad feeling and taste. The result was repugnance to his very name as a poet, and contempt for his character as a man. We listened to the calumny and depreciation of his talents with all the indifference of one who feels no interest, or rather, perhaps, with a sense of gratification, as tending to increase the regard with which we looked upon our idol; certainly without the least suspicion that we were doing injustice and wronging ourselves, as well as another, and were merely joining in the echo of an universal lie. Our awakening to the truth was with something of the amazement with which the mind receives the sudden and unexpected opening of a fine view on a dull road, or the still more rapturous sensation with which we look on a new and beautiful country after a tempestuous voyage, and finding, instead of the monotonous deep, a land glowing with the splendour of the morning light; or with that extreme joy when entire repose follows long continued excitement, and we have been borne, unreflectingly, on the turbid current of our passions and our pleasures. The minds of men were accustomed to the violent life and fierce feelings that were produced by the character and incidents of the time, and it was not to be wondered at that one who lived in seclusion, and appeared but little, or not at all, on the troubled ocean of events, should subside into insignificance and obscurity. It was the natural and necessary result of a strongly operative cause. There was no room in men's hearts—no home among their thoughts or affections—for the calm voice of a solitary and tranquil spirit. There was with him no ministering to the heat of bad passions. He did not obtrude his advice or his opinions on the unwilling ear of society, nor enforce them with a ferocious audacity and impudence. Like the oracle, he stood aloof from human interests, and thence possessed a clearer judgment of things as they occurred. He hoarded wisdom, and drew experience from the wide views and vivid representations of his own intelligence; for the depths of a great soul that seem so dark, and strike with so much awe those who strive to fathom them, reflect with all

the lustre and power of prophecy those two mighty fragments of time, the past and future, and throw, as with a lens, their whole intensity on the present. The dominion of a great mind is more extensive than most can perceive, or would allow, for it may be considered as the condensation of many preceding intellects, bringing with it their knowledge and their sympathies, the gathered experience of ages, and surrendering its acquisitions to the moment before it, with all the force of truth and energy of conviction. It is not an individual creation, born and to die without connection, and only destined to struggle with ignorance till it awakens to eternal knowledge; but like the block struck from the mass, however it may be fashioned, there still remain the veins and traces of another existence. In every mind there is something which whispers of the past, something that foretells the future, something that declares, without effort, how far these great elements of time bear upon and fill up the present, and that the intellect of which man boasts is but a fragment; that its powers, whatever they may convey to it, or however high they may raise its aspirations, only lend the energies they receive, and lengthen the line whose beginning or end is not known. Is this derived from instinct, or reflection? is it a natural knowledge, acquired by an unheeded and natural impulse, for whose suggestions we cannot account, yet through whose influence we think and act? or does this acquaintance with hidden and distant things come by reflection? Much of the operations of human intelligence, whether in its high or low degrees, for in this the two extremes meet, is instinctive. The noblest ideas come, it is not certainly known how; they bear no relation with any thing gone by, and are associated with no incident of the moment. They are therefore mysterious. But if admitted to be produced by reflection, how is the mystery reduced? for what is reflection but the mind restoring the past to itself, making palpable all its experiences, bringing forward all the records of memory, illustrating, unfolding, adding to them all that has been gained in the ceaseless agitation of intellectual life? Thought is not a faculty by itself, but the combined energy of many; it has none of the spirit of prophecy, nor does it incite and elevate men into action like the sudden, resistless intensity of inspiration; it neither rouses nor creates enthusiasm, nor does it, unless supported and borne on by a strong imagination, give birth to the excitement of hope; and yet it is this which is the secret, silent, and subdued element in men's motives. With the student, there is the hope of knowledge; with the ambitious, that of fame; with the good, that of being useful; with the true poet, the hope of an earthly immortality; and, like the lightning that opens its path of fire through the deep obscurity of the heavens, it is hope springing from the

Promethean heat of a man's own soul that enlivens his despair, spreads its glowing hues over moments of despondency, dissipates doubt and fear, and illuminates his onward course.

There is, or seems to be, in all great minds, a consciousness of what they are and were meant to be. It does not appear the instigation of pride, or the flattery of vanity, but a conviction which they have established within themselves, by a process we know not of. It may be, in part, the vividness of hope; in part, the triumph of a tried superiority; in part, the reflection of an ardent imagination, the mingled action of our ignorance and our desires, the unrepressed eagerness of our wishes, floating on the daring pinions of our aspirations. But, whatever it may be, or whatever its origin, nearly all great men have recorded it as among their strongest incitements to labour, and the earliest impulses of their youth. Milton, and Tasso, and Bacon, speak calmly of their preparations for immortality; so calmly that it might be supposed the assurance had been given from above. There is something like a feeling of awe when we contemplate what these spirits might have known; how much was imparted to their transcendent intellects. Their intelligence must not only have included more, but have swept far beyond the common view, and awakened to scenes where human life was not. Where the passions of men held no sway, their thoughts never rose, nor their destiny formed a part; but all partook of the etheriality and essence of pure intellect. No great genius has yet kept the diary of its ordinary and domestic thoughts and feelings. No one yet knows how the sacred fire is lighted on the altar where a great mind worships. No one can judge whence are gathered all those lofty reflections it moulds for the use of man; for, like the works of nature that lie familiarly around us, and are designed for common purposes, the recorded efforts of such spirits are too easily appreciated to attract strong attention, or to be looked on with admiration. Yet their source is divine; they are not framed by intercourse with man and his mortal hours, but from high communings and musings over inward impulses, that come strongly and irregularly, yet, in their coming, shadow forth the knowledge they desire. In this way truth and science minister to them, and time, with its dying centuries, unfolds its gloomy and inspiring pages. For such men feel that

—————"Past and future are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge;"

and they feel that however the hour passes, the fountain they have opened is eternal, and that they and their labours mingle with all future thought. The shadow of immortal glory rises

in grandeur like the sun over the sea, and their minds glow in the reflection of their own renown.

There is no doubt that the humblest minds, at times, have thoughts whose source and tendency are beyond their understanding and their conceptions. With these it is, probably, things external to them that excite the obscure and transient views of their nature and their destiny. The current of daily life, its cares and difficulties, are too absorbing to admit of reflection on more than the barren circle of their wants and necessities. They are bound to the earth by their condition, and it is only when some of the phenomena take place that amaze the most insensible, that an idea is created of their being more than they seem. Death, to all the most mysterious and wonderful of events, may, as it did with Bolingbroke, while standing over Pope, in his last moments, lead to the exclamation, "Great God, what is man?" But it is only such startling occurrences that make their way to the imperfect and torpid sensibility of the ignorant and insensible. These, however, overwhelm and rouse the mind by stirring the heart. The rising and setting of the sun—the bright spheres in the heavens—the birth of the commonest insect—the budding of the plainest flower—are all as much beyond our ken as the cessation of life. Yet they pass before us without attracting attention. Familiarity has lessened our wonder, and they bring neither fear nor hope. But the dying man calls forth every sympathy. We bring the scene home to ourselves. We acknowledge it as the most important, as well as the most marvellous of the occurrences the human eye can witness, or the mind conceive. But this arises from its connection with self. There is dread and awe, besides the holy fear religion teaches, at beholding a human being upon the precipice of eternity, mingling with the more trivial but natural terror which leads us to shrink from the pains of dissolution and the after horrors of the grave.

There is nothing of the spirit of philosophy in these feelings; no impulse to inquiry given from within; no desire to question or know, rising from the eager restlessness of one's own nature; no shadowing forth of time and destiny; no revealing our mortal life in our intellectual; no disclosing the impression to be made on the page of existence by the powers of the soul. Across these leaden intellects, except the immediate and dying images of sense, nothing passes. They remain the vassals of their infirmity, shrouded by the deep obscurity that gathers over all who are confined to the common affairs of the world, and are incapable of breaking the iron links of their bondage. It is only the greatest spirits that feel the whispering of these inward inspirations. "You ask me what I am meditating," says Milton; "by the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame!"

Whence to the youthful bard came this revelation of the future, this assurance that time, as it flowed on the tide of ages, was to be the messenger of his glory? whence but from an inward consciousness of power, that would not quail before difficulty, but make all, the instruments of his energy. And Tasso, when bowed and crushed by his wrongs, exclaims, "I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, so that there might remain an eternal memory of me in the world;" and even in the "prisoned solitude" of his cell, encompassed and overborne by the dark miseries of his madness, by real injuries and imaginary insults, he continued to correct and improve his immortal epic. And Shakspeare, who seems to have had no egotism, no feeling of his infinite superiority, still imagined that there was life in his pen.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

We cannot suppose that, with Shakspeare, this forecasting of the future was vanity or even ambition, too sanguine and overzealous in its character, such as acts on inferior intellects in the elation of temporary success. All cotemporary evidence declares his spirit to have been too gentle, and his mind too steady, to be influenced and carried away by the mere love of fame, or the desire for its notoriety; and there seems, from the same authority, to have been with him less consciousness of superiority, or a more modest display of it. He gave way to no insolent triumphing over his compeers, nor showed a sense that he was meant, as Ben Jonson says of him, "not for an age, but for all time." Yet in those lines there is as deep an assurance of being immortal, as if the events of ages were figured before him. This conviction of enduring fame may be, and probably was, with these wonderful beings, the result of a fixed and determined purpose to devote themselves to a particular object. They were men possessing the

highest faculties and the most profound thoughts, and as capable of reflecting on the operations of their own minds and extent of their powers, as upon any other subjects. Indeed it is more than probable that a review of themselves, with an accurate balancing and nice discrimination of what and how much they can perform, is a principal source of reflection; and if so, they can feel within themselves how far coming time will be interested in their labours. Such as these can look beyond the present, and feel that they are the servants of posterity—that though now there may be no appreciation of their efforts, which are flung aside into the eddy of passing things, yet that they must at last return into the general current, and be the guide and controller of its motions. Some such feeling appears to have existed with all who have proposed to the world novel doctrines and systems. They were aware that they stood before their age—that men's minds were not fitted nor open to the reception of their opinions, and that they must therefore bear the imputation of having wasted their lives in the study and development of useless and impracticable speculations. This mortifying opinion could have reached and attached itself, with more appearance of truth, to Bacon, than to any other philosopher who has undertaken the instruction of his species. His labours were devoted to the removal of errors; to the unsettling of modes of thought that had been fixed by education, and bore the sanction of time and custom; of course he assaulted bigotry and prejudice, that form imperceptibly, with the mass of men, the most powerful affections of which they are susceptible. There could have been then hardly a hope, with him, of gaining reputation, or of being useful to his generation; and the consciousness of this he expresses in strong, but subdued satire on the people of England. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after a certain time be passed over." And here we see that he looked into futurity, and into the depths of his soul, where all was clear, and time and its wants were reflected with a pure lustre. He perceived that in the gradual improvement of men's minds his works would become necessary; and that mankind, at various eras of thought, would recur to them to refresh and renew their vigour.

If it be allowed that it is through deep thought these men bring forward the future, then they must be acquitted of idle vanity and presumption in asserting their pre-eminence; and it must be acknowledged that, by a due appreciation of themselves, and a true understanding of the wants of society, they do really foresee the station they are to hold. But there is another thing in the mental constitution of such men, equally astonishing with this apparent revelation of their destiny—it is, the persevering

tenacity with which they adhere to the system and career of thought they have planned. Almost all men and all minds require encouragement. They wish to see reflected, through the sympathies of their fellow men, their own hopes—they wish to feel that their own zeal has entered the hearts of those around them—that a feeling, responding to their own, has touched a chord, and animated a pulse, leading to the hearts of others ;—and, not to anticipate disappointment from a cold and repulsive reception, to foresee the wasting of life and labour, and to find that the only echo is the return of their own voice, and that the only agitation, the only warmth that had been excited, was the throbbing and the glow of their own bosoms. There is no such thing, happily, with men of genius, as intellectual indifference—that torpid indolence of sense and mind, which slumbers over their perceptions and their thoughts—but all which reaches them is quickened with a new life, and regenerated from the ardour and vigour of their souls. It is, then, impossible for these men to waver or grow cold. They assume to themselves the wide province of knowledge ; they cast every energy, every desire, on the gathering of its noble products ; they dream of its glories ; they shadow forth its power ; they exhaust themselves to partake of its overflowing waters, and are willing to tread the wide desert that lies between its first bounds and the uttermost extent man can reach, though it sometimes blights with its barrenness, till its beauties are attained, and makes the fainting and dying mind fall a sacrifice on its altar ; yet there is ever a sufficient force within to impel them on their path. They have too deep a sense of their duties, to flag ; too much pride and too strong an ambition, to give way to difficulties, or surrender to obstacles. They still hold on their course, when all around is bending and breaking with the tempest ; they still rise and soar towards the topmost elevation of their desires ; though all is black with doubt and uncertainty, and their minds feeling but not yielding to the blast, still mount steady and unwavering through the mist and obscurity of the storm. But there seems one thing essential to this patient endurance, this strong unyielding determination—a powerful imagination. Without this, that which is now sublime would degenerate into the neutrality and negativeness of common obstinacy ; it would lose the wonder that now attaches to it, and all the extraordinary speculation that comes from it, and subside into a mere effort of the will ; but, as it is, there is something in it which gives a loftier view and higher sense of man and intellect—something that enlarges our aspirations, by the elevation of our character—that creates a greater love and respect for life, by enlivening the hopes of our condition. This vivid shadowing forth of the future, this reflection of our fate through the dimness and distance of coming

time, this holding communion with spirits yet unembodied, this view of the stream of our thoughts mingling with the vast intellectual current that moves towards eternity, controlling events adding to the improvement and advancing the progress of mankind,—all presents a scene of amazing and surpassing interest. It is a mighty and majestic vision, animated and increased in power by its truth—the assurance of its reality—the consciousness that we are only looking on what we are and are to be, unaccompanied by a doubt, unalloyed by the degrading sense that we are wandering with conjecture and listening to the flattery of our fancy and our wishes. These are the pictures with which imagination peoples the minds of these great men: but this is not the only use and tendency of this faculty. In the gloom and dullness of the closet, with nothing near him save the beings that he has himself called into life, the philosopher or the poet may enjoy these scenes. He can see men, as bees go to and fro from the hive to the flowers, drawing nourishment and draining the life from the labours of his intellect: he can see them bending with gratitude over the results of toil that withered and exhausted the spirit which went through it, and enjoy all in the solitary tranquillity of his soul. It is what he worked for; it is what he hoped for; it is what he felt and knew would be his, and it is all he asks. But imagination, besides being thus the solace to the wasting energies of these laborious men, is the impelling faculty of their efforts. It gives a spring and vigour to the drooping powers of reason, and inspires reflection with a portion of its own quenchless fire: it animates dying hope: it sets loose all the ardour and warmth that sometimes fail in the bosoms where they glow the most strongly: it never allows the common and low things of life to disenchant it, or eat into it and destroy with their degrading cares. The view we have taken has often struck us forcibly, in reflecting on how much and how much more might be revealed to the governing intellects of the world, than to their inferiors. Those who are disposed to doubt, and deny that the thing is possible, can have but a very imperfect or a very humble idea of the nature of mind: nor do they feel what a wonderful creation it is, nor how powerful and marvellous an agent in human interests. But let one who is capable of throwing himself beyond the materiality that hems him in, reflect and ponder on what he sees and feels, and then ask himself, what else exists and endures but mind, the pure ethereality, the perfect beauty of intellect? We are aware, that with a large portion of mankind, the animal instincts seem to rule; and that, so far as appearances go, they are not capable of or destined for a higher destiny. With one who is sceptical of our philosophy, this is evidence enough of what man is and is to be. Mere isolated

instances of superiority, however immense it may be, do not in their opinion alter the condition. The view of the intellectual character of the mass overrules all countervailing testimony. Great intellect, they think, is mere accident; does not change the condition hereafter of those who have it, or those who want it; does not enlarge the prospects, or elevate the hopes; but man is still permitted to remain in doubt, and view all through the medium of his fears, and cloud all with the gloom of his despondency. There is certainly something fearful in seeing the curse under which the mass of men labour, and something too, to mere reason, that is calculated to create hesitation in deciding on his real nature. But we disregard such scruples. It is enough, apart from revelation, if at times great minds do appear. The inferior can cling to and gather around them, with the assurance of an equal fate, but they must be satisfied only to follow, and, from the narrow bounds in which their souls are confined, ever to be unable to do more than conjecture as to the experiences of men of great genius; to suspect, but never to know, how deep and strong are those inward impulses, those secret sources of knowledge that reveal, with the readiness and force of instinct, much that other men can neither conceive nor attain. It seems a law with man, that in proportion to the degree of mind and its improvement, is the strength with which these developments are made. With the higher and more inspired natures, the struggle between the spiritual and the mortal elements decays or ceases. The excess of the one overpowers the other: they are, therefore, ever carried forwards, and listen to an inward voice whose tones seem the echo of their own aspirations. They do not hesitate to reply in the affirmative to the questions of the poet:

"Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife,
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware,
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,
For of God—of God they are."

No class of men is so likely to feel these things as poets. Their acute sensibility and openness to impression, their ardent minds and eager imaginations, their warmth and depth of feeling, their ready and restless enthusiasm, urge them to be ever seeking what they have not; to hope for more from life, and

anticipate more beyond it, than other men; to turn the faint glimmerings of a future, and the gentle whispers that breathe through the longings of the heart, into the strong assurance of a truth, the entire certainty of a reality. This disposition is a part of their nature. Earth and its grandeurs, the majesty of night and the silent skies, the loveliness and power spread wide through creation, sink deep into their souls, and mingle with their affections, but create, from the painful sense of individual insignificance, the desire to erect a mansion in the heavens and blend with that which is immortal. They feel that all the glory and the pomp which surround them are not enough; there is still a vacancy, a want, which, though they cannot express it, is ever craving, and which causes the world, and all that is beautiful in it, to pass by them like the dying darkness of shadows. This is partly owing to impetuosity of feeling, causing disappointment, the usual reaction of excessive hope, and in part to the melancholy which belongs to their nature, and which, sleeping in their bosoms, comes forth at times, veiling the life and gladness of their hearts. This melancholy belongs to all mankind, for there can be but few, however intellectually contemptible, who are not sometimes made aware of the existence, within and around them, of something more than their mortal life. But with the higher order of genius, in the midst of and in despite of the most profound resignation, gloom and despair shroud their cheerful hours. Even when imagination is throwing forth its broad and fiery lights, this sadness intervenes and shades (as passing clouds darken the brilliancy of the heavens and the beauty of earth at the same moment,) the gleams of joy which the world can create, the glad expectations which the mind can form. What this melancholy exactly may be, or whence it comes, it is not easy to say. It is not the result of experience or reflection, nor because we have tried the hazards of fortune and fallen before them; nor because we have gained all that man and life can give, and have found their emptiness. It appears an instinct, though nurtured and increased by an acute sensibility. It exists in very early youth, and not unfrequently decides the character and career. With one who reflects on what he knows, or feels, or sees, it is a state almost inevitable. There is not a spot that may not produce it, for all speak from their silent dust of the past. Half the earth is covered with ruins, and its surface, like the face of man, shows the waste and decay of time. It seems little more than a vast mausoleum, spread over with the fragments of mighty nations, the broken walls of cities, the massive remnants of fallen temples, the forgotten graves and dying grandeur of myriads, once breathing men. Desolation every where meets the eye and sinks deep into the heart, and our feelings sadden

at the view of what shadows we are. But the same effect may arise from the sight of all that is beautiful and perfect, and here the feeling is much more delicate, as more mind is required to make the observation. Scenes of desolation, to a considerable extent, can act on the grosser and duller intelligences, but when the attention is awakened by something in nature or the mind of man, that does not attract common perceptions, then a more refined and more powerful intellect is required fully to appreciate and admire. To detect and trace beauty wherever it may exist, and however concealed, exacts either a natural and innate conception of its forms, or a taste cultivated by education and long familiarity with objects that contain it. But the very genius that creates the power to admire, is accompanied by a sensibility that lays us open to feel; and thence a beautiful scene in nature, loveliness imaged in the human face, the harmony and grace of poetry, its pathos and sublimity, that raise in us the highest admiration of the mind, which thus yields up its treasures, are accompanied by a sense of despair. Whatever we dwell on produces despair, and all life seems but the ebb and flow of sadness to minds capable of the highest feelings and noblest thoughts. It appears a sort of homage to the Great Spirit of the universe, since it lowers all opinion of ourselves, and makes us feel how insufficient and insignificant we really are. Wordsworth, in one of his minor pieces, shows how the happy and contented mind is exposed to the sudden inrush of gloom, even when all without is bright with animation, and all within would be so but for the rapid and changeful colourings of the fancy.

"I was a traveller then upon the moor:
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low:
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky,
And I bethought me of the playful hare;
Even such a happy child of earth am I,
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care:
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood ;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good :
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side ;
By our own spirits are we deified :
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

In these lines, where the feeling is so simply and truly expressed, who can trace the links of association, and yet who does not feel that all is natural, if not common ? A traveller in solitude, and a poet traversing a lonely moor ; nature, with her tranquil beauty ; the joy and gladness of external life swimming before him, sinking deep into his thoughts, and rousing the musing mood of sadness. The woods, and roar of distant waters ; the songs of birds ; the sun, calm and bright ; the still air, and deep silence, are the elements of the feeling ; and under such circumstances, and in such solitary communing with ourselves, the mind courses to and fro through the past, and casts itself into the future, whence those who reflect strongly on the hazards of existence, however gay the present, bring doubt and solicitude, or, like the poet, though happy in every relation, foresee, another day, "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty."

Thus it is that melancholy shadows and subdues the brightness of every thing ; still it is the necessary, as it seems to be the constant, companion of all genius. Like death, it reminds us of our frailty ; as this operates to declare and keep in view the brevity of existence, the other brings down the pride of intellect. The conceit, the disposition to presume on our powers, and to exalt their objects, is humbled and made to die away with a sense of shame. But to those who have founded less expectation on their efforts, if they are right judging, and have accurately measured themselves, it need cause neither hesitation nor fear. Their courage should be built on humility ; on the consciousness that they can do but little, and have but a short time in which to do that little ; on the assurance that no intellectual labour is without some result ; that mind is all sufficient and all effectual, and that it is the only element which suffers no dissolution, is impaired by no decay, nor drops into the waste and mass of earthly things without avail, without bringing fruit, or going through change. Its progress is ever

onward, regenerating and imparting new energy as it clears the path of time. Experiencing fully these sentiments, there is no mind, however great, that does not feel its littleness, but yet comes forth more powerful, after bathing in the troubled waters of its spiritual existence.

The feelings to which we have alluded, as existing with the greatest minds, a consciousness that they would be able to effect now that which, if it brought no fame at the moment, would make them known hereafter, and the other, which seems the growth of this conviction, the determination to persevere till they feel satisfied within themselves, though in defiance of the opposition of the world, were both apparently strong principles of action with the poet who forms the subject of this notice. He retired from the world to fulfil what he felt to be a great purpose of his being—the improvement of the literature of his country, and to secure a permanent place among its immortal names. It was a noble resolution, and showed a very noble reliance on his powers; for at the time his works were not only thrown by with neglect, but suffered the basest depreciation, and all the assaults of contempt and calumny. Yet he bore up, without concession to malignity and ignorance, and endured, with the firmness of a strong and elevated mind, that most withering of all the blows of fortune, unexpected and unmerited disappointment. He even gathered hope from this warm solicitude to ruin him, for he was aware that his poetical system differed from the one most in fashion; that he was not writing in accordance with the taste or in deference to the opinions of the day, but entirely from himself; and he was also conscious, that the minds of men were under high excitement, and incapable of the correct discrimination and nice judgment required for the admiration and due appreciation of the more subdued beauties of a less attractive, because a less dazzling order of poetry.

“The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that, for the present time, I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.”

Thus throwing back on his age the contempt and ridicule with which they visited him, and drawing from them a still stronger certainty of his future fame; finding in the follies and vicious disposition of his time a reason for his own neglect,

and the gratifying assurance that in the change of things he would be placed in a proper and proud position.

This confidence arose, not only from a just balancing of his own qualities, but from a still loftier sentiment, one, without which in literature little can be done—the attaching a high importance to his art. He looked on it as calling forth, and as worthy, of all the finest faculties of the human mind, and not as a temporary pastime, the idle occupation of indolent leisure. It was with him a business, the aim of his life; a feeling that, no doubt, imparted a more intense zeal to his exertions, at the same time that it allowed him to look beyond the present, and encouraged the boldest and most cheering hopes. At the hour when he came forward, in the chivalry of gentle thought, to offer his productions, the world was storming with passion. Political strife was consuming and overwhelming every thing. An evil spirit was at every man's door. A portion of society was in despair, the rest under violent excitement, struggling with the fierce elements of destruction that were then let loose, or assisting them. At this seemingly disastrous period, our poet, as if from another state of being, and like a bird, singing above a field of battle, published verses with such unpropitious titles as "Goody Blake and Harry Gill;" "The Female Vagrant;" "The Thorn;" and other pieces, with equally unattractive, mean, and homely appellations. It is not surprising that men laughed with derision at such simplicity, bearing on its face, too, an apparent mockery of their feelings, and so entire an indifference to the condition and interests of the age. A result that might have been easily conjectured, took place. The poet was ridden over and trampled on, by not braver, for he had shown a high degree of courage in thus proposing himself for martyrdom in a great cause, but by more audacious spirits, men who were not willing to buffet with the flood, but seized its occasion to reach the object of their desires. Long after this, and even almost to the present time, the vibration of ridicule and contempt continued, and now, more especially in this country, it still exists, to a great extent; and this noble mind is only remembered or known, as having given interest or incident to an idiot, and a hue of sentiment to a jackass. Almost all would judge him to be the person he has pictured in the following sonnet:—

"I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk
Of friends who live within an easy walk,
Of neighbours daily, weekly, in my sight;

And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk—
These all wear out of me like forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long barren silence, square with my desire ;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

How could the world regard, but with disgust, a man who, while war was raging abroad, and revolutionary excitement at home, could nestle in the chimney corner and listen to the singing of a tea-kettle ! Such torpor of temperament, such languor of mind, such inaction and dullness, they thought were only fitted for the cloister. The struggles and the contentions of active life, the rapid decision, the quick and animated energies they require, were all beyond him. His element was peace—the leisure and ease of philosophic retirement—to dream and muse, and moralize, involved the chief end of his being. It may be so ; and this is the usual condemnation the many pass upon all who are not busy in the same pursuits with themselves, who are not mingling in the toil and bustle of the world ; and with what intent ? to attain that they want not, and despise as their own, or as the possession of others. Time does not pass the same sentence. For those who are capable of thrusting from them the world and its mean ambition, and who can use their leisure—the opportunity for self-communion, the intercourse with their own nature—to create happiness for themselves and elevate their intellectual character, do the same for others, and are benefactors of mankind. They erect their monument on the affections and the thoughts of men. The human soul is the only marble they ask for their name—and they are willing that their glory should be submitted to the current that flows through the long channel of coming ages. Most men have no existence but that which is derived from without ; there are others whose only life is the internal :

" Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave : the meanest we can meet."

Under these two divisions all men may be classed—to which greatness belongs it is not difficult to decide. The first portion do not feel their true nature—the second have affixed to it the very highest and noblest objects. They rest on the mind and its powers ; they renounce the pleasures of existence, and look for them within themselves, and, in the increase of their resources and intellectual improvements, multiply worlds. They can say—

"Wings have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low."

It is a mistake to suppose that it is the men of action who govern the world, for they are only the agents of the men of thought, and forward the views and carry out the impulses these superior spirits give to the course of things. It is the contemplative who brood over the fortunes and the fate of man—who feel and try to penetrate the mystery that invests and seems an element in all around them—to disclose that which is obscure, to discover that which is concealed. By their close scrutiny and deep examination of every thing that concerns mankind, they develope, though perhaps only in part, much that is important to its interests. The chief source and spring of their desire to increase the welfare of men, comes from the lofty destiny they have given to their nature; and there is no greater proof of eminent genius and elevation of mind than this disposition to raise man in the scale of being; to add to and strengthen those hopes which the mind in its dark humours depresses, and despair sometimes destroys. To effect these high purposes they devote themselves with all the ardour and energy of great powers; night and day they toil at their task—they go through the agony of strong anxiety and all the risk of failure—they bear the waste of physical health, and endure the hazard of premature exhaustion and decay of mind. All they ask from the world is an audience, and the tranquil leisure and calmness of solitude, in which to pursue their designs—for it is only in solitude they are secure from the world and its contact, and can preserve and continue the great ends, and those majestic reflections, which the solitary communing with one's self cherishes if it does not create.

These remarks may seem to apply rather to the man of science, or to him generally called a philosopher, than to any one else; but it is not so. They apply with equal, perhaps greater truth, to him who is the greatest of philosophers, in the highest meaning of the word—the poet. For who communes so deeply with the souls of other men, who enters so far into their nature, mingles so thoroughly with their passions, and assumes and comprehends within himself so many of the forms of their various being? With a capacity so comprehensive, and a sensibility so exquisitely tender, how can he adapt himself to the harsh and hollow things of life, or engage with that intense interest with which he seizes every object, in the frivolity and frippery that form the whole pursuit of the mass of men. It is only as a spectator that he is in the world. Disinterested and un-

prejudiced, he throws his glance over the wide scene, without a passion excited in his own favour, and with no motive save a general one; he observes all the ruinous failings, all the redeeming qualities of men, and endeavours to obstruct and oppose the dangerous course of the former, by bringing out the moral strength and higher purposes that come with the latter. In this way he improves and elevates human feeling. The poet, by these means, interests himself with all that is near him, and multiplies himself, and forms a part of the multitude of affections that controul and break over the souls of men. He finds a universal sympathy within him, a power of imaging the whole moral nature of mankind, and binding himself to and reflecting the whole material world. He feels that there is a dignity and a beauty in his species that may be wrought into noble proportions, and that there is something in the external world calculated to increase this capacity. It is here he commences his labours, and hopes, through the existence of this condition, to produce the results for which he has engaged. But it is this ever-acting sensibility, however it may enlarge the intellectual sphere—this power of being one with all things, however it may add to the enjoyment of the individual, or give expression and interest to the thoughts and language of the poet, that creates what appears to the majority of men an unnecessary and puerile enthusiasm for trifles, or, as seems to them, for the trivial and mean. It was this over-sensitiveness, this unnatural excitability, that was objected to Wordsworth, and is even now, by those who are influenced by the prevailing feeling of the moment, and not by that which belongs to no particular class or season, but is of all men and all time. But it should be remembered, that he had adopted a system which, though to a great extent perhaps erroneous, he thought it his duty to act upon and follow out. It showed, if we do not mistake, the elevation and benevolence of his nature, and it did not depreciate his genius. It only made all God's creatures and all God's works sources of pure feeling and lofty reflection, instead of portions that, from bearing more mystery and grandeur, strike the most common intellect. He chose humble life and humble things; "to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature," and thus to illustrate "characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners—such as exist now and will probably always exist." A plan of this kind, from the exceeding simplicity of its design, can only interest the true lovers of nature, who care not so much for the character of the objects, as for what they involve—their natures and real essence. It was founded on ideas and opinions easily gathered by one removed from the busy and agitated world, and with a mind and heart

open to all impressions and from all sources : but it did not, in its developement, lower his genius, or confine it, as most presume, to the display of the passions and qualities of inferior parts of society, but seemed rather to spiritualize and elevate and enlarge the sphere of a great capacity, and made the mind more ready to act on all occasions, and more open to receive the fullness and force of all presented to it ; for it made more intense the admiration of beauty, increased the eagerness of its pursuit, rendered more vivid its perception, allowed the thoughts to dwell on and take in all its details with far more energy, and gave more fidelity to its delineation. This capacity to feel and love has also, in inclining his attention to the whole circle of natural objects, given a moral tone to all his writings. His mind shared the mean and sublime, and was fitted for the appreciation of the one, as well as the contemplation of the other. There was an equal interest with the two, for both were parts of a common power and common nature ; and thence he acknowledged with gratitude and devotion the majesty and might of a Deity, as they appeared in the grandeur and loveliness of all around him. In this sensibility and facility of receiving impressions, besides being able to awaken the sympathies of others, there resides a vast increase of happiness to the individual, if well-regulated feelings but sober the excitement and allay the passions they may rouse, for they create the power of carrying the freshness and vivacity of youth into age, and keeping alive all those sources of enjoyment that belong to that period, and thus diminish the weight of life by animating and refreshing its decaying energies.

It is a characteristic of genius never to allow the cares or misfortunes of life to quench its desire of knowledge, but to quicken the torpor and indifference that come with time and experience, by the earnest spirit of its wishes ; to animate the intellect by the warmth of the affections ; to preserve the heart from the death-like chill which its disappointments produce, by embalming it with strength and purity of feeling. To one who observes with the accuracy, and unfolds his observations with the nicety of our poet, the philosophy of all he sees is opened to him, and thence he draws truth and a moral that are hidden from more rapid or idle spectators, and paints them with the colours of fancy, and warms them with the glow of imagination. All, or nearly all, of his short poems contain some unexpected developement of nature, some powerful reflection, or some beautiful sentiment. Under the most unpromising titles there lurks some beauty, growing as it would seem, in his hands, naturally from the subject, though most poets would recoil from it as devoid of interest or excitement to their imaginations, and most readers would pass it over as a dull effort of common-place sentiment-

ality, or as an endeavour, from a sort of morbid admiration, to carry their attention towards ordinary and mean things. We will show this by extracts from the little poem—"The Old Cumberland Beggar." He is described as seated by the highway side, where he "ate his food in solitude," a solitary wanderer, with every attribute of age, poverty, and neglect.

"But deem not this man useless. Statesmen! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
 Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
 A burthen of the earth! 'Tis nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
 From door to door, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity,
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
 And that half wisdom, half experience gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

* * * * *

And thus the soul,
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live and spread and kindle; even such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary being,
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they formed their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow were."

Thence is drawn a necessity for the display of sympathy, and how far those are from exciting it who lead correct, but heartless lives, and confine themselves within the strict, cold bounds of constrained morality.

"But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
 Go and demand of him, if there be here
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
 No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life,
 When they can know and feel that they have been,
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out
 Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for this single cause—
 That we have all of us one human heart."

In another piece, "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves," we may see the power the poet has of making every thing a source of pleasure, even the commonest things, more especially where the mind has preserved its freshness, and the heart has not been too far perverted by the world, or saddened by care, to partake of the multitude of gratifications that are open to it.

"And I will have my careless season,
 Spite of melancholy reason;
 Will walk through life in such a way,
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness;
 Pleased by any random toy,
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye,
 Sharing in the ecstasy:
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought;
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with life's falling leaf."

These small poems show but one side of the poet's character; his love of nature in all its forms; but there are many others of a higher order, expressing strong imaginative power, but running into that delightful vagueness which the attempt to clothe in language our more elevated feelings, and abstract thoughts, often produces. Among them is "Laodamia," and the majestic ode, "Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood," from which we extract a portion.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness;
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home.
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows ;
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

We know of no poem more musical or impressive than this ode. Whether its effect upon us arises from a peculiar disposition or not, we are not prepared to decide. But how any one who looks onward in life, who listens to or reflects on the past, and feels that the present is but its shadow or its fuller growth, can read it, and not recognize the detail of his own experience, and almost the conscious whisperings of his own spirit, we cannot understand. The "Excursion," that Byron ridiculed and assaulted with such rancour, and which was, perhaps, put down and thrown into neglect by his ascendancy, is a fine philosophical poem, and filled with passages of great poetic beauty. We do not say *where* it should rank. Time will assert its merits, should it be that *now* a just popularity is withheld from it. It fully effects its purpose ; the bringing forward of the humbler scenes and elements of society, and demonstrating that they are of the same material, and bear the same relation to the passions and affections of the soul, as do those whose condition is more prosperous, and position loftier. He acknowledges no aristocracy, but that of nature ; no pride of feeling, but that which co-exists and comes from a moral elevation, and holds the attributes and energies of virtue. Thence arises the spiritual refinement, the purity and the safety of his writings ; qualities so opposite to those of most of his rivals, that it is not surprising he should have been thrown aside. But there is every reason why, in the world's subsided excitement, and the great social and political changes that have taken place, his poetry should extend in popularity with the improvement of his species, the moral and intellectual advancement of the classes whose rights he acknowledges, and whose common nature he feels and honours. In the little volume lately published, we have an illustration of the truth, that, with him who loves nature, the heart and intellect do not grow old. Time cannot chill the affections, nor care consume our pure and simple passions, that come with the unceasing admiration, the awe and veneration that rise from reflecting on, observing, and feeling in all their strength, the power and mystery thrown from, and living in, all which surrounds us. With these impressions

deeply fixed, and ministering to our daily enthusiasm, existence has a constant charm, and age but renewed pleasure, and death brings no dismay. There is something strongly interesting, in seeing a man, through all the eras of a long life, still unchanged, and still the poet; to find youth and its happiness still multiplied, its enjoyments undecayed, and, however its hopes may have been subdued, yet that the spirit and powers which framed them are invigorated and not enfeebled by time. From this volume, where all is elegant and highly finished, and all comes home to our sympathies, we shall make but two extracts; the first for its truth, the last for its near approach to the sublime.

“Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by:
Not in the breathing times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon’s cave,
Is nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dares to take
Life’s rule from passion, craved for passion’s sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine;
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.”

The following is a part of “The Power of Sound.”

“By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round.
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords ;
Unite, to magnify the Everliving,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words ;
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Unmute the forest hum of noon ;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle ! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six days' work by flaming seraphim
Transmits to Heaven ! As deep to deep,
Shouting through one valley, calls
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord !

A voice to Light gave being ;
To Time, and man his earth-born chronicler ;
A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir ;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars),
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence ! are man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life ?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave ? No, though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away !"

ART. IV.—*A Course of Legal Study, addressed to Students and the Profession generally.* By DAVID HOFFMAN. 2d edition, re-written and much enlarged. In 2 vols. Baltimore, 1836.

After the frequent and ample commendations which Mr. Hoffman's work has received from the most eminent sources, it is altogether superfluous to superadd the feeble tribute of our praise to an effort, which, even of itself, and independently of the mode of its execution, would be justly entitled to much of the highest. One chief object of the writer is to raise, in the estimation of the youthful student, the character of the profession to which he aspires to be attached, and to place, too, the science herself upon her proper eminence in that of the public. The

design was becoming an American lawyer to conceive, and the success has been commensurate with the propriety of the attempt.

Any detailed review of the plan of the author, or of his extensive and liberal course of study, is needless, after the elaborate examination bestowed upon the first edition, in a paper which appeared in the *North American Review* some years ago, and which was attributed to the pen of one of the most distinguished jurists of our country. We will, therefore, but remark upon the extension of the original plan, which has given rise to the present edition. The former addressed itself to the science as it existed when the work first issued from the press; and was designed more particularly to meet the wants of the mere legal student. The vast additions that have been made to the science of the law, and an expectation, on the part of the writer, that his book might not be useless even to the counsellor, the judge, or the statesman, called very properly for a wider expansion of his original idea. This Mr. Hoffman has effected, without detracting from the elementary and practical character of the "Course" which is essential to adapt it to the uses of the young student.

On two main grounds, our author's plan and its execution are to be highly commended. First, the *order* which he has enforced and has so well exemplified; and, in the next place, the *intellectual* nature of his "Course."

Without order, all study is vain. It conduces not only to the more ready acquisition of the particular knowledge which at the time is desired, but, also, most materially to the permanent improvement of the mind itself, of the thinking and reasoning faculties. Years may be spent in erratic, though, for the moment, it may be, intense investigations of learning, and their fruits will be but the superficial acquisitions of that wealth, whose richest treasures lie at the hidden sources of the mine. Learning is a vast and weighty building, which must be reared, as all other buildings, upon solid foundations, or the structure will meet an untimely end. This is true of learning in general, but more particularly so of any special department of it, which, to be effectively studied, must be cautiously and knowingly commenced.

There are certain great truths, of an expanded nature, which lie at the basis of every science. These must be first explored, and thoroughly understood; and, standing upon them, we must start in our investigation of the particular branch of learning which we purpose to master. We must proceed, step by step; never advancing until our present foothold is secure, and is properly appreciated. One truth leads to, and is connected with, another. This connection would never, perhaps, be seen, cer-

tainly never estimated, if the idea which lies at the foundation be not first presented to the mind. Our march is thus upwards; the scene opens upon our vision. The depths and the sources are behind us; they have been passed. The root being familiar, the ramifications may be readily traced; and there is thus no danger of our being involved in intricacies without some clew to unravel them.

This careful and progressive mode of investigation is adapted to all scientific enquiries, whether the subject be external nature or moral truths; but it is more necessary in the latter, depending as they do upon the relations and connections of our ideas. Our reasoning in such cases is cumulative; we always build upon what we have, and draw conclusions from premises already supposed to be settled; if, therefore, our leading idea be erroneous, the train will be a series of absurdities and mistakes.

In the profession of which our author is a member, no position is more of an axiom than that which declares the reason of the law to be the life of the law. By this it is not meant that the most perfect reason is always most congenial to legal principles; on the contrary, many of the provisions of every positive system of rules, the mere creation of the human mind, must be not only defective, but contrary to right, abstract reason. But it is intended to assert that the original, moving cause of the law, is that which is to govern in its exposition; that no correct exposition of any law can be given unless, and until, this moving cause be discovered. Hence the necessity of resorting to the original fountains of justice.

Of all the sciences, law has its foundations the deepest laid. It pervades and embraces all things. It is the impress of Deity upon his works. As the "heavens declare the glory of God, so the firmament showeth his handiwork;" for the material world moves by his will, and every revolution of the system is but a new proof of his directing power. A law is, in its general definition, a rule of action; it is but descending from generals to particulars to consider any regulation of human conduct and affairs. In this descent, certain maxims, derived from an examination of God's will as deduced from his works, and from his law written upon the heart, must never be lost sight of. These should all human regulations subserve, and, of course, never violate.

Mr. Hoffman properly, therefore, introduces the student, in the first place, to a knowledge of moral and political philosophy. He makes him acquainted with the elements of morals and government; with the operations and powers of his own mind, and the foundation and different kinds of political constitutions. He makes him sensible of the capacity of his reason, and accustoms him to draw upon his own resources of thought. He

lays a solid foundation of first principles which have place in his own nature, and in that of civil society, before leading him into the store-house of municipal law, which human ingenuity has filled with every variety of device and contrivance. As the starting point of morals and government, the student is conducted to the Bible—to the only authentic history of the origin and multiplication of mankind, and the rise of the social compact. The system of morals to which the mind is led is that traced by the finger of God himself, and not the mere fanciful theory of erring human reason. With this sure light and guide to be ever held in his view, the student is then made acquainted with the different systems of human speculation, upon this deeply interesting topic, from the classic pages of Aristotle and Cicero to the profound investigations of the learned metaphysicians of our own days. No one, in reading the remarks of our author upon this part of his course, can fail to be struck with the becoming religious tone which pervades the work. He does not, as too many have done in their systems of education, lose sight of his dependent relation to his Creator, or attempt the improvement of the intellectual faculty, a spark from the divine essence, forgetful of the homage and reverence due to the great cause of it and of all things. No fancied independence is assumed for imperfect humanity, but the student is directed, by the insertion of the beautiful prayer of Dr. Johnson, at the very commencement of the work, to an acknowledgment of the source of all intelligence.

The moral law, and the law of nature and of nations, are, in this course then, first presented to the attention of the student. The works indicated are all of the very highest order, and their adequate study would go far towards the full development of the youthful mind. Our only objection to this part of Mr. Hoffman's course is to the number of books upon the same topics which he proposes to his readers. The books themselves are all worth the time which their proper perusal would consume, if it were intended fully to invest the student with all the ornaments to be derived from a minute knowledge of metaphysics; but the study of all these is by no means essential; on the contrary, we should be inclined to pronounce it superfluous for the object in view. We would adopt the ancient writers, in Mr. Hoffman's list, with the exception of Seneca; and from the moderns we would erase (simply as portions of the course of legal study,) Beattie's *Elements*, Cogan's *Ethical Questions*, Smith's *Theory*, Hedge's *Abridgment*, Burlamaqui's *Institutes*, and Puffendorf. The books retained in the list will impart to the student a full mastery of this branch of his legal education.

The next step is to an acquaintance with the elementary and

constitutional principles of the municipal law of England, of the United States, and of the Roman civil law ; and the student is thus invited to apply his previous knowledge of the general principles of government to their practical development in these systems of law and in those countries in which he is the most interested. We should be ourselves inclined to reverse this order, by placing first on the list the works which treat of the institutes of the Roman law. Its greater antiquity would seem to give it an earlier position in the course, and by its prior acquisition, its principles could be traced down into the laws of England and America ; and when met with, as they of course would be, in the study of the latter, their reasons and provisions would be familiar.

We may here repeat the remark as to the number of books, and apply it to the list recommended under this and the succeeding heads. We should be disposed to curtail not the topics themselves, but the works in which they are discussed. The mind should not be overloaded or wearied by the recurrence of the same subjects, which, though important, are but introductory to the main object, after they have been well understood from competent sources. Time, too, in every student's course is of vast importance. We should say, take the best book upon any head ; confine the learner to it till he has thoroughly comprehended it, and then pass on to another subject, which may be connected with it in the order of his course. A selection could readily be made from the books recommended by Mr. Hoffman, without much danger of mistake, as they are all standard works.

The feudal law holds a prominent position under this second great head, and is placed first in order by our author. As we said before, we should prefer the student commencing with the Roman law, and then proceeding to the law of feuds. This alteration is however not very important, as the two systems are so entirely distinct. It is advantageous, nevertheless, for the young learner to have presented to his mind the different systems of human law, in some degree according to the order of history. The feudal law he should thoroughly master (we mean in its principles, not in all its details), in order to comprehend its deep and lasting impression upon the forms of government, and the municipal laws of those countries to which his attention is particularly directed. Without this knowledge, much of those laws will be to him a dead letter ; the life will be wanting, as the reason will not be perceived.

There is no obsolete learning in the law, when regard is had to principles. They shoot forth into branches which reach the remotest divisions of the science ; and unless the whole system is swept away by the ruthless hand of a conqueror, or a no less

ruthless reformer, rules will be constantly developed, the progeny of other rules whose value has been disregarded simply because unknown.

The entrance being thus cleared, the student is admitted, "with all appliances and means to boot," into the temple of municipal law; and he commences his study of that which, chiefly in after life, he is to be concerned in practising. He commences, after a preparation such as we have briefly described, and for which Mr. Hoffman's course so eminently fits him, with enlarged views, a mind invigorated by metaphysical investigations, and confident in a knowledge of its own powers, and with principles (unless his disposition be unusually depraved) of confirmed integrity and morality which he has imbibed from his healthy education. He surveys the intricate field of common law and statute law, with the eye in some degree of a tactician, and not with the timid glance of a raw student. His store of learning, gathered from the jurisprudence of other governments, and the operations of other systems, readily suggests analogies and illustrations by which many a dark point is illumined; and as he advances, the different genius of the several codes standing out in bolder relief, the peculiar character of his own is more vividly impressed upon his understanding.

The prominent and comprehensive titles of persons and property, the rights appertaining to each, and the remedies for the enforcement or violation of them, are now presented to view. The obvious division of property being into real and personal, the rights appurtenant to each would seem to form the most natural subdivision. Hence personal rights, absolute and relative, and the law of real and personal property, have been the four chief heads marked out by Blackstone, in his enumeration of the objects of civil municipal law. The division adopted by Mr. Hoffman seems to us less philosophic and accurate, though it is certainly plausible, and at the first glance captivating. Our author adopts a two-fold enumeration—"the law of real rights and real remedies," on the one hand, and "the law of personal rights and personal remedies," on the other. Under the first head, he treats of the kinds of estate in real property, the modes of its acquisition, its tenure, the objects of real property, and finally the remedies to recover it. Under the second head, are discussed personal rights, both relative and absolute, and the titles to personal property; then, after an introduction setting forth the organization of the courts, their jurisdiction, &c., in which the remedies for the enforcement or violation of these rights are to be applied (though this was equally necessary before discussing *real* remedies), personal remedies, or the different kinds of actions or suits at law, are explained. These actions are for the violation of the person, or personal property.

Now, in our opinion, rights are to be viewed either as inherent in the persons entitled to them, or as employed about the things to which they appertain, and should be classed in the one way or the other, accordingly. Thus, a right to sue for and recover real property is (viewed as inherent in the person suing) as much a personal right, as the right to sue for and recover a hat, or a chest of valuables: in this point of view, then, there would be properly no *real* rights, but considered with reference to the subject about which they are employed, the distinction is apparent. A title to real property is a real right; and a title to personal property is a right of personal property, not a *personal* right, unless the distinction is abolished (which we hold to be very sound) between a right to personal property and a right to the enjoyment of personal liberty, which latter is a strictly personal right. It is confounding, therefore, we think, the rights of persons and of property to class under the same head, *though they appertain to different subjects*, these two species of rights.¹ In the civil law, where there was no distinction between real and personal estate, all property being classed as *res*, or things, there existed but the two divisions: the *jura personarum*, or rights of persons, and the *jura rerum*, or rights of things. This division has probably struck Mr. Hoffman as more simple and philosophic, and if he had adhered to it (though we think he would have done so at the expense of some perspicuity), he would at least have avoided the appearance of inconsistency, and consequent partial obscurity. Under his first head, "Real Rights," he classes estates for years, though these are undoubtedly personal property; yet, by the rule of the civil law, they are part of the *jura rerum*. One would suppose, therefore, that under the head of "Real Remedies" we should find the action of ejectment, which is brought to recover the possession of these terms or estates for years. We discover it, however, in the list of "Personal Remedies"—it being only a personal remedy, as brought to recover estates for years which are personal property. All actions must be brought by *some person*, and therefore that consideration does not give the title to an action. The civil law rule is consequently here disregarded. The real remedies discussed by our author, are those technically so called at the common law, because brought to recover the *title* and not merely the *possession* of real estate, as the action of ejectment is well known to be. By the civil law, trover and replevin would be considered as real actions, because instituted to recover things,

¹ We may remark, for the benefit of the unprofessional reader, that *real* is a term in the law (used only with regard to property), and put in opposition to *personal*; this latter being then used also with reference to property. *Real* and *personal property* are opposites; not *real*, as applied to property in general, and *personal*, as applied to *persons*.

and not to obtain damages for an injury to the person. In a word, the division assumed by Mr. Hoffman abolishes the distinction between strictly personal rights and the rights to personal property, and places real rights and remedies in opposition to both; following in this neither the civil nor the common law, but, by mingling the two, producing confusion and embarrassment in the mind of the student.

We have been thus free in our strictures upon this part of Mr. Hoffman's plan, because, in our opinion, the work will well bear criticism. Its sterling merits, in other respects, place it far above the apprehension of being permanently injured by the exhibition of a partial defect.

The Law of Equity, or Chancery Jurisdiction, and the Law Merchant, form, as they well deserve from their importance, distinct heads or titles. As to the former, it is a complete and unique system, of which nothing even generally similar is to be found in the codes of other countries, and well demands the earnest attention of the student. No lawyer can safely practise in this country without an ample share of its learning; and our author deserves praise for the well-arranged list which he has prepared for the student in this part of his course. The "Law Merchant," too, has been adequately attended to by him, and is properly commended to the anxious consideration of the learner. Maritime and Admiralty law should with more propriety have followed immediately after this head, as the subjects are so nearly connected, instead of being postponed to the study of the Criminal law. There are distinct titles on the law of nations and the Roman law, the books pointed out in which are ancillary to those upon the same topics when studied at an earlier stage of the course, and are intended to complete the requisite instruction upon these heads.

The civil law being thus extensively investigated, the attention of the student is next turned to the important division of crimes and their punishments, constituting the body of the criminal law. The course here recommended is exceedingly ample, and if pursued would furnish the reader with a complete knowledge of that various system. Every department of it will be found to be fully illustrated.

But one thing more seems wanting to the course of legal study; a more thorough understanding of the constitution and laws of the United States and of the several States, and this is provided for by the books recommended under those respective titles.

The student would now appear completely caparisoned, but our author wishes to entice him still further. He invites him into the region of Political Economy. Into that disputed and

belligerent territory we would not advise him, while yet a student, to venture.

Political economy is undoubtedly one of the noblest of the sciences; and no man can be considered as politely or effectively educated without its study. None, however, is more beset with difficulties, which it requires much time and careful thought to overcome. Great practical information, as well as correct theoretical reasoning, are needed to arrive at proper results. The variant views on the subjects of restriction and free trade, have been sustained by their respective advocates with distinguished ability; and to enable the impartial reader to form a correct judgment, very much should be attentively studied on both sides of the question. While each system appears to its disciples equally plain, to an impartial inquirer who considers both, either seems sufficiently embarrassed. The student of law, therefore, should not approach intricacies that he has not the time (which we clearly think he has not in his legal course) fully to unravel. If the exercise of the mind be what is aimed at by our author, and if more be needed after the study of both law and metaphysics, we should direct the student to the higher mathematics; and after the use of all these mental gymnasia, if his mind were not sufficiently exercised, we should pronounce it sluggish indeed.

The course proper is now complete; but Mr. Hoffman very justly calls the attention to certain auxiliary subjects which are clearly portions of a full course of instruction, and some of which (as the geography, and civil, statistical, and political history of the United States of America) are essentially component parts of every gentleman's education. Legal biography and bibliography, American, British and Continental, Medical Jurisprudence, and the Military and Naval Law, the student will find both pleasant and profitable. Logic is considered by our author as a distinct head; it could with propriety be connected with his metaphysical studies. Archbishop Whately's admirable Treatise would be all-sufficient for the student's purposes. The enquiring student should also be anxious to know the exact state of the law, in Europe and in his own country, upon the important topics of codification and proposed amendments in the law, and he could procure this information fully from some of the books pointed out to him by Mr. Hoffman. He should keep pace, if possible, with the progress of public opinion in regard to his profession, and with the alterations and modifications which are suggested in its principles.

One title, which Mr. Hoffman has ranked with the auxiliary subjects, we should ourselves be disposed to substitute rather for some one of the heads in the regular course, so high is our

estimate of its importance to the American lawyer—we mean, “forensic eloquence and oratory.”

No lawyer can attain great eminence in his profession in our country, without possessing eloquence. It is not required that he should be a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, but he should be fluent, perspicuous, nervous and polished in language, and possess much of the graces of oratory. Nothing is clearer than that all these qualifications may be abundantly improved by proper study and practice. The young aspirant, though timid, hesitating, or awkward, should never despair. Careful reading of the best models both of antiquity and of modern times; frequent composition and after correction of what has been written; attention to enunciation and delivery—*combined with a consciousness of being master of one's subject*, will soon make the orator. Practice will sharpen the intellect, invigorate all the faculties, and give confidence to the fancy; while the good taste, which has been sedulously cultivated, will keep back the speaker from the utterance of any thing calculated to displease or disgust. There is no faculty which improves more rapidly and steadily than this; and certainly none which sooner earns for its possessor a valuable reputation. The path of political distinction is open wide before the eloquent advocate; oratory is the highway to the highest honours of the country. The American people are peculiarly susceptible to its influence, and will pardon much to an eloquent discourse.

The young lawyer then will sedulously cultivate this faculty. He will, with the dispositions and tastes which after such a course we may reasonably expect him to have acquired, aim to direct this important power to noble ends. He will add the weight of a religious, a moral, an independent, and a high-minded character, to the utterance of the words of wisdom, embellished with the ornaments of a cultivated imagination, and desire only the triumphs of fair argument and of truth.

Conciseness—unfortunately not the boast of our land—will be gained by this careful study and preparation. The luxuriance and superfluity of bad taste and weak arguments will be pruned; and the praise, so rare, will be earned of having spoken well and not more than enough.

The last topic handled at length by our author is that of professional deportment; and he lays down a number of very admirable rules, preceded by the best advice. The books he has chosen to place in the students' hands, in order to inculcate “purity of morals, soundness of integrity, the amiableness of urbanity, the graces of modesty, and generally the decorations and amenities of life,” show both his good feelings and good taste. Solomon's Proverbs, &c. from Holy Writ, the 12th Book of Quintilian's Institutes, Watts on the Improvement of the

Mind, Bacon's Essays, and other standard works of our language, are well suited to engender and nourish in the mind those sentiments of pure integrity, without which the practice of the law becomes a curse. The elaborate advice of Mr. Hoffman upon this point, and the directions to be culled from the books we have noted, may be summed up in a few words. Let perfect honour and integrity, and politeness free from servility, be the rule of the lawyer's career. To none more than to him will the Divine injunction—"Do unto others as ye would men should do unto you,"—be applicable. The caution would probably hardly be necessary to one impressed with the slightest sense of the importance of character in regard to those matters which the court, their associates at the bar, or the world generally, may have the means of knowing. But a great proportion of the doings of a lawyer is transacted in his own office, alone with his client; or exempt even from that surveillance. The confidence of his employer is necessarily unbounded—that of the court and of his fellows probably equally great; there is no check upon him but his own conscience, his sense of honour, and feeling of right. The temptations in his path are numerous—money, more persuasive even than "the tongue of the tempter," when his own wants are pressing, may perchance lie in his way, to seduce him from the straight road of Christian honour. He should be fortified, therefore, as far as human advice can effect that purpose, before he embarks on the hazardous ocean of professional life. The lessons of experience, the warning voice of the moralist, and above all, the effusions of inspiration, are all properly poured into his ear, and by their repetition stamped upon his memory. He is (upon Mr. Hoffman's plan) not subjected to the risk (which has overtaken many) of being led into the paths of dishonour, in the first instance, by unguarded ignorance, and kept there afterwards by a sense of shame. If the young lawyer fall, after such a course of preparation, it is knowingly and with premeditation, and he was always unfit for the profession he has disgraced.

We said in the outset of our remarks, that Mr. Hoffman's course of legal study was highly intellectual; and we think that our readers, after even this rapid survey of it, will agree with us in our opinion. Our author estimates that it will take seven years to make a lawyer, and he therefore allots that time for his full course. To make a complete lawyer, in our sense of the term, we should consider double seven years a short period. But the question is not exactly such—it is, what length of time ought a young man to devote to his studies in order to prepare himself for the bar? We confess we think four years enough in the case of those who have received a collegiate education; and for such as have not been so fortunate we would prescribe

the study of the dead languages, in addition to a course embracing the subjects which Mr. Hoffman recommends, with, however, a curtailment of the books, and with the exception we have before noted. A youth should be thoroughly armed with religious and moral principles before admission, but he cannot be expected to be a complete lawyer. To return, however, to the character of the course.

The student will be taught by it the proper dignity of his profession—that it is one among the noblest sciences; not a mere pettifogging trade for the purpose of amassing wealth. With his sense of the importance and honour of his profession, will be connected a just feeling of his own standing as a member of so high a calling, and a watchfulness to permit no act of his to degrade it by lowering himself. He will estimate more properly the dignity of mind, and be taught to place it in the scale of value far above the mere physical advantages which are so apt to dazzle the young. He will be more deeply sensible of the inestimable worth of character; a treasure above the vicissitudes of fortune or life, and which he may transmit to his descendants, though every thing else have been swallowed up in the gulf of misfortune.

If there be any set of men in our community whose profession requires of them a complete education, assuredly they are lawyers and divines. Of the latter we have not now to speak; but it is the province of the advocate to direct the actions of his fellow-men; to compose their strifes; to regulate their estates; to assert their rights; and finally, to make laws for their guidance. Such men should be well instructed to fit them for so responsible an office; at the least, their knowledge of their language should be thorough, and their integrity incorruptible.

In the United States particularly, should this be deemed essential to the profession. Respect for the law and the importance and influence of her ministers, are proportionate to the freedom of a government. Their respectability and refinement should increase with their growing importance and responsibility. The individuals composing the profession should never be a drawback or impediment to its intrinsic value and available influence.

The spirit of the age is opposed to every thing graduated by a narrow or illiberal scale. The empire of thought has been widely extended, and the measure of all mental exercises enlarged. The intellect of the mass has been more freely cultivated, and various knowledge been brought home even to the door of the comparatively humble. More is expected from the learned and the scientific when even mechanical employments, and the pursuits of operatives, are claimed to work no bar to familiar intercourse with the highest truths and most abstruse

principles of politics and ethics, or with the refinements of literature. Amid this babbling upon such exalted themes, the members of the learned professions should not suffer their real pretensions to be abased, but should labour to retain them at their comparative height.

Every student should feel, when commencing the study of the law, that he is entering upon a line of life which leads directly to the highest position in his country; that it is not the accident of birth, nor the inheritance of broad paternal acres, which opens to him the door to honours and emoluments beyond and above the hopes of the less favoured mass: but that to the strenuous exertion of the powers of his own mind, whose energies human institutions are not able to cripple, sanctified by integrity and virtue, he is to be indebted for his success. Such sentiments Mr. Hoffman has most creditably laboured to instil.

The student of law in our day has no trifling duty to fulfil. The study of his profession is no child's play. It is not enough for him to be acquainted with the common law as it prevailed until recent innovations in England, and as it existed a few years since in this country, modified only so far as the peculiar condition of our land required. It is not enough for him to know the venerable tracks which marked the great divisions of municipal law, and which, considered equally sacred, remained as unmoved as the supposed divinely guarded boundaries of ancient demesnes. It is not enough for him to be as wise as his forefathers, and to expend his time and employ his industry, and load his memory with the details of a science which the wisdom of ages has combined to bring to perfection. This would seem ample occupation. But he must do more than this. He must learn novel principles, which are supposed to be more accordant with the spirit of the age, and which are introduced upon theoretic notions of their fitness; the very worst basis for the introduction of a legal principle. He must learn not to apply, or rather he must learn to forget, the good old science, (which he has necessarily been taught, for without such knowledge the innovations themselves would be unintelligible,) and he must endeavour to square his views in accordance with a new system, whose mode of operation is dubious because altogether conjectural.

The death of the law is uncertainty. Profane wit has designated it as "glorious"—the glory however is reaped but by rogues and speculators. The perfection of law would be its certainty; its fiat to follow its dictum; and the former to be predicated of principles as stable as axioms in mathematics. A legal system should never be manufactured for a nation; it should grow with its growth; be the spontaneous product of

times and circumstances; and be modified from season to season, as the exigencies of the case require, and after practical proof of need of the particular provision. The people themselves are in one sense the best legislators; the changes they introduce are gradual; not carried further than the particular emergency and the effect of the emergency itself. Gentlemen in their closets cannot chalk out a rule which, anticipating all contingencies, or suiting all modifications of society, will expand or contract to fit the one or meet the other. It is beyond human wisdom to frame so comprehensive, and at the same time so pliable a general rule; the mere light of experience is not the spirit of prophecy. A useful, in fact, a tolerable system of law is gradually built up; little by little the pile is reared; and its foundation being laid in the circumstances of society, like the arch, every regular addition, while it conduces to the finish of the structure, at the same time imparts to it solidity and strength.

The "*tempora mutantur*," &c. of the poet may be aptly read, "*Leges mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*." With a change of laws, long established and intimately interwoven with the business transactions of a people, comes a change of settled modes of thought, fixed principles of action, long continued practice, if you will, deeply rooted prejudices; but still prejudices which have largely contributed to the security and certainty of the law. The minds of professional men are rudely jarred by innovations; their judgments become hesitating; their confidence in their own opinions shaken; even the abstract fitness of the alteration (supposing the change to exhibit such an aspect) is regarded as a small compensation for the evils we have indicated.

But as a general remark it may be asserted that change in settled law is for the worse. We would not be understood as objecting to the gradual growth of new provisions to meet the increasing wants of a growing community. There are different departments of law which are required for the different phases of society. But we do object to the remodelling of the law upon new theoretical principles; in a word, to legal radicalism. *It is of less importance in general, what the law is, than that it should be certain.* A system of arbitrary rules (and a great part of every legal system necessarily is such) may as well, for all purposes of practical utility, be of one kind as of another; let but people know what the rules are, and let them feel a consciousness that they will continue what they are. They will frame their contracts and arrange their affairs accordingly. There is always at hand, too, a body of men who make the laws their study, to assist the ignorant with their advice and guide them through the labyrinth. The practice of the law was never

intended for the mass; and the appearance of no day should we regret more than of that which announced that—every man was his own lawyer.

ART. V.—*Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette.*

By M. JULES CLOQUET, M. D. Embellished with forty-five engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1836.

The reflections with which we sat down to the perusal of these volumes, we have, doubtless, made in common with many of their readers. Historians who attempt to portray those events in national existence which have passed under their own eye, or whose sound has vibrated in their own ears, are, proverbially, liable to prejudiced views and opinions. Indeed facts, and notorious facts, are seldom entirely safe from danger of distortion under the hands of such writers. To this oft repeated caution we may add, that the task of the biographer is one in which the struggle between philosophic impartiality, and the biases of education, of party, and of feeling, is still more difficult and uncertain. He who really endeavours to give a faithful account of great political revolutions, to investigate thoroughly the hidden causes of the events which he records, conscious of the difficulties of his undertaking, and absorbed in the grandeur of the subject, may sometimes overcome, in a great degree, the strength of untoward prepossessions. But such motives and influences are, of necessity, less powerful when an individual, instead of a nation, is to be depicted; of course, growing weaker, as that individual's fortune has been less identified with the fortunes of his country and the history of his times. To carry out the comparison; he who attempts to exhibit the *private* life and opinions of an individual, is, of all biographers, exposed to the greatest disturbances in his orbit. Our judgment of a man's true character is, in many cases, materially influenced by our knowledge of his domestic habits; but when we enter his calm retreat from the bustle of the world; when we sit with him at the fire-side, we can scarcely bring ourselves to attach much importance to the scenes which there meet our eyes, or to reason philosophically upon passing motives and appearances; we are guided, in our conclusions, rather by impulse than by reflection. Indeed we believe that a public career is usually estimated much more correctly than a private life; not that our judgment, in regard to the former,

requires a less exercise of reason, but that it naturally, and almost necessarily, calls forth a greater actual exertion of our faculties. As intercourse grows more open and familiar, we become less observant and discriminating.

But if the author of the volumes before us has laboured under a disadvantage common to biographers, he, certainly, has some peculiar recommendations to our confidence. Of all men, physicians enjoy the greatest facilities for studying human character, and probing the very inmost recesses of the soul.

"Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant."

Thus may the hypocrite sometimes be unmasked, and thus a sovereign might prove a courtier, *an sit amicitia dignus*, if he merely wished to expose political opinions, considering disbelief in the divine right of kings as the extreme of human frailty. But it is not amid drunken revelry that we can best *study* man; that we can observe the excellences and noble attributes which adorn, as well as the stains which darken his nature. On the sick bed, when the body is weakened by disease, all the qualities of the mind and the feelings of the heart appear in an artless dishabille, which exhibits their true forms in strong and decided outlines.

The works which may serve as memoirs, in part, more or less deserving of credit, of Lafayette's public life, are very numerous. The remarkable events which France has witnessed within the last half century, have called forth a multitude of historians of every variety of ability and authenticity. Of course, "the hero of three revolutions" figures largely in many of these records. Professed biographers, too, of Lafayette, have not been wanting, though, up to the present time, nothing of this kind has been given to the world at all worthy of the man, or of the wonderful scenes in which he took so important a part. We observe that the American publishers of the present volumes give notice, that these sketches of his private life are the only memoirs, which "we shall have for a long period, at least, with the permission of the family of the deceased." We cannot say that we feel any regret at this announcement, supposing it to be correct. What historian, of the present day, could do full justice to such a subject? Will England ever furnish a writer, who, laying aside the prejudice imbibed at his mother's breast, and the sworn enmity of his maturer years, can portray with candour and impartiality the character of a French republican? We never expect to witness such a triumph over self. Can we entertain the hope, that, in France, under the present dynasty, any author will arise to do justice to the me-

mory of one so offensive to the sight of royalty? What would be more easy for a government which has the complete mastery of the press, than to stifle, at the birth, any work containing sentiments hostile to monarchical interests? But how could Lafayette's career be truly exhibited without a full and candid exhibition of the opinions and principles which governed his words and actions, even to the last hour of his existence; without a thorough examination of the influence which he has exerted upon his generation, and of the return with which his services have been rewarded? And what could be the result of such an exhibition, but to weaken the hands of tyranny, by a strong and popular contrast to its usurpations; to throw contempt upon royalty stained with the vilest ingratitude?

An American, while able fully to appreciate a republican character, and also enjoying perfect liberty of words and action, would, however, unless from peculiar circumstances, labour under evident disadvantages. But still we may give it, as our firm conviction, that if any creditable life of Lafayette shall appear, within the next half century, it will be a product of the American soil. One thing we take for granted—that the task of the biographer ought always to fall to a friend, rather than an enemy; that the invidious exaggerations of the one are more unfriendly to the cause of truth, than the indulgent colouring of the other.

M. Cloquet, the author of these recollections of Lafayette, has been hitherto known to us only as a skilful surgeon, a professor in the School of Medicine at Paris, and a distinguished medical writer. From the tone of his preface, we should judge that he has seldom, if ever, gone out of the line of his profession, so far as in the present instance. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Isaiah Townsend, an American resident in Paris, he consented to record a few such reminiscences of his acquaintance with Lafayette, as would, probably, prove interesting to our countrymen, for whom alone they were originally intended. These sketches were translated by Mr. Townsend, and printed in a New York paper, the *Evening Star*, from which they were copied into several other journals. Many of them we read with interest at the time of their first appearance, but they are now issued, much improved and extended. The present translation, prepared under the eye of the author, has been published here, and in London, simultaneously with the publication of the French original in Paris. It is, in general, well expressed in pure English. The author says of the French edition, "The printing has been confided to M. Jules Didot, sen., who has discharged his task in a manner worthy of his typographical reputation." We may add, in commendation of the cis-Atlantic publishers, that the dress which the work has

assumed under their auspices, is pre-eminently beautiful, even at this day, when such a profusion of "blue, and purple, and scarlet," for outside-adorning, meets the eye. With the engravings, which are nearly all from designs by M. Cloquet himself, we have been particularly pleased. Many of them exhibit, at a glance, a sort of information which words could not convey, and which we, at least, have often wished to obtain.

We are very seldom willing to admit the validity of excuses set forth in an author's preface. They are, generally, such as are properly "available only to a defendant;" such as "no plaintiff can offer as a supplementary ground of action." But the circumstances to which M. Cloquet's work owes its conception and present publication, do, undoubtedly, warrant a good share of indulgence on the part of its readers. Our own remarks shall be governed by this consideration. The merits of the work, as a literary production, certainly are not of the highest order. We value it chiefly for its authenticity, and as exhibiting, in a strong light, Lafayette's feelings and opinions in regard to America. It is especially adapted to interest Americans.

As the author, in the course of his narrative, has introduced the names of several individuals still living, particularly of the surviving members of Lafayette's family, he has thought it necessary to make a formal apology for so doing. We should not take notice of this circumstance, if it were not for a singular infelicity of expression in the apology thus offered, which evidently might be construed to contain an insinuation, very far, no doubt, from the intention of the writer.

"I trust," he says, "they will pardon me for having introduced their names without previously obtaining their consent; and I am the more inclined to rely upon their indulgence, as I have *fortunately* had no occasion to present them in any other than a favourable light."—*Preface*, p. xv.

Perhaps the translation alone may be at fault, but the words certainly convey the idea that he might, *unfortunately*, have had occasion to allude to them in a less *favourable* manner.

There is sometimes too much minuteness in M. Cloquet's descriptions. He seems to have carried the "business habits" of the surgeon rather too far, in this particular. In writing a work on anatomy, it might be well enough to trace each little nerve or artery through its winding course, and to mention its most insignificant characteristics. But here the case is different. To illustrate our meaning we make a few short extracts.

"Lafayette was tall and well-proportioned. He was decidedly inclined to *embonpoint*, though not to obesity. His head was large; his face oval and regular; his forehead lofty and open; his eyes, which were full of goodness and meaning, were large and prominent, of a

grayish-blue, and surmounted with light and well-arched, but not bushy eyebrows; his nose was aquiline; his mouth, which was habitually embellished with a natural smile, was seldom opened except to utter kind and gracious expressions; his complexion was clear; his cheeks were slightly coloured; and at the age of seventy-seven not a single wrinkle furrowed his countenance, the ordinary expression of which was that of candour and frankness." * * * * "According to the circumstances in which he was placed, joy, hope, pity or gratitude, tenderness or severity, were, by turns, predominant in his eyes and in every feature of his countenance." * * * *

(We might almost have divined as much.)

* * * * "His other movements were easy and natural, and though he had but little suppleness in his fingers, his gestures were graceful, and rarely abrupt," &c. * * * "When the subject of conversation was gay, he laughed heartily; but even the excess of his mirth was never displayed in sudden and violent bursts of laughter."

(These facts will certainly take a prominent place in history.)

* * * * "Lafayette's dress was always extremely simple, and free from every thing like pretension. He usually wore a long gray or dark coloured coat;"

(Quære,—is "dark coloured" merely explanatory of the epithet "gray;" or does it convey the derogatory idea, that Lafayette's principles were so unsettled, that his coats were not invariably of the same colour?)

"a round hat,"

(by this token we should have known him among a thousand,)

"pantaloons and gaiters."

(What a remarkable idiosyncrasy is here indicated!)

—Vol. I., p. 7, *et seq.*

We might multiply passages of this kind, selecting them from all parts of both volumes, but we shall trespass on the patience of the reader with only one other short quotation, exhibiting the same attention to minute circumstances, and, moreover, disclosing a marked aptitude, in M. Cloquet, for the study of comparative anatomy. He is relating the events of Lafayette's last illness, detailing the gradual progress of his disease, and preparing his readers for the "closing scene," when he introduces the following particulars:—

"During his malady, Lafayette was very fond of a small white bitch, which he had received, I believe, from Madame de Bourck, and which never quitted him. The animal, which was gifted with a remarkable degree of instinct, permitted nobody except Bastien to approach her master's clothes, when he was in bed, expressed sorrow or joy according as he felt better or worse, and might have served as a thermometer to indi-

cate the state of his health. Since the General's death, she has followed Bastien to Lagrange, but has never resumed her gaiety."—Vol. II., pp. 96 and 97.

If the reader will absolve us from the rash promise made above, we will give another instance which has since met our eye. The author details, at some length, the circumstances of M. Dulong's fatal duel with General Bugeaud, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and after other particulars, gravely tells us, of the wounded and dying man,—

"He was bled copiously, and the blood was received in a salad bowl!"—Vol. II., p. 89.

But we drop the pen of criticism to enter upon the more agreeable task of endeavouring to extract something from this work which may profit or please our readers. As its title purports, it contains little more than sketches of private life. Such opinions as the author has himself heard expressed by Lafayette, during a familiar intercourse of many years, on a variety of different subjects, both moral and political, he records at length. Of course, he *recollects* no expression of opinion in regard to the government of Louis Philippe, which, as we know from other sources, was regarded, by Lafayette, with feelings of the deepest disappointment and reprobation. Indeed he forewarns us, that, "in these letters, he has as much as possible avoided every subject connected with the politics of the present day;" adding,

"If I have spoken of some of Lafayette's opinions; if I have developed and commented on some of his ideas, I have done so with the reserve that becomes my situation."—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Those parts of the work in which we have been the most interested, are the descriptions of the domestic arrangements and course of life at Lagrange, and the relation of the circumstances attending the last illness and death of this illustrious man. His country residence is thus described.

"Lagrange-Bleureau, better known at present by the name of Lagrange-Lafayette, is situated thirteen leagues east of Paris, near Rosny-en-Brie, and nearly half way from Melun to Meaux. The château and farm touch one another, and are situated in the centre of the grounds which surround them, and form an almost perfect circle of more than eight hundred French acres. The roads leading to Lagrange cross the property, and are well planted and carefully kept in order. The entrance into the park is through a wide and handsome avenue, slightly curved and bordered with young and sturdy apple trees, the branches of which incline towards the traveller, and seem to offer him the flowers or fruit with which they are loaded. This avenue turns to the left, passing along the farm, and an old chapel, which, at present, forms part of it: and thus crosses a small plantation of chestnut trees, and soon after—

wards shaded by beauteous green trees, which impart to it a sombre and mysterious aspect, conducts to the extreme of the château. A stone bridge, with parapets, has replaced the drawbridge, which formerly existed over the moat. The entrance is by a large door composed of two arches; the one exterior and larger than the other, having on the sides two deep excavations, which received a portion of the wood-work and the chains of the old bridge; the other, which is on the inside and elliptical, forms the real door. On the side of the latter may be seen two substantial towers, in which are pierced narrow windows, in the form of loopholes, and the thick walls of which are built of freestone, like the rest of the building. The walls, to the level of the tiled roof by which they are surmounted, are covered with moss and tufted ivy, between the foliage of which may be seen the outline of the casements of the towers. The ivy was planted by the celebrated Fox, during his stay at Lagrange, with General Fitzpatrick, after the peace of Amiens. The plant, which may be taken as a symbol of his friendship for Lafayette, has increased with years, and clings closer to the walls of his habitation. The sketch of this door which I have given will suffice, I think, to afford you a correct idea of it. The court, through which is the entrance, has the form of an irregular square, and is spacious, well lighted, and enlivened by the view of a park, on which it opens. In the centre is the front of the château, of which I furnish you with a plan, executed from a drawing which General Carbonel was kind enough to place at my disposal."—Vol. I., pp. 165 and 166.

A particular description is then given of every part of this old castle, of which the reader is enabled to form a very good idea, by the aid of the engravings which accompany the verbal details. The private apartments of the General are minutely described, together with all the furniture and ornaments which they contained. How prominently do his respect and veneration for the United States,—for the men with whom he was associated, in the achievement of our independence,—appear in a thousand little arrangements, trifling in themselves, but of great interest to one who values them as proofs of the exalted opinion of American character entertained by our "nation's guest." His retreat had become a shrine, crowded with sacred relics of many a contest lost or won under the flag of freedom, and with unnumbered honourable tokens of individual and national esteem. Let us enumerate a few of the articles which these apartments exhibited.

"A silver vase presented by the midshipmen of the *Brandywine* frigate, in which he returned to France after his last visit to America."

"A Roman banner, a trophy presented by the city of Lyons to General Lafayette, when he relinquished the command of the National Guards, after the formation of the Constituent Assembly; inscribed, C. L. O. C. (*Cives Lugdunenses optimo civo*)."

"A gold medal presented by the children of the public schools at Hartford."

"A medal which the electors of Meaux (Lafayette's constituents) caused to be struck in his honour."

Various souvenirs of Washington, viz :—

“An ivory handled pair of glasses.” “A parasol.” “The last piece of tapestry embroidered by Mrs. Washington, at the age of seventy.” “A ring enclosing Washington's and his wife's hair.” “The decoration of Cincinnatus worn by Washington.”

“A crystal box containing the cravat and a lock of the hair of Riego the Spanish patriot.”

“Two very handsome swords presented by the New York militia on the occasion of his last visit to America.”—Vol. I., p. 181, *et seq.*

The sword presented by Congress in 1799.—This the author describes minutely, and has furnished sketches of the carved devices on its various portions. We extract a part of its history.

“During the reign of terror, Madame Lafayette, who was then at Chavaniac, had the sword buried, and it was thus for many years concealed, and secured from revolutionary vandalism. M. Georges Lafayette, on his return from America, had the weapon disinterred; but it had paid tribute to its subterranean captivity, the blade having been completely eaten and destroyed by rust. M. Georges was able to preserve only the handle and the mounting, which he carefully concealed, and succeeded in conveying to his father in Holland, although it was then extremely dangerous to take away gold from France. On Lafayette's return to his country, after the 18th Brumaire, he conceived the happy idea of adjusting to this handle the blade of a sword presented to him, with a statue of Washington, by the National Guards of Paris, when he made his adieux to that force, on the 8th October, 1791. The last mentioned blade, which is manufactured from the iron bolts and bars of the Bastille, in order to consecrate the arms of despotism to the defence of liberty, presents some allegorical subjects connected with the taking and destruction of that celebrated state prison.”—Vol. II., p. 13.

In “an elegant pavilion, situated under the windows of the library, and covered with a tiled roof, supported by slight wood-work,” the General preserved a beautiful canoe, presented to him by the Whitehall boatmen, after it had been victorious in a rowing match against a boat belonging to an English vessel, December 9th, 1824. In this canoe they carried him out to the entrance of the bay of New-York.

In the same manner are described Lafayette's apartments at Paris, in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, which he had occupied, whenever business called him to the city, for fifteen years. They were filled with ornaments and mementos of the same character with those which we have above enumerated, all speaking, in forcible though silent language, the firm, unaltered principles which consecrated both the temple and the priest. We may here also notice M. Cloquet's description of a splendid vase intended to have been presented to General Lafayette, in the name of the French people, by the National Guards of the

whole kingdom, to perpetuate the recollection of the grand scenes of 1830. The funds, necessary for the execution of the purposed plan, were raised by a subscription set on foot among the National Guards of Paris, and afterwards extended to the remainder of that body throughout the departments. The manufacture of the vase was commenced in the year 1831, according to the designs and under the superintendence of a "distinguished artist, M. Fauconnier," but owing partly to the difficulties of the task, though still more to the embarrassments of the goldsmith, whose woes are very pathetically, if not appropriately, set forth as a sequel to the description of his workmanship, was not completed until 1835, after death had removed Lafayette from all his earthly honours and rewards. This monument was, however, presented to the assembled family, and then removed to Lagrange and deposited in the General's library.

"This vase, which is of silver gilt, and the stand, in the form of a votive altar, and of the same metal, are about four feet high." On one side is the inscription, "La France à Lafayette;" on the other the date, "1830." At the corners of the square pedestal are four statues, representing Liberty, Equality, Force, and Wisdom, and on its faces four bas-reliefs; the first representing "The capitulation of Lord Cornwallis;" the second, "The Federation of 1790;" the third, "The reception of the Duke of Orleans as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, at the Hotel-de-Ville, July 31st, 1830;" and the fourth, "The distribution of the standards to the National Guard, in the Champ de Mars, August 29th, 1830." These are its most striking embellishments, but the whole workmanship is represented by M. Cloquet, as of the most finished and exquisite beauty.—Vol. II. Let. XIV.

The mode of life pursued by Lafayette, at Lagrange, was truly primitive and patriarchal. His most delightful employment was the direction and superintendence of agricultural labours. His farm is represented, by our author, as better cultivated than any other in its vicinity; and this, not because great sums were lavished upon its improvement, but from the superior skill and care which guided the labours of the husbandman. Even while in America, Lafayette forwarded instructions for the management of his lands, by every opportunity. Never was a landlord more revered and beloved by his tenantry and the neighbourhood of his residence. By the French people, at large, he was honoured as the defender of their liberties, and the champion of the rights of man; but those in the midst of whom he lived, while feeling the force of such claims on their affection, loved and blessed him as a personal friend and benefactor. If the acclamations of assembled multitudes, the *feux-*

de-joie, and triumphant processions, which so often greeted him in his journeys through France—overflowing demonstrations of a nation's gratitude—gave evidence of his public services, in language no less clear and eloquent did the unmingled joy and eager welcome, which met his steps returning to Lagrange, testify his private worth.

The following sketches are given of the General's daily occupations and recreations, at his country seat :—

"Lafayette usually slept but seven hours, and his sleep was light, peaceful, and rarely agitated by dreams. He thought, with justice, that early hours were favourable to health, and that protracted sleep, instead of refreshing, enfeebled the vigour of the body, by the species of torpor which it invariably produces. He made his servant awaken him at five o'clock in the morning ; and he was in the habit of remaining one or two hours longer in bed, engaged in reading or writing. As soon as he had risen, he dressed himself for the day, paid to his wife the affecting homage of which I have already spoken, and then employed himself in his private cabinet till ten o'clock, when he came down to breakfast. After the first meal, he perused the French or foreign journals, and about twelve o'clock went to the farm, where he remained at least two hours every day. He returned to his own apartment at three o'clock, occupied himself with his correspondence and other business till six, when the bell rung, and was heard to a considerable distance, announcing the dinner hour to the persons in the chateau, and to those who were walking in the park. After dinner, in bad weather, Lafayette passed the evening in the drawing-room, in conversation with his children and friends, and in the reception of strangers who came to visit him. When his family alone were present, he frequently withdrew, at eight o'clock, to his own apartment, where he wrote or studied ; but before he retired to rest, at about half past ten, he generally re-entered the drawing-room to exchange good-night with his children. * * * * *

"Early in the morning Lafayette inspected the labours of the farm from one of the windows of his library, which commanded a view of its buildings and courts. He saw the forage distributed to the cattle, and the speaking trumpet, which I have mentioned, was used by him to give orders to his farmer, whose vigorous lungs enabled him to dispense with such an instrument in making his reply.

"Lafayette knew that exercise was favourable to his health, and for that reason he proceeded on foot to the buildings of the farm, and saw his wheat, hay, and other crops, gathered in. As he found some difficulty in walking, he mounted his horse to visit the more distant parts of his farm, especially at the harvest and hay-making seasons. For the last seven or eight years, he generally on these occasions made use of a small and very light Russian calèche, which ran with ease across the fields."—Vol. II. pp. 41, 42, 43, 44.

The "affecting homage to his wife," here mentioned, may be best explained, by giving the words of the author :

"In his children he cherished the memory of their mother (*Mademoiselle de Noailles*), whom he had loved most tenderly, and whose name he never mentioned but with visible emotion. One day, during his last

illness, I surprised him kissing her portrait, which he always wore suspended to his neck in a small gold medallion. Around the portrait were the words—'I am yours;' and on the back was engraved this short and touching inscription—'I was then a gentle companion to you! in that case—bless me.' I have since been informed, that regularly every morning, Lafayette ordered Bastien (his servant) to leave the room, in which he shut himself up, and taking the portrait in both hands, looked at it earnestly, pressed it to his lips, and remained silently contemplating it for about a quarter of an hour. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than to be disturbed during this daily homage to the memory of his virtuous partner."—Vol. I. p. 33.

But while Lagrange was thus the abode of rural simplicity and pleasures, the gates of the old castle were ever thrown open to the claims of hospitality. We are told that there were seldom fewer than twenty-five or thirty persons, including the members of his own family, at the General's table. His respect for the United States was strongly testified in the continual demonstrations of friendship and esteem, lavished upon our countrymen. To be an American, was at all times a sufficient introduction to his kind attentions; and every friend of liberal principles, every patriotic spirit, especially, at the season of distress and danger, found a heart-felt welcome, and a temporary home, in the family of their sympathizing "companion in arms."

Most of our readers will remember, that the immediate cause of the sickness, which, after a protracted and painful course, terminated Lafayette's life, was his following on foot the corpse of M. Dulong, a political friend and member of the Chamber of Deputies, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. M. Dulong had fallen by the hand of Gen. Bugeaud, in a duel, the consequence of words spoken, under the excitement of debate, in the Chamber. M. Cloquet's services were put in requisition, to attend the parties to the field of combat, a spot in the Bois de Boulogne. He details the particulars of the duel and its fatal issue. On returning home from the funeral, Lafayette was immediately attacked by alarming illness, but was at length relieved, in a great measure, from the most distressing symptoms. For some months he lingered on, in a state of continual debility and frequent pain, at times sufficiently strong to attend to some of his lighter occupations, and to see a few of the numerous friends who crowded eagerly to inquire after his health, and to request a sight of him; and to take short excursions in his carriage; but a slight exposure gave new force to his disease, and relief was no longer possible. M. Cloquet thus describes his last hours and moments:—

"Four or five days previously to his death, Lafayette felt oppressed, and became melancholy. He observed to his son, that he was acquainted with his situation, and that he desired to have some conversation with

him in private. This feeling, however, was of short duration: he soon regained his serenity, and the hope of recovery again lighted up the expression of his countenance. Towards this period of his malady, he observed to me—'Quinine and the fever, my dear doctor, are battling together; give me plenty of quinine, that it may gain the upper hand.' The next morning he repeated the same idea. 'I fear,' added he, 'that the quinine is in the wrong, and that I shall be obliged to pay the costs of the suit.'—'What would you have?' said he to me a few moments afterward—'life is like the flame of a lamp; when the oil is out, the light is extinguished, and all is over.' On the last day but one before his death, when the visits of strangers were forbidden, Lafayette said to his grandson, M. Jules de Lasteyrie, 'You will tell the good Princess de Belgiojoso how grateful I feel for her visits, and how much I suffer at being deprived of them.' * * * *

"The excellent Doctor Girou never quitted Lafayette during the rest of his illness. I also had remained with him for the last two days, to observe more closely the effects of the medical treatment, and to dispute to the last, with death, a life so valuable! On the 20th May, about one o'clock in the morning, the gravity of the symptoms increased. Respiration, which for the last eight-and-forty hours had been much impeded, became still more difficult, and the danger of suffocation was more imminent. Drowsiness, delirium, and prostration of strength, became more decidedly pronounced, and at twenty minutes past four o'clock in the morning, Lafayette expired in our arms!

"A few moments before he breathed his last, Lafayette opened his eyes, and fixed them with a look of affection on his children, who surrounded his bed, as if to bless them and bid them an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand convulsively, experienced a slight degree of contraction in the forehead and eye-brows, and drew in a deep and lengthened breath, which was immediately followed by a last sigh. His pulse, which had not lost its force, suddenly ceased to beat. A murmuring noise was still heard about the region of the heart. To produce reanimation, we employed stimulating frictions, but in vain; the General had ceased to exist. His countenance resumed a calm expression—that of peaceful slumber. His end was that of a good man, who abandons the world without fear or remorse—that of the wise man, mentioned by Lafontaine:

'Approche-t-il du but? quitte-t-il ce séjour?
Rien ne trouble sa fin; c'est le soir d'un beau jour.'

Of the funeral we have not space to say any thing; but we merely transcribe from the description given by M. Cloquet, the relation of a single incident:

"Another individual, whose clothes, though almost worn out, were clean, and testified of the indigence caused by reverse of fortune rather than by misconduct, wished to place himself immediately behind the bier, and endeavoured to make his way through the National Guards, who formed the line. 'You see that none but the family are admitted there,' said one of the guards, obstructing his passage. 'We all belong to the family,' replied the poor man—'for he loved us all as his children.' This simple expression of feeling opened the ranks immediately; the intruder was allowed to pass without difficulty, and to place himself immediately behind the bier, which he followed to the cemetery."

The grave of Lafayette will be visited by every American who visits Paris. With what different feelings will he gaze upon the royal mausoleums of St. Denis, the richly sculptured and fantastic devices, which cover the dust of nobles and illustrious men, in Père la Chaise, or the lofty dome of the Pantheon, raised by "*la patrie reconnaissante aux grands hommes*," who are honoured with burial in its crypts, and the unostentatious marble, which distinguishes the resting place of a "citizen of the world;" which tells, that even in death the history of his life was exemplified; that, as he refused the proffered rewards and honours which his deeds had won, and was contented to live on his private fortune, so he would not lie down at last in pompous state among the noble and the mighty, but humbly by the side of her who had shared the joys and sufferings of his chequered career. That lowly stone conceals a treasure for the storehouse of him who can call up the spirit of the place; who can realize that the ground on which he treads is sacred, and feel the pervading influence of the consecrating principle.

"The private cemetery, where the remains of Lafayette are deposited, is in the rue de Picpus, No. 15, at the extremity of the faubourg Saint Antoine. The entrance is through a spacious court, the buildings of which are occupied by a religious community, and at the bottom of which is a modest chapel. A large garden, covered with fruit trees, shrubs, and plants, is next crossed, and a long alley of lime-trees, bordered with a hedge of yoke elm-trees, then leads to the enclosure reserved for the cemetery. The latter is surrounded with walls, and represents an oblong square, into which there are three entrances by as many gates. It contains but two rows of mausoleums, belonging to distinguished families, those of De Noailles, De Grammont, De Montaigne, Destilliére, Freteau, Gouy-d'Arsy, Rosambo, Lamoignon, De Perigord, &c. The two rows of tombs are separated by a gravel path, at the extremity of which is a stone cross. At the south-east angle of the ground, is the place reserved for Lafayette and his family. The tomb of Lafayette, which is surrounded with an iron railing, is but little higher than the ground, and is composed of two large black marble tablets slightly inclined, and forming a very oblique angle. Upon the angle is a little cross, the lateral branches of which extend on both sides of the monument, that covers the remains of both husband and wife, as with a roof. * * * Madame Lafayette having expressed a desire to be buried in this spot, her wishes were respected, and the observance of them ultimately decided the burial place of her husband."—Vol. II. pp. 112—114.

Thus far we have spoken of M. Cloquet's work almost exclusively, though our chief object in noticing it at all, was in the outset to draw partly from it, but chiefly from other and more abundant sources, materials from which to form a proper estimate of Lafayette's character. Americans have generally regarded him with feelings little short of adoration: certainly, no man ever received, from any people, a more pure and cheerful homage of gratitude and reverence, than greeted his last

arrival and short sojourn in the United States. Have we been carried, by national enthusiasm, or by the excitement of the spectacle, beyond the bounds of reason? Have we been blinded to aught unworthy of an object of such love, or by gratitude for his important services in our contest for independence? Does he dishonour that high station which, in our sight, he occupies by the side of Washington? Let each one form his own judgment from the incontrovertible testimony of history, or his personal acquaintance with men and events: let each one make the enquiry, guided by a sincere desire of truth, and laying aside all prejudices and prepossessions. Of such an investigation we might, without a prophet's power, predict the issue.

Why was it that the despotic powers of Europe were leagued against Lafayette for his destruction? Why was he doomed to pass some of the best years of his manhood in the depths of a dungeon, exposed to every privation and ignominy which his jailors dared to inflict? And why, at last, when compelled to release their captive, did his enemies so reluctantly loosen their grasp? We have a ready answer in the words of Napoleon, addressed to Lafayette. "All these people (the aristocracies of Europe) thoroughly detest me: they detest all of us; but it is nothing to the hatred they have for you; I should not have conceived that human hatred could go so far." The treatment which this illustrious prisoner experienced was but the effect of an instinctive struggle for self-preservation, of a hate nurtured by fear, such as prompts the culprit to arm himself against the officers of justice. And do not the same motives actuate those who, at the present day, are most active in casting contempt upon his character? The calumnies heaped upon him with so much bitterness and zeal by the myrmidons of a shameless and polluted portion of the English press, are clearly stamped with the evidence of their foul original. With what semblance of toleration could the sworn foes of all liberal opinions, on the subject of government, regard the very personification of such opinions?

The enemies of Lafayette have generally endeavoured rather to cast contempt upon his abilities than to impugn his motives. It is true that consistency is not readily discernible in their varied accusations; but they seem to feel themselves more safe in depreciating his head than his heart. He is represented as "making large steps in the dark towards rebellion."¹ And again, say his accusers, "We will not call M. Lafayette an *impostor*, because he has imposed on no one except himself; but we will venture to say that he is a most notorious pretender to qualities and merits which he never possessed, and which were

¹ Quart. Rev., vol. xlviii., p. 255. (Boston edition.)

indeed inaccessible to so weak a mind and so vast a vanity as his. No man of our day, not even Bonaparte himself, has been placed so fortuitously, and so fortunately, in circumstances where a vigorous intellect might have influenced the destinies of the world; and no man has shown himself more incapable of maintaining his temporary influence, or of turning it to any useful or even plausible account."¹ This latter passage, while it illustrates the mode of attack adopted by the *London Quarterly Review*, also develops the true principles of the writer. If Lafayette, in the hour of success, had forgotten his most sacred vows, and laid aside his patriotism, as an antiquated robe, to engage in the revolutionary strife for personal aggrandizement; had he employed his influence with the National Guard, which he himself had formed as a bulwark of his country's liberties, to enslave the French people; in a word, had he, instead of Bonaparte, wielded a sceptre snatched from the hands of a people, who, having torn it from the grasp of royalty, were madly sporting with it as a childish bauble, then indeed his abilities would never have been doubted. But are ability and mad ambition,—talent and treachery,—correlative terms? They may be so in the view of the writer above quoted. From rigid self-examination he may have adopted a more humbling opinion of human depravity than we have entertained. We are reminded of Lafayette's answer to an aide-de-camp of Prince de **, general of the Austrians, who "came to him on behalf of his superior to demand the funds of the army which he had been obliged to quit. Lafayette, astonished at the demand, laughed heartily; and when the aide-de-camp advised him to take the matter more seriously,—'How can I help laughing?' said he; 'for all that I can understand of your demand is, that had your prince been in my place he would have robbed the cash-box of the army.'"

Who can read the history of Lafayette's youth without discerning early developements of a superior intellect, and of uncommon strength of mind? Before attaining the age of twenty years he had refused the tempting honours of a splendid court, and embarked in the cause of those principles which he carried with him through life. Had he, in a fit of desperation, and when fortune frowned, crossed the Atlantic and entered the service of our country, as a refuge in his distress, we might feel grateful for his timely aid, but could not extol his magnanimity. But how different was the spectacle! At home he was honoured and beloved, and enjoyed the brightest prospects. A thousand difficulties beset his undertaking. The wishes of his family, the utmost exertions of his enemies, the powerlessness

¹ *Quart. Rev.* vol. *xlvi*. pp. 523, 4.

of those who represented the American cause, were all combined against him, but all failed to repress his ardour. How strikingly was the native energy of his character displayed in the events of his flight from the shores of France, and his appearance on the theatre of our revolutionary struggle! Did he display no military talent in the field, and no political sagacity in the council, during his eventful campaigns on the American soil, and his exertions in our behalf at the French court? Was not the uniform testimony of Washington an honourable evidence of the good qualities which adorned both the head and the heart of the youthful disciple of liberty?

And the influence which he exerted during the first days of the French revolution; was this so entirely fortuitous, and so unskilfully managed as some would have us believe? Was the fame which he had won in America the result of chance, or was it the hard earned reward of intrepidity and perseverance? Was he rushing along heedlessly in the path of a blind destiny, when in the assembly of the Notables, he demanded from the Count d'Artois, that the rights of the French people to personal security, personal liberty, and private property—rights so justly held dear by every Englishman and American—should be considered inviolate? When he demanded the emancipation of protestants from their civil disabilities, and the convocation of the States-general? Was he still the foot-ball of chance when, in the States-general, at length from necessity convened, he moved and successfully supported a declaration of rights? Is it to chance that we must ascribe his increasing endeavours to preserve the public peace, when, "from his position at the head of the embodied militia of the capital and its environs, he was clothed, in substance, with the concentrated powers of the state?" Was the organization of the National Guard altogether fortuitous? Did he exhibit no energy of character, no capacity to command, when, at Versailles, he preserved the royal family and his own life from an armed and infuriate mob? But why multiply such instances? Some may deprecate his principles, but that his talents should be called in question, is to us inexplicable.

Lafayette's influence declined as the revolution advanced towards its climax of horror. How difficult had been his situation for a long time before he yielded to the necessity of flight! On the one hand, the mob, which he had in many instances menaced and restrained, hated virtues which it could not appreciate, and raged against one who persisted, almost alone, in keeping inviolate his oath to the constitution and the king, in the midst of a perjured nation. On the other, the monarch, while he coldly confessed his obligation to Lafayette, warmly opposed all his plans and endeavours, even when their evident

object was the royal safety. Yet when first denounced to the national assembly, he triumphantly vindicated his character, and was cleared from the charges of his virulent accusers. Was it owing to indecision or imbecility that he finally bowed to the storm, which, after prostrating every landmark of public virtue and justice, at last scathed even those who had wantonly excited its ungovernable fury? Were the virtuous, the noble, the patriotic, spared? On the contrary, they fell the first victims. The best blood flowed most freely, mingling in the crimson current poured from royal veins.

We are informed by M. Cloquet, that Lafayette's general knowledge was very extensive. We copy the following opinion of this author respecting his talent for debate in deliberative assemblies, and for popular speaking.

"Lafayette spoke but little at the constitutional assembly, for at that time his functions left him less at liberty to ascend the tribune than to address the National Guards or the populace, whose passions he had often to blame, and whose excesses he was obliged to check. 'At the assembly,' as he said in a letter to the bailli de Ploëu, 'I spoke but little, and with the reserve which became the general of the armed force.' Since the restoration, his natural dislike to public speaking had yielded to his desire of defending the interests of his country. His talent for extempore speaking, which then dawned, and which increased still farther during his last journey to America, shone forth in all its lustre since the revolution of 1830. None of the speeches pronounced by him in the chamber of deputies were prepared. His extempore addresses were just, luminous, and often characterized by that manly eloquence to which his sincere patriotism gave birth. If the subject with which he was occupied interested him deeply,—if it was connected with the general interests of society, with the defence of the oppressed, with the relief of the unfortunate, with the maintenance of the dignity of France,—his language was most persuasive and engaging, and every listener felt that his talent and his eloquence were the faithful interpreters of his heart. His speeches were intelligible to all, on account of their simplicity and the clearness of the object at which he aimed. Being one day in a public place, I listened to the conversation of several artisans who were reading a newspaper among themselves, on the articles of which they commented in terms less courteous than just. 'Come,' said the reader, 'this man, (naming Lafayette) at least, speaks French—we can understand what he wishes to say.'"—Vol. I. pp. 14, 15.

To the same effect is the testimony of all who heard his voice raised in expressions of grateful recollection and joyful hope, during his visit to the United States in 1824-5. "Hear him," says one, "hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position." The conclusion which we would draw from these opinions, and

our own perusal of Lafayette's speeches, is, not that his eloquence was of the highest order, but that he was distinguished for a simple, unaffected, appropriate, and dignified style of speaking, which, joined with his candour and earnestness, always secured an attentive and pleased auditory. His education and course of life had been little calculated to prepare him for superiority in parliamentary debate. How few, how very few, comparatively speaking, have ever attained eminence as public orators, whose lives have not been laboriously devoted to literary and professional pursuits! Let the history of English parliaments and of the English bar illustrate this remark.

A more difficult part of the task which we have proposed to ourselves, is to form a proper estimate of Lafayette's principles and public life: more difficult because every portion of his diversified career must be attentively considered in order to arrive at a just conclusion. Of course, our limits prevent us from entering fully into such an investigation: we shall, therefore, give only the results at which we have arrived, and the more obvious and important grounds of our deductions.

As to the general characteristics of Lafayette's principles,—that which widely distinguished them from the illiberal views of European monarchs and aristocracies, we, as Americans, could scarcely be at a loss in forming a judgment. His character was stamped during his services in our struggle for independence, and that impress was as deep and well defined in the last stage of his life as when it appeared fresh from the plastic influence of the revolution. With inconsistency we never heard him charged. Even his most bitter enemies, in asserting that "from the first days of the French revolution, il n'a rien oublié ni rien appris," give evidence to the contrary; and the well known declaration of Charles X. that he "knew but two men who had always professed the same principles—himself and Lafayette," adds still greater weight to our conclusion. But our enquiry shall not be whether his avowed principles were correct, but whether he ever invoked those principles to sanction unwarranted and inexcusable measures. Is there any Englishman even, so recreant to British institutions and laws, as to deny that France, under Louis XVI., needed reformation? Radical reform, in church and state, had become the only hope of French patriots. The revolution was but the violent action of a remedy too long delayed. Lafayette, laying aside his predilections for a constitution moulded after the American pattern, fixed his eye on the English government, as the only imitable model which would, in any degree, accord with the hopes and demands of his countrymen. Were not the first changes which he proposed essential to the enjoyment of the rights which every Briton holds most dear? When, in a liberal constitution, he beheld

the object of his exertions, he swore a willing obedience to his king and country, an oath which was never violated. The humiliations and outrages to which the unfortunate monarch was subjected, were by none regretted more deeply, or opposed with more firmness, than by Lafayette. His final denunciation and long imprisonment were but the effects of his firm adherence to his promises and principles.

After his release from captivity, how clearly did his patriotic firmness manifest itself, in all his intercourse with Napoleon? He was not to be dazzled by the gilded banners of a republic floating over a throne of despotism. Read his letter to Bonaparte, on the occasion of his declaration, "I cannot vote for such a magistracy, (the consulate for life,) until public liberty has been sufficiently guaranteed. Then will I give my vote for Napoleon Bonaparte."

"General," said he, "when a man, penetrated with the gratitude which he owes you, and too much alive to glory not to admire yours, has placed restrictions on his suffrage, those restrictions will be so much the less suspected when it is known that none, more than himself, would delight to see you chief magistrate for life of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France, and I felt that I was recalled by the liberal professions to which you have attached your honour. We afterwards beheld, in the consular power, that restorative dictatorship which, under the auspices of your genius, has achieved such great things, less great however than will be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, general, the first in that order of men, (whom to quote and compare would require me to retrace every age of history,) can wish that such a revolution, so many victories, so much blood and misery, should produce to the world and to ourselves no other result than an arbitrary system. The French people have too well known their rights to have entirely forgotten them. But perhaps they are better enabled to recover them now with advantage than in the heat of effervescence; and you, by the power of your character and the public confidence, by the superiority of your talents, your situation, and your fortune, may, by re-establishing liberty, subdue our dangers and calm our inquietudes. I have no other than patriotic and personal motives in wishing for you, as the climax of your glory, a permanent magistrative post; but it is in unison with my principles, my engagements, the actions of my whole life, to ascertain, before I vote, that liberty is established on bases worthy of the nation and of you."

Passing by the scenes of the empire and the restoration, we hasten to consider Lafayette's connection with the revolution of 1830. We before remarked that his accusers were not remarkably consistent in their defamatory assertions. As a single example we may observe, that, at one time, he is represented as "making large steps *in the dark* toward rebellion;" and again, as secretly plotting with Lafitte, the Duke of Orleans and others,

¹ Sarrans' Memoirs, vol. I. pp. 84, 5.

the overthrow of the reigning family, and the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne.' Now we think that a passage in M. Cloquet's work completely refutes both these accusations. It is as follows :—

"In the month of May, 1830, an American in Paris, Mr. Mason, I believe, gave a ball, to which Lafayette and his family were invited. 'We must have some chat together,' said he to M. Lethière and one of his friends, who were also there. They crossed the rooms where dancing was kept up, and seated themselves at some distance from the noise. There they talked politics for some time with the ease and freedom of three persons who have a mutual esteem for each other, and who entertain the same opinions. Lafayette spoke at length of the infatuation of the Bourbons, and predicted what has since happened, terminating the conversation with the following words—'What would you have? they have lost their wits, and are three centuries in arrear of the age; Charles X. will get himself exiled, and yet, with a little good sense, he might have been as happy as a mouse in a pie.'"—Vol. I. pp. 122, 3.

We shall not stop to point out the evident bearing of this passage upon the first of the above assertions. But in regard to the second, we ask, can any man, in his senses, believe, that, while Lafayette was conspiring against the government, his volubility should have so far got the better of his discretion as to lead him to utter such an unguarded speech? We do not mean to intimate, by these remarks, that we hold rebellion and conspiracy to be in all cases unjustifiable, but only to give evidence against what we consider unfounded assertion.

We may add, as an appendix to the above, a precious morceau of secret history, recently furnished in Blackwood's Magazine.

"There is a secret connected with the indemnity sentiment which we will take this occasion to disburden ourselves of, as nobody else, that we know of, has blundered upon it. After the three days of July business, Lafayette had actually acceded to the wishes of the republicans, and consented to be named first president of the French republic. Before proceeding to the Hotel de Ville, where the party were assembled to inaugurate him, the General called on Mr. Rives, the American envoy, a worthy, sensible man, as we can testify from personal acquaintance, who had great influence over him. Monarchy trembled in the balance, and France was within two hours of a republic, when the advice and exhortations of Rives, who pointed out the perils of the undertaking, and the want of due elements in that country to constitute a pure democratic government, decided the veteran patriot. He repaired to the Hotel de Ville, and, to the astonishment as well as rage of his partisans, presented Louis Philippe to the people, as the *meilleure des républiques*. Louis Philippe was grateful—in his way—he saddled his debt upon France at the rate of twenty-five millions of francs American indemnity. Thus Rives accomplished in a few months what the astute Gallatin had failed in, and Ame-

¹ Quart. Rev. No. CIII. p. 143, *et al.* (Foster's edition.)

rica had negotiated twenty years for in vain. The claims were but a Flemish account after all, but, having contracted, France ought to pay."¹

What a complicated and subtle intrigue is here ! Lafayette—the blind, the feeble, the imbecile Lafayette, on the one hand, conspiring against Charles X. and offering the crown to Louis Philippe ; and, on the other, conveniently *forgetting* his engagements, and himself aspiring to the chief place ! Are these contradictory statements made, in order that the public mind may run a double risk of being deceived ; in order that it may, perchance, “ cleave to the one,” though it “ despise the other ?”

We will not, however, venture to deny the authenticity of this alleged disclosure, as we know nothing of the source whence the writer has drawn his information, and have not, at hand, any means of investigating its claims to truth ; though we should hardly be willing to adopt it, from such a parentage, as an article of belief. But, even if full credit should be given to it, when taken apart from the other assertions, with which it is above collated, it contains no imputation injurious to the character of Lafayette. It serves, in itself, as a complete refutation of the charges of deliberate conspiracy preferred by the London Quarterly Review. We take for granted that nothing more is intended by the expression that “ Lafayette had acceded to the wishes of the republicans, and consented to be named first president of the French republic,” than that he had agreed to take the presidential chair as head of a provisional government, depending for its continuance on the suffrages of the whole people. That he intended to usurp the chief magistracy, or to receive it at the hands of the citizens of Paris and the Chamber of Deputies, we shall never believe, without more convincing evidence. Such an intention is, indeed, disproved by his alleged ready acquiescence in the views of Mr. Rives, which acquiescence can only be accounted for on the supposition of an anxiety, on his part, for the welfare of the people. Such an intention, too, would have been entirely inconsistent with every prior act of his life. It is true, that, in the light of this disclosure, conceding its truth, he might be complimented for a small amount of discernment and sagacity, in imagining, for a moment, that France could govern itself under republican institutions. We freely admit that, if there was any error in Lafayette's political course, it was, that his patriotism sometimes blinded him to the faults and frailties of his countrymen ; that he sometimes indulged the hope of seeing his most ardent desires for France accomplished in the complete adoption of American principles of government. We would not say, with M. Cloquet, that “ he was *too* virtuous

¹ Black. Mag. Vol. II. p. 77. (Foster's edition.)

for his age :” this would imply that private character should be graduated by the scale of public morals ; but, let his detractors, if they will, add further evidence to what their very accusations frequently prove, that he was, by far, *more* virtuous than his age.

Apart from the light which this piece of secret history sheds upon the events of the revolution of 1830, nothing can be gathered from the generally received accounts of those events, but that Lafayette, as during the former revolution, still saw the dangers besetting an attempt to establish a republic, and sacrificed his predilections to his caution. The English government was again taken as the model, and the structure raised after its likeness, though the work of haste, instead of the gradual growth of ages, as is the British constitution, bade fair to fulfil the noble purposes of its founders,—to redeem their countrymen from civil and political bondage. We shall not here stop to discuss the question, whether the French people are capable of enjoying, in peace and quiet, the advantages of a liberal form of government ; or are only fitted, as some have contended, for a military despotism, or to be wheedled into absolute submission by the corrupting example of a profligate court. Certain it is that, after the solemn pledges given by Louis Philippe, as duke of Orleans, and his systematic violation of them all, as king of the French, the language in which Lafayette is said to have expressed his disappointment,—“ *Il est un fourbe, et nous sommes les victimes de sa fourberie,*” was strikingly expressive of the monarch’s course, and of the subjects’ condition.

We know, from various sources, that Lafayette’s feelings in regard to Louis Philippe’s government, were those of regret and reprobation. In the Chamber of Deputies, he constantly and strenuously opposed that course of subserviency to the royal will, which produced the law against associations, and other similar infringements of the rights of the people. He strove to maintain, in their full vigour, “the republican institutions” by which the throne, when raised from the dust of the Bourbons’ discomfiture, was environed, but which have rapidly vanished at the touch of the “Citizen King.”

We would not, however, dwell upon the evidence of this illustrious man’s mental endowment, or of the consistency of his political career : a nobler praise may be awarded to his memory. Who can doubt the purity of his motives, his unchanging patriotism ? Who that is conscious of his own moral rectitude ; who that has not paid tribute, of his soul’s best feelings, to the corroding rust of selfishness and base ambition, can see, in any act of Lafayette’s public life, the workings of a spirit eager in the pursuit of personal interests, or of private fortune ? Did

he gain a post of honour and command? He exercised his temporary power for the general good; and, when the object to be attained was accomplished, or when he perceived that his influence could not secure the co-operation necessary to its accomplishment, he resigned his post and retired from the struggle, in which he could not hope to better the fortune of his countrymen. True to his principles, he renounced even the hereditary honours of his family. Had he sought for personal aggrandizement, by worshipping the rising star of Napoleon's fortune, he might have realized his most boundless desires. Had he accepted the presidency of a republic, he might have assumed a dictatorship, and moved in the dazzling orbit of absolute command. If Lafayette ever, really, aspired to the highest office in the government, we cannot doubt, relying on the testimony of his whole public life, that his aspirations were consecrated by the purest and most patriotic motives.

As patriotism is but an enlarged friendship, so, on the other hand, it is but philanthropy acting in a confined sphere. What is patriotism, in a citizen of an individual state, becomes philanthropy in one who merits the more comprehensive title of a "citizen of the world." In the most extensive meaning of the term, Lafayette was a philanthropist. He had adopted principles which, he believed, would, when fully developed and applied, work the moral and political regeneration of the world; and the objects of his efforts were as diversified, as the application of his principles was universal. Struggling Greece, enslaved Poland, Spain and Portugal distracted and convulsed, as well as oppressed America, and his native land, participated in his sympathies, and engaged his exertions in the cause of liberty. Nor was his philanthropy bounded by the limits of Europe and the United States. To the emancipation of a people bound down under a worse than political bondage, his most strenuous endeavours were directed. In England, many powerful advocates of the cause of humanity had arisen to plead, with earnestness and effect, in behalf of the African slave. There and in France, vigorous efforts were simultaneously made, both prior to the French revolution and during its continuance, to abolish the slave trade, and to set at liberty its victims. While Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pitt, and Fox, urged forward these philanthropic schemes in Great Britain; in France, Lafayette and Laroche-foucault, united in their plans and efforts, were among the most active and untiring advocates of the same noble cause. Nor were they content with mere declamation and agitation, in regard to the wrongs of Africa. They were ready to sacrifice their private fortunes to the furtherance of these plans of benevolence. We cannot better convey an adequate idea of their exertions in this behalf, than by extracting a part of M.

Cloquet's brief narrative of a single instance of their disinterested and unsparing labours.

"Lafayette and Larochevoucault were so united in sentiments, opinions and conduct, in the cause of negro emancipation, that it is impossible to separate one from the other. Both were so opposed in belief to the pretended property of slave owners, that during their whole life, they sustained, at their joint expense, before the French tribunals, all trials entered into by negroes, for the recovery of their freedom.—

"After the decisive campaign against Lord Cornwallis in 1781, Lafayette, on receiving the thanks of the state of Virginia, which had particularly profited by his successes, replied by the expression of a wish, that liberty might be speedily extended to all men, without distinction. But he was not content with sterile wishes, and on his return to France, flattering himself, like Turgot and Poivre, that the gradual emancipation of the negroes might be conciliated with the personal interests of the colonists; he was desirous of establishing the fact by experience, and for that purpose he tried a special experiment, on a scale sufficiently large to put the question to the test. At that period, the intendant of Cayenne was a man of skill, probity and experience, named Lescalier, whose opinions on the subject coincided with those of Lafayette. Marshall de Castries, the minister of the marine, not only consented to the experiment, but determined to aid it by permitting Lescalier to try upon the king's negroes the new regime projected. Lafayette had at first devoted one hundred thousand francs to this object. He confided the management of a residence which he had purchased at Cayenne, to a man distinguished for philosophy and talent, named Richeprey; who generously devoted himself to the direction of the experiment. The Seminarists established a colony, and, above all, the Abbé Farjon, the curate of it, applauded and encouraged the measure. It is but justice to the colonists of Cayenne to say, that the negroes had been treated with more humanity there than elsewhere. Richeprey's six months' stay there, and the example set by him before he fell a victim to the climate, contributed still further to improve their condition. Larochevoucault was to purchase another plantation as soon as Richeprey's establishment had met with some success, and a third would afterwards have been bought by Malesherbes, who took a cordial interest in the plan. The untimely death of Richeprey, the difficulty of replacing such a man, the departure of the intendant, and a change in the ministry, threw obstacles in the way of this noble undertaking.—

"When Lafayette had been proscribed, in 1792, the National Convention confiscated all his property, and ordered his negroes to be sold at Cayenne, in spite of the remonstrances of Madame Lafayette, who protested against the sale, observing, that the negroes had been purchased, only to be restored to liberty after their instruction, and not to be again sold as objects of trade and speculation. At a later period, all the negroes of the French colonies were declared free, by a decree of the National Convention. It is, nevertheless, remarkable that some of Lafayette's plans, with regard to the slave emancipation, were realized. Cayenne, the only one of our colonies in which the example set by him of instructing the negroes had been followed, was also the only colony in which no disorders took place. Urged by gratitude, the negroes of his plantation declared to Richeprey's successor, that if Lafayette's property was confiscated, they would avail themselves of their liberty; but that in the opposite case, they would remain and continue to cultivate his estate."—Vol. I. pp. 148—151.

It is an almost universal characteristic of weak minds, to be carried away to the farthest extremes of fanatical zeal, whenever any subject of interest has engaged their attention, and called forth their efforts. Especially would the history of the plans and operations of modern philanthropists substantiate this observation. But Lafayette never suffered feeling to get the better of reason. The helm which guided his course never became useless from the fury of the winds which urged him onward. Though he regarded the enslaved negro as a man, nay, more, as a fellow man, an equal in respect of natural endowments, yet he did not from these truths draw the absurd conclusion, which many, by their practice at least, recognize as correct, that the negroes were, in spite of their degraded condition, and entire destitution of all moral and religious, not to say intellectual culture, perfectly prepared to become good citizens, or to assume the prerogative of self-government. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,"—a very good motto, too often misapplied; for where would be the justice or humanity of restoring to liberty the captive eagle, whose wings had lost their flexibility by confinement, either to grovel and to die upon the earth, or to beat itself to death in vain attempts at flight? "Lafayette was desirous of emancipating the negroes, only by degrees, and in proportion as their moral and intellectual education rendered them worthy of freedom." Here we have the principle which guided his efforts; and, though events beyond control prevented the full success of these wise schemes, yet, their obvious tendency, and their actual effects, as developed on the occasion of the subsequent temporary emancipation of all the negroes belonging to the French colonies, by a decree of the National Convention, proved, beyond controversy, the maturity of judgment that had planned them, and, so far, guided their execution.

We must here conclude our survey of Lafayette's character. Though we have endeavoured to compress our remarks, under this head, into as small a compass as possible, little space is left for other topics. After the view which we have thus taken, the question naturally suggests itself, how were such talents, and such a life, estimated and rewarded by the French people? We need say nothing of the feelings which American patriots entertain toward him who was unanimously greeted as our "Nation's Guest," a title only second to that of "the Father of his People." But France owed a greater debt, a debt of paternal love, to a son whose proudest boast, whose predominating excitement to action, was a pure filial affection. And Lafayette's reward, though embittered by the untoward issue of his labours, was, emphatically, the reward of the patriot. The French people were bound to the gorgeous throne of Louis XIV. by

hereditary feelings of chivalric loyalty, nurtured by religion, and by the dazzling splendour of his reign. The same people followed the flag of Napoleon, and gazed, in awe and admiration, upon its proud bearing, from a constitutional passion for military glory, even without solid acquisition, and at an incalculable expense of blood and treasure. But Lafayette was *loved* by his countrymen : their affection was personal, and unadulterated by any spurious admixture. The great body, even of his political enemies, respected his character, while they opposed his principles and measures. But a short time before his death, the chamber of deputies, though ruled by a party decidedly hostile to liberal sentiments, by a mark of public sympathy, perhaps never before paid to a private citizen, directed their president to address a note to Mr. G. W. Lafayette, enquiring after the health of his venerable parent.

The vast majority of the French people were, on every possible occasion, instant in demonstrating their affection and reverence for the general. No other evidence of the prevalent feeling is necessary, than that afforded by the reception which greeted his return, after his last visit to America, and the honours which strewed his path, through whatever part of the kingdom he journeyed. From his landing at Havre, till his arrival at his residence at Lagrange, it was one triumphal march. The government strove, in vain, to check the universal flow of feeling—to stifle the loud accents of joy. It feared to employ force against the object of the people's veneration, and did not think it politic to use open measures to repress even the public rejoicings. It was left to subordinate officers—to the municipal authorities of the towns through which he passed—to act in this matter, as if of themselves, without any reference to the sanction of a higher authority. Thus, at Havre, at Rouen, and at Lagrange, endeavours were made to repress all manifestations of the popular feelings : but such measures were entirely fruitless. In this, if in nothing else, the people were determined to govern. The general's reception at Lagrange is thus described by a writer of the times :—"In their rejoicings, the populace of the neighbouring villages united, to the number of six thousand, and filled the air with cries of 'Long live Lafayette—Long live the friend of the people.' Addresses, expressive of the most ardent affection and admiration, were presented ; and, according to the French custom of manifesting great joy, the dancing continued throughout the night."

From this time until the revolution of 1830, during all the struggles between the king and people ; while the power of the former was daily diminishing, and the latter becoming more confident in their strength, the popularity of Lafayette increased

steadily; and when, on the evening of the 27th July, 1830, after hostilities had already commenced, he arrived in Paris, his presence had an electrical effect. A few of the citizens had already appeared in the proscribed uniform of the National Guard, and the name of their former general was hailed with acclamations, and echoed, from mouth to mouth, among the thousands assembled for the defence of their liberties.

After the struggle was past, the gratitude and esteem of the people were still more forcibly exhibited in the offer made to Lafayette of the supreme authority. What greater homage could have been rendered to patriotism? To his prevailing influence must undoubtedly be ascribed the reception of Louis Philippe as king of the French, without any violent opposition. To him, the ministers of Charles X. owe their escape from an ignominious death, and the substitution of a punishment which, though severe, leaves them the chance of an ultimate restoration to the world. The influence which could secure such ends, at such a crisis, must have been unbounded.

It may be asked, did the popular veneration and affection for Lafayette continue undiminished until his death? As regards the nation, in general, we may answer—yes. With the lower orders of the people—the mob—of Paris, his popularity did, indeed, fluctuate, though we doubt whether it was ever, essentially, lessened. The unprincipled agitator, who courted revolution for its own sake, or the hot-headed republicans, sometimes stigmatize his course as weak and pusillanimous. Those who identified the cause of liberty with every *émeute* which raised the pavements of Paris into barricades, and considered Lafayette only as the personified spirit of agitations, would often exclaim against his "*mauvaise tête*," though they never doubted his "*bon cœur*;" but if a rumour were raised of his intended co-operation in their mad schemes, the cries of "*Vive Lafayette!—Vive la liberté!—Vive la patrie!*" were as loud from the fickle mob, as at any moment of the 'Three Days' Revolution. Witness the transports of the populace, again offering a crown, at the funeral of Lamarque, as if the overthrow of the existing government were an after consideration of little moment, and the settlement of the intended succession to the throne the only matter of present concern. Even during the *émeute* of April, 1834, when the general was lying on his death bed, the absurd report, that he was about to appear, on horseback, among the combatants, and lead them on to the attack, was rife among the populace, and, doubtless, increased their revolutionary mania.

Lafayette died at a good old age. Of his fellow actors in the scenes of the Revolution, few survived to bear the brunt of a second contest. Can we regret his death as untimely or

inauspicious? His best hopes and anticipations for France had been already grievously disappointed ; and well was it that he was not permitted to witness the revolting tragedy of the last anniversary of the Three Days, or to raise an unheeded voice in opposition to the recent proceedings against the liberty of the press. Happy was it, for him at least, that his life was not prolonged until he had realized the often expressed hope of again seeing the American shores ! If he were now amongst us, instead of rejoicing at the prosperity and happiness of our republic, at the unanimity and patriotism of its citizens, he might secretly mourn over much that is sadly changed since his departure. The honours, with which he was formerly welcomed by a grateful people, might, indeed, and would, doubtless, be renewed ; but after having been so often lavished upon others—after having become so common and unmeaning, they would have lost their primitive value. If he now looks down upon the things of earth, and views, with eyes unclouded by the mists of time, the scenes which are passing in both hemispheres, may it be from an abode where sorrow never enters, or where the full prospect of the final issue of the great struggle which now agitates the world may consummate the patriot's reward !

ART. VI.—*Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835.* By Captain Back, R. N., Commander of the Expedition. Philadelphia, 1836.

It will be remembered by the reader, that in the year 1829, an expedition was despatched from England under the command of Captain John Ross, to the Polar regions, with the object of attempting the discovery of a north west passage. From that time until the year 1832 nothing had been heard of the party, and the fate of these adventurous men became a subject of general anxiety—many believed that they had perished from the vicissitudes incident to so arduous a journey ; but the only circumstances which encouraged this belief being their protracted absence and the want of intelligence concerning them, it was determined by Captain George Back (who was then in Italy) to offer his services to the British government to

undertake the command of an expedition in search of them. When Captain Back arrived in England, he learned that an application having been made to government to fit out an expedition upon a plan proposed by Dr. Richardson, without success, it had been presented for consideration to other quarters, and particularly to the friends of Captain Ross.

A petition was prepared by Mr. George Ross, (brother of Captain Ross,) praying the sanction and co-operation of his majesty's government, in the despatch of an expedition for ascertaining the fate of his son and brother. The name of Captain Back, with his consent, was inserted as the proposed commander of the expedition, and the petition was sent to the secretary of the colonies. Various other measures were adopted to promote the success of their object, which it is unnecessary to detail here. Suffice it to say, that a letter was received from Lord Howick, in which he informed Mr. Ross that the lords commissioners of the treasury had been recommended by Lord Goderich to make a grant of £2000 towards defraying the expenses of the expedition, upon the proviso of its being commanded by Captain Back; and provided also that the supplies and canoes should be furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company without charge, and that the remainder of the expense, which was calculated at £3000, should be defrayed by the friends of Captain Ross. Captain Back was then formally offered the command of the expedition, and readily accepted it.

In November 1832, a meeting was called for the furtherance of the objects above mentioned, at which Vice-admiral Sir John Cockburn presided, and the interest excited on the occasion, when the plan of the expedition was exhibited, being very great, a subscription was taken, and a large sum of money was contributed on the spot. A standing committee for the management of the expedition was also formed, of which the Duke of Sussex was chairman. Under the direction of this committee the funds rapidly increased. The Hudson's Bay Company had given orders to their agents in America to make preparations for advancing the expedition; and in addition to supplying it with a large quantity of provisions, boats, &c. the directors offered to take it under the especial protection of the company. This offer was, of course, joyfully accepted, and a commission under their seal given to Captain Back as commander.

The plan proposed for the expedition, in a letter of instructions issued from the colonial office, was briefly as follows: The party was to consist of two officers and eighteen men—English and Canadians. From Montreal they were to proceed, by the usual route of the fur traders of the north west, to the great Slave Lake. They were then to pursue a north eastwardly direction to the Great Fish river, which lies to the eastward of

the lake, and communicates with it by a succession of smaller lakes. At this place they were to select a position for their winter quarters, and erect a house for their accommodation. While this house was in progress a portion of the party, under Captain Back, was to pursue the course of the river, exploring it to its mouth; erecting there a land-mark, and leaving notice of their intention to return to England in the following spring. This was intended for the guidance of Captain Ross, in case he should be journeying along that coast. When this was accomplished, Captain Back was to return to his winter residence, where two boats were to be constructed capable of navigating the Polar Sea. On the return of spring, the expedition was to proceed down the river to the sea.

The first object after attaining this point was to reach Cape Garry, the place where the ship *Fury* was wrecked—the distance being estimated by Captain Back at something less than three hundred miles—this last movement was deemed advisable, as it was known to be Captain Ross's intention to visit the *Fury*, for the purpose of obtaining such stores and fuel as could be got out of her, and in fact to return and winter beside her in case he should be unable to get to the westward during the summer.

If no traces could be discovered of Captain Ross in that vicinity, the party were to start, from the 12th to the 20th of August, on their return to winter quarters, taking every opportunity to erect land marks and signal posts, and depositing notes beneath them; that the attention of the wanderers might be arrested, and themselves informed of the means adopted for their relief. In case Captain Back should consider it proper to devote a second summer to this service, he was directed to do so.

As a secondary object in the enterprise, he was directed to prepare maps of such parts of the coast as were yet unknown, as well as to make such other scientific observations as circumstances might enable him to do. In case of meeting Captain Ross before arriving at Regent's Inlet, he was to offer to return, and conduct him to the Hudson's Bay settlements. Should any indications of his having been on that coast, and any memorial that might lead to a discovery of his intentions be found, Capt. B. was to search in whatever direction he might deem most likely to lead to him.

Such is a brief outline of the plan of the expedition, and the reader will perceive, by a reference to the map which accompanies the narrative, that it was an enterprise of a most arduous character. The preparations were completed by the engagement of a medical man (Dr. King) to attend the expedition. Three men only were taken from England; the remainder of the party

were to be hired in Montreal, and at the settlements of the Company in the interior.

It will be proper to mention here, that just one year after the departure of Captain Back from Canada, he received a letter from Sir Charles Ogle, on the part of the committee of managers, announcing the return to England of Captain Ross and the survivors of his party. This despatch was forwarded to him at Great Slave lake, by the Hudson's Bay Company. The reader is referred to the appendix of the narrative, for an account of the wonderful expedition with which this despatch was transmitted.

In consequence of the return of Captain Ross, Captain Back was directed to turn his whole attention to the secondary object of the expedition, viz. the completion of the coast line of the north-eastern extremity of America; and with this view an extract of Ross's proceedings was forwarded to him, setting forth the route by which he passed, and indicating the termination of his progress.

Sir Charles Ogle intimated that further instructions should be transmitted to him, by which he would be governed as to the prolongation of the enterprise for another season. These instructions were never sent; and, for reasons which are given at length by our author, if they had been sent, they would not have been available. To return to the expedition:—

In February, 1833, Captain Back, with his surgeon and three men, embarked at Liverpool, and after a passage of thirty-five days, arrived at New-York. From New-York they went to Albany, and thence to Montreal in coaches, where they arrived in the month of April, having been received every where, *en route*, with great hospitality. There was a short detention at Montreal, during which two of the men became rather refractory, and threatened to go no farther. However, our author convinced them of the disgrace which would attend such conduct, and, by way of securing their services, sent them off, by means of Mr. Keith, to a distant post of the Company. A fire broke out at the hotel, in which Captain Back lost a valuable barometer—the greater part, however, of his property was saved.

On the morning after the fire (25th April) our author, with the party of *voyageurs* whom he had hired for the expedition, embarked on the canal in two canoes, amidst the shouts of the people and the firing of musketry. A short time, and their little vessels were in the waters of the St. Lawrence, one loud huzza bidding them farewell.

From this time until the 17th of June, our captain and his party were pursuing their voyage. Of this, he gives us a tolerably minute description—though little of particular interest occurred in that interval. On the last named day they arrived at

Norway House, a depot of the Company, on the Jack river. At this place the preparations for the expedition were completed; provisions were laid in—boats procured—men and interpreters engaged. Captain Back was obliged to remain here for some days, awaiting the arrival of interpreters. At length two former acquaintances of his (Canadians) came, and presented themselves as candidates for the service. The Captain immediately engaged them. After they had contracted and were returning to the camp, they met their wives, and informed them of the enterprise on which they were about to embark—whereupon one of the ladies, a strapping, roistering she devil, began kicking and cuffing her husband at such a rate, that he took to his heels and sought shelter in a tent. The other wife, a beautiful, interesting young creature of seventeen, burst into a passion of tears, and clung to her husband in such agony, that the poor fellow yielded to her distress and gave up the service. Our author was therefore obliged to look elsewhere; and it was not until the 26th, that he was enabled to supply the places which these faithful spouses were obliged to abandon.

When the party was completely organized, it consisted in all of twenty-five men; and on the 28th June they left Norway House, and commenced the expedition. From 2 A. M., until 5 P. M., they paddled their canoes, with little cessation, when, near the northern boundary of Lake Winnipeg, they met the Company's canoe from the Athabasca, containing Messrs. Smith and Charles, two gentlemen whom our traveller had expected to see. From them, information was obtained in relation to Thlew-ce-choh, or Great Fish river (which Captain Back had been directed to explore to its mouth), that led to doubts whether its navigation would be practicable by large canoes. Another route, leading to nearly the same point on the coast, by the Teh-lon river, was mentioned, by which such difficulties would be avoided.

The men had been eighteen hours at their paddles, and needed repose; they accordingly encamped on the beach, and lay down amidst swarms of musquitoes. At 3 o'clock on the following morning they started with a light breeze, which soon increased to a heavy gale, so that they were obliged to run into shoal water, to save the canoe from swamping. The men waded with the baggage to a place of shelter, where the canoe was also secured. Towards evening the wind abated, but the clouds grew heavier, and indicated the approach of a violent gale. On the morning of the 30th, the lake resembled a rolling sheet of foam; the musquitoes had vanished; a few gulls were huddled together under a projecting sand bank. The men were assembled in the tent, and our author read to them divine service.

On the 1st of July the weather changed, and they were enabled to get off, and soon after passed the Grand Rapid, described by Sir John Franklin. On the 5th they entered the Little river, and got to Pine Island lake. At this point there is a station house of the Company, where our voyagers landed. They remained there until the 7th, taking in stores, and making other arrangements for the prosecution of the enterprise, when they again got under way. They passed through the dangerous rapids of the Rivière Maligne, and on the 17th arrived at Isle à-la-Crosse, another post of the Company. Keeping to the left of Clear Lake they entered Buffalo lake. The description of this treacherous pool we give in our traveller's own language :

"Few persons have ever completed the long traverse of this deceitful lake, without being favoured with a breeze that endangered their lives. I had been caught before; yet, from the unruffled smoothness of its wide surface, I began to fancy that we were now to be exempted from the usual compliment. The men sung and paddled with energy, the fitful cry of a slightly wounded bittern, which lay at the bottom of the canoe, serving for an accompaniment; and we had gained the centre of the traverse, when suddenly a gentle air was felt coming from the well-known quarter of the Buffalo Mountain. The suspicious guide would now no longer permit even the customary rest of a few minutes to recover strength, but urged the crew to exertion; and they, ever and anon looking towards the blue summits of the mountain with something of a superstitious glance, made our light bark skim over the water like a thing impelled by wings. A dark cloud rose from behind the mountain, and began to expand towards the zenith; little gusts of wind followed; and in less than half an hour we were in the midst of a thunder-storm, that raised a sea from which there was no escape but by hoisting a shred of a sail, and running through breakers to the nearest lee land."

On the 21st, they reached Portage la Loche, the high ridge dividing the waters emptying into the Hudson from those which direct their course to the Polar Seas. Over this portage, which reaches several miles, the men were obliged to carry their boats and cargoes. The thermometer stood at 68° of Fahrenheit, and the musquitoes and horse flies bit them until the blood streamed from their faces. They laboured on under their heavy burdens, when, on emerging from a thick forest, a prospect burst upon them which our author describes as follows :—

"A thousand feet below, the sylvan landscape lay spread before us, to the extent of thirty-six miles, in all the wild luxuriance of its summer clothing. Even the most jaded of the party, as he broke from the gloom of the wood on this enchanting scene, seemed to forget his weariness, and halted involuntarily with his burden, to gaze for a moment, with a sort of wondering admiration, on a spectacle so novel and magnificent. My own sensations, however, had not the keenness of those of a stranger to the sight; and it was not without a sort of melancholy, such as results from satiety, that I contrasted my present feelings with the rapture which

I had formerly experienced. It was, to me, Portage la Loche, and nothing more,—the same beautiful and romantic solitude through which I had passed and repassed on two former expeditions. There was nothing new to excite surprise, or quicken delight; not a spot of latent beauty, not even a gleam of light glancing across the valley, which had not been well noted before, and diligently treasured in the memory. I looked upon it as I should look upon an exquisite but familiar picture—with pleasure, but without emotion.”

On the 23d they had passed the portage, and again launched their boats into the waters. The exhausted men threw themselves upon the ground, where they rested for an hour, and then resumed their voyage. On arriving at the Pine Portage our traveller met Mr. Stewart and Mr. M'Leod, who had come from M'Kenzie's river, with a cargo of furs. The latter gentleman had been requested by the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to accompany the expedition, and accordingly, to the great satisfaction of Captain Back, he joined his party. On the 29th they got to Fort Chippewyan, and were received by Mr. Ross, whom Mr. Charles had left in charge of the station. Our traveller remained at the Fort until the 1st of August, when he left it. On the 4th, they encountered a gale from the northwest, which so retarded their progress, that they were five hours in accomplishing twelve miles. This brought them to the Salt River. Here there had been a recent encampment of Indians. From the marks about the place it was supposed they had ascended the river to the plains, and our traveller being desirous of gaining information in relation to the two rivers Tehlon and Thlew-ee-choh, encamped on the shore, and then started with Mr. M'Leod in the empty canoe in search of the Indians.

“We had hardly rounded the second point, when the sight of a “cache,”¹ suspended from the apex of a deserted lodge, convinced us that we should soon come up with the stragglers; and, accordingly, about a quarter of a mile further, two young Indians thrust their dark bodies through the branches of the trees, and called to us to stop. They formed part of the tribe of Slave Lake Indians, who were expected to be in this direction, and their friends were not far from them. They merely told us what we well knew, ‘that there was little water in the river, and they doubted if we could get up.’ Shortly afterwards, we met a whole fleet of canoes, whose approach was notified by loud and discordant sounds—a horrible concert of voices of all ages, utterly indescribable. Their chief was an intelligent looking old man, called by the traders, ‘le camarade de Mandeville;’ and from his extensive knowledge of the country to the northward and eastward of Great Slave Lake, there was every reason to expect considerable information, if it could only be wormed out of him. To achieve this, Mr. M'Leod returned with the Indians to our encampment; there with all befitting ceremony to open the preliminaries by the customary pipe: for a social puff is to an Indian, what a bottle of wine is to an

¹ Secreted heap, or store of any thing.

Englishman: 'aperit præcordia,' it unlocks the heart, and dissipates reserve.

"The *tout ensemble* of these 'people,' as they, with some vanity, style themselves, was wild and grotesque in the extreme. One canoe in particular fixed my attention; it was small even for a canoe; and how eight men, women, and children, contrived to stow away their legs, in a space not more than large enough for three Europeans, would have been a puzzling problem to one unacquainted with the suppleness of an Indian's unbandaged limbs. There, however, they were, in a temperature of 66°, packed heads and tails like Yarmouth herrings—half naked—their hair in elf-locks, long and matted—filthy beyond description—and all squalling together. To complete the picture, their dogs, scarce one degree below them, formed a sort of body guard, on each side of the river; and as the canoe glided away with the current, all the animals together, human and canine, set up a shrill and horrible yell."

The Indians represented the two rivers as running E. N. E. in a nearly parallel direction to the sea. They described the Thlew-ee-choh as full of shoals and rapids, cascades and rocks, and after a tortuous course falling in a foaming cataract into the sea. The Tehlon, they said, was a broad and noble stream, flowing without interruption to its journey's end. They affirmed that the mouths of the two rivers were but a short distance from each other, and used every argument to dissuade our author from going by the former stream. On the 8th the party reached the Great Slave Lake, and were received at Fort Resolution by Mr. M'Donnell. Here Captain Back resumed his investigations concerning the rivers. The original plan read before the Royal Geographical Society indicated the Thlew-ee-choh as the route to be pursued, but the reports of the Indians in relation to its dangerous navigation, caused our author much perplexity and embarrassment. He, at length, concluded upon following the original plan, and accordingly divided his crew into two parties—part being left with M'Leod, while himself with four men went in search of the Thlew-ee-choh. On the 12th, they entered the Little River, down which they continued their voyage. On the 14th, the thermometer had sunk from 58° to 30°, and the water was found to be slightly encrusted with ice. On opening round the northern end of the channel, a fine expanse of water was seen east and west, in which lay several islands. They crossed a wide traverse towards some table hills, on which they landed. On the 15th, while under way, a head wind and a heavy swell caused their canoes to ship so much water that they were obliged to run into shore. Pursuing their voyage on the 16th, they espied a bear on the shore, which they shot. Coasting along the rocky line of the northern shore, they came to the Rocky Point River, near which they encamped, at the close of a beautiful day.

August 18th.—They started at 4 A. M. and paddling along

the lake, came to a bend leading into a deep bay, which formed the eastern portion of the Great Slave Lake. Rounding a point they suddenly came into a smaller bay, at the bottom of which was a splendid fall, upwards of sixty feet high, rushing into the gulf below. This was a river they were to ascend—they then landed, and set about repairing the small canoe. The large canoe, with the greater part of the baggage, was left in charge of La Prise, who undertook to wait until M'Leod should come up, and deliver them to him.

They were now obliged to toil up the rocky bed of an unknown stream to the high lands, from which the waters take an opposite course, and our travellers were obliged to carry their canoe around several falls, and obstructions in the navigation. At this time La Prise was despatched with a letter for Mr. M'Leod, in which he was directed to begin building an establishment for winter quarters, as soon as he should reach the east end of the lake, our author informing him that he would probably join him some time in September. They pursued their journey, along the river, amongst rapids, rocks and falls, with infinite labour; the mosquitoes and sand flies almost devouring them. On the 21st, they entered a river barred by fifteen rapids, varying from three to ten feet in height; after a difficult portage, they launched into open water. They paddled on among islands, extending to a great distance, with an uninterrupted horizon to the westward. De Charloit, (a half breed,) and the Indian were sent to reconnoitre, (our author having landed,) and they discovered a lake in the line of their intended course. The mosquitoes here tormented them dreadfully, and the face of the steersman was so swollen, that he could hardly see.

At day break, on the 22d, they went to an adjoining bay, and after two portages got into a large sheet of water; a few hours more brought them to the east end of the lake, when scouts were sent out to discover the best route to the large lake they were seeking.

Towards evening the men returned, having succeeded in finding a chain of small lakes inclining to the eastward. On the 23d and 24th our travellers passed these small sheets and a succession of portages, and entered a rapid river, down which they passed into a magnificent lake. The country along the margin was generally low and level, being occasionally elevated into small hills. By one of these, to the eastward, lay the route to the The-lew (Téh-lon). Passing along the lake and through a strait, they entered a large body of water, along which they coasted until sunset, when they landed, and encamped for the night.

The following day the temperature had fallen to 31°, and the

water near the shore was encrusted with ice. Our voyagers embarked, and after paddling for twenty miles landed on an island, consisting of a conical mount, about two hundred feet high. From its summit they beheld another immense lake. They then resumed their journey. On the 29th De Charloit and the Indian returned; the first bending under the weight of a musk ox's head and horns; the latter carrying the meat of a fat deer.

They had found the river on the second day after they left the party, and described it as being large enough for boats; they ascertained that it was the same stream, the source of which our author had accidentally discovered in the lake, seen from the conical mount; thus the existence of the long sought 'Thlew-ee-choh was placed beyond a doubt.' On the 30th the canoe was put in order, and our voyagers moved on to the river. Having passed the portage from Lake Aylmer, they entered it, and on the 31st arrived at Musk-ox-lake. They pursued their journey with but little adventure for several days. Passing near the western shore of the lake in which they were (our author gives no name for it) it was observed that the two Indians assumed a look of superstitious awe, and maintained a rigid silence; the reason was enquired; when Maufelly, with much gravity, related a traditionary tale which our author gives at length, and which the reader will find to illustrate the Indian character. Our limits prevent us from extracting it; it referred to the island they were passing. "Ill fares the Indian," said Maufelly, in concluding his story, "who attempts to pass this spot in his canoe, without muttering a prayer for safety: many have perished; some bold men have escaped; but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power."

Our travellers pursued a dangerous navigation down the Ah-hel-dessy river; the rapids were numerous and violent, and they were obliged to land and journey on foot. At sunset they halted for the night.

"Our encampment was broken up, and we were on our way very early on the morning of the 7th of September, but every one was too busily engaged in picking his way to speak; not a word was audible until about eight o'clock, when a fine buck deer, betrayed by its branching antlers, was espied feeding behind a point thirty paces from us. It was brought down; and the haunch, covered with a rich layer of fat two inches thick, afforded a luxurious breakfast. Having put the remainder *en cache*, we proceeded on our way, and when we had gained the top of a hill, Slave Lake was seen right before us, hemmed in by mountains of considerable magnitude and height. A craggy range to the right determined the course of the Ah-hel-dessy; and many a steep rock and deep valley between the lake and us, announced the fatigue which was to be endured before we arrived at our destination. But how can I possibly give an idea of the torment we endured from the sand

flies? As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air: to see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied; and there was a burning and irritating pain, followed by immediate inflammation, and producing giddiness, which almost drove us mad. Whenever we halted, which the nature of the country compelled us to do often, the men, even Indians, threw themselves on their faces, and moaned with pain and agony. My arms being less encumbered, I defended myself in some degree by waving a branch in each hand; but even with this, and the aid of a veil and stout leather gloves, I did not escape without severe punishment. For the time, I thought the tiny plagues worse even than mosquitoes.

"While speaking on this subject, I am reminded of a remark of Maufelly, which, as indicative of the keen observation of the tribe, and illustrating the humanity of the excellent individual to whom it alludes, I may be pardoned for introducing here:—It was the custom of Sir John Franklin never to kill a fly, and though teased by them beyond expression, especially when engaged in taking observations, he would quietly desist from his work, and patiently blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands—'the world was wide enough for both.' This was jocosely remarked upon at the time by Akaitcho and the four or five Indians who accompanied him; but the impression, it seems, had sunk deep, for on Maufelly's seeing me fill my tent with smoke, and then throw open the front and beat the sides all round with leafy branches, to drive out the stupefied pests before I went to rest, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise that I should be so unlike the old chief, who would not destroy so much as a single mosquito."

Our travellers had passed the confluence of the Ah-hel-dessy, with Great Slave Lake, and reached the eastern extremity where M'Leod had been directed to build the house. The sound of the axe was soon heard, and M'Leod with La Prise were seen walking near the framework of a newly erected building. Our party, which was ranged in single file, some carrying guns, others tent poles, &c., and all with swollen and bleeding faces, presented a singular appearance. M'Leod had been awaiting their arrival with anxiety, and testified his pleasure when it occurred. He had arrived on the 22d August, and with four men had erected the framework just mentioned.

On the 16th September Mr. King, with the rest of the party, came up. He gave our author a minute and interesting account of his adventures since their parting. We omit it here, our principal business being to follow the commander of the expedition.

The site of their intended dwelling was on a level bank, covered with shrubs and trees, at the northern extremity of a bay. The Ah-hel-dessy fell into it from the westward, and a smaller river to the eastward. Granite hills of feld-spar and mica surrounded the bay. The long sand banks which ran out between the two rivers, seemed to present an apt harbour

for the white fish, and preparations were accordingly made for a good fishing season.

The house and observatory were in progress, and rapidly approached their completion, when the Indians of the surrounding country began pouring in from all quarters. In consequence of the deer having left the barren lands where they had been accustomed to resort at this season, no game was to be procured, and the natives were in a starving condition. Many of them were relieved by our travellers to the extent of their means, but not a few perished from want and suffering. Many instances of misery that are related by Captain Back, are affecting in the extreme, and the benevolence of his character is strikingly exemplified by the privations to which he subjected himself, that he might diminish the sufferings of these wretched people. We give a single instance that will serve to show the condition of the aged and infirm, who were unable to take care of themselves.

"On the 29th September, a fire being seen on the opposite side of the bay, a canoe was despatched to see who had made it; and soon returned, not with a good load of meat, as we had hoped, but with a poor old woman, bent double by age and infirmities, and rendered absolutely frightful by famine and disease. The ills that 'flesh is heir to' had been prodigally heaped on her, and a more hideous figure Dante himself has not conceived.

"Clad in deer skins, her eyes all but closed, her hair matted and filthy, her skin shrivelled, and feebly supporting, with the aid of a stick held by both hands, a trunk which was literally horizontal, she presented, if such an expression may be pardoned, the shocking and unnatural appearance of a human brute. It was a humiliating spectacle, and one which I would not willingly see again. Poor wretch! Her tale was soon told: old and decrepit, she had come to be considered as a burden even by her own sex. Past services and toils were forgotten, and, in their figurative style, they coldly told her, that 'though she appeared to live, she was already dead,' and must be abandoned to her fate. 'There is a new fort,' said they; 'go there; the whites are great medicine men, and may have power to save you.' This was a month before; since which time she had crawled and hobbled along the rocks, the scanty supply of berries which she found upon them just enabling her to live. Another day or two must have ended her sufferings."

The house was speedily completed, and our travellers were fixed for the winter. Parties were sent out to procure fish, but they, as well as the deer, seemed to have abandoned those regions, and very few were obtained. Captain Back was therefore obliged to reduce the rations of his men. Our author continues to describe the acute sufferings of the Indians, who besieged the house with their moanings and lamentations.

On the 7th of December, being anxious to diminish the number of the party, Captain Back discharged De Charloit,

and two Iroquois, according to previous agreement. Many hunting parties of the Indians were out, with little success. Forty of the best Chippewyan hunters had been destroyed by famine, and many others had not been heard of. Our author describes two women, with their children, as being swept off by a whirlwind. One boy of the number only was found, and he died in excruciating pain the same night.

"December 16.—The interpreter came from one of the fishing stations with an account of the loss of some nets, and the inadequacy of their means of support. They seldom took more than thirteen small fish in a day, and the Indians, now reduced to a state of great weakness, crowded round them for a portion of what they could ill afford. It was the same with us; for those who happened to be within a moderate distance fell back on the fort, as the only chance of prolonging their existence; and we freely imparted the utmost we could spare. In vain did we endeavour to revive their drooping spirits, and excite them to action; the scourge was too heavy, and their exertions were entirely paralysed. No sooner had one party closed the door, than another, still more languid and distressed, feebly opened it, and confirmed by their half-famished looks and sunken eyes their heart-rending tale of suffering. They spoke little, but crowded in silence round the fire, as if eager to enjoy the only comfort remaining to them. A handful of mouldy pounded meat, which had been originally reserved for our dogs, was the most liberal allowance we could make to each; and this meal, unpalatable and unwholesome as it was, together with the customary presentation of the friendly pipe, was sufficient to efface for a moment the recollection of their sorrows, and even to light up their faces with a smile of hope. 'We know,' said they, 'that you are as much distressed as ourselves, and you are very good.' Afflicting as it was to behold such scenes of suffering, it was at the same time gratifying to observe the resignation with which they were met. There were no impious upbraidings of Providence, nor any of those revolting acts, too frequent within late years, which have cast a darker shade over the character of the savage Indian. While the party thus scantily relieved were expressing their gratitude, one of their companions arrived, and after a short pause announced that a child was dying for want of food, close at hand. The father instantly jumped up; and having been supplied with some pemmican, for we had no other meat, hurried away, and happily arrived in time to save its life."

On the 18th, Mr. M'Leod, with two men, went in search of Akaitcho, who was out with a hunting party. The day after their departure, Akaitcho arrived, with a small quantity of half dried meat, which he had dragged during eight days' march.

The hall of the house was now constantly filled with miserable beings, who, seated round the fire, roasted and devoured small pieces of their rein-deer garments. At this time the temperature was 102° below the freezing point. Those who required medical aid received it from Mr. King, who was unremitting in his attentions to them. On the 1st of January some Indians brought a small supply of half dried meat,—on the 13th the women and children were sent to the fishery, and

the allowance of the party was reduced a quarter of a pound each. Another supply of lean and putrid meat was received from Akaitcho, and a few days afterwards eighty pounds from M'Leod.

On the 4th of February, the temperature was 60° minus. So great was the cold that, with an immense fire, in a small room, ink and paint froze. Our author attempted to finish a sketch, by placing a table near the fire; but a scratch on the paper, and small shining particles at the end of the pen, showed that it was useless. On one occasion, after washing his face, within three feet of the fire, his hair was clotted with ice, before he could dry it.

On the 9th, Mr. M'Leod arrived with a party of men laden with meat. Their faces were much frost-bitten. The Indians complained bitterly, and compared the sensation of handling their guns, to that of touching red hot iron; it was so painful that they wrapped thongs of leather round their triggers, to keep their fingers from touching the steel.

At this time, owing to unfavourable reports from the fisheries, a further reduction of the establishment was deemed proper; and accordingly, at Mr. M'Leod's suggestion, the family of the latter was removed to a place, half way between the house and the hunting party. M'Leod started on the 14th, to conduct them to their place of destination.

For a long time our author had been under great anxiety for the fate of Maufelly, who had gone, with a small party, to the south east, and had now been absent some months. No intelligence of them had been received, and as they had promised to return in January, if alive, our party began to entertain gloomy apprehensions. These were of short duration, for Maufelly himself made his appearance on the 16th, with the joyful information that he had five deer, killed within two days' march. Three men were instantly despatched for the treasure, and returned with it in due time.

The weather having in some degree moderated, a little provision was, now and then, brought from the hunters. M'Leod sent word that he could get neither fish nor flesh, and as a last resource, had been obliged to transfer his men to the other fishery, under the charge of M'Kay. In performing this journey the men were three days without a particle of food.

On the 13th of March, Captain Back sent the whole of the men, with iron and planking, to the borders of Artillery Lake, where the boats, for the summer's voyage, were to be built: this occupied four or five days. About this time a supply of meat was brought by an old friend, the Camarade de Mandeville. The day following, intelligence was received from M'Leod,—six more natives, of either sex, had perished of starv-

ation; the nets had failed, and Akaitcho was at a distance of twelve days' march. Captain Back prevailed on M'Leod to send his family to Fort Resolution, and break up the fishery for the present.

On the 18th, the party returned from Artillery Lake, and informed our author that the carpenters had begun the boats. On the 26th, a packet arrived from York factory: the bearer informed our author that another packet had been sent, more than a month ago, under the charge of two men; that these had been accompanied by Captain Back's old friend, Augustus, (the Esquimaux interpreter, whom he had known in his former expedition); that having lost themselves, two of them found their way back to the fort, but without Augustus, who persisted in searching for our travellers. The letters confirmed this report. Three days after, the packet spoken of was brought in by an Indian.

The 25th of April was the anniversary of their departure from La Chine. Our travellers were conversing with each other, when they were startled by a thundering knock at the door.

"The permission to come in was unnecessary, for the person followed the announcement before the words could be uttered, and with the same despatch thrust into my hands a packet, which a glance sufficed to tell me was from England. 'He is returned, sir!' said the messenger, as we looked at him with surprise. 'What! Augustus?—thank God!' I replied quickly. 'Captain Ross, sir,—Captain Ross is returned.' 'Eh! are you quite sure? is there no error? where is the account from?' The man paused, looked at me, and pointing with his finger, said, 'You have it in your hand, sir.' It was so; but the packet had been forgotten in the excitement and hurry of my feelings. Two open extracts from the Times and Morning Herald confirmed the tidings; and my official letter, with others from the long lost adventurers themselves—from Captain Maconochie, Mr. Garry, Governor Simpson, and many other friends, English and American, removed all possible doubt, and evinced at the same time the powerful interest which the event had awakened in the public, by a great proportion of whom the party had long since been numbered among the dead. To me the intelligence was peculiarly gratifying, not only as verifying my previously expressed opinions, but as demonstrating the wisdom as well as the humanity of the course pursued by the promoters of our expedition, who had thereby rescued the British nation from an imputation of indifference which it was far indeed from meriting. In the fulness of our hearts, we assembled together, and humbly offered up our thanks to that merciful Providence, which in the beautiful language of Scripture hath said, 'Mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the deeps of the sea.*' The thought of so wonderful a preservation overpowered for a time the common occurrences of life. We had but just sat down to breakfast; but our appetite was gone, and the day was passed in a feverish state of excitement. Seldom, indeed, did my friend Mr. King or I indulge in a

* Psalm 66.

libation, but on this joyful occasion economy was forgotten ; a treat was given to the men, and for ourselves the social sympathies were quickened by a generous bowl of punch."

On the 5th of May, the men were employed in dragging the baggage and provisions to Artillery Lake, where the carpenters had finished one of the boats, and were working at the second. In consequence of the return of Captain Ross, the object of the expedition was no longer the same, and our traveller was now about to prosecute a journey of discovery.

On the 18th, the snow was fast disappearing ; and on the 25th, Mr. M'Leod arrived, to the great satisfaction of our author. Towards the end of the month, the weather became sultry, the temperature in the sun being 106°. At this time, Akaitcho, and thirty of his tribe, arrived, empty handed, followed by two Chippewyans, who brought a little dry meat from the Yellow Knife river, where one of their party had died from starvation. On the 3d June, the whole of the men came in from the fishery, bringing intelligence that the remains of Augustus had been discovered near the Rivière-à-Jean. It appeared that he was retracing his steps to the station, when, exhausted by hunger or cold, he had sunk under his sufferings. "Such," says our traveller, "was the miserable end of poor Augustus ! a faithful, disinterested, kind-hearted creature, who had won the regard not of myself only, but, I may add, of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson also, by qualities which, wherever found, in the lowest as in the highest forms of social life, are the ornaments and charm of humanity."

On the 5th June, all the men but three had arrived from the fort. It was arranged that a party, with M'Leod, should precede the main body, for the purpose of hunting. The papers, journal, observations, &c., of our author, were secured at the fort until his return ; the doors and windows were securely fastened, and on the 7th June our travellers started on their journey. They reached Artillery Bay, and found that the carpenters had completed both boats. M'Leod had left there two days before, and our captain, on the 10th June, with a crew of eight men, started with the larger boat, leaving the smaller one behind until their return in the autumn. Their boat was fixed on runners, and dragged over the ice on the lake by two men and six fine dogs. They followed the eastern shore of Artillery Lake, occasionally finding the provisions which the hunting party in advance had left for them in the route.

On the 16th, the thermometer at 33°, they endeavoured to light a fire to cook their venison ; the only fuel they could find was wet, and would not ignite—they were on the barren lands. They pursued their journey through water and over ice, with

much labour and encountering many hardships (all of which are minutely detailed in the narrative), when, on the morning of the 27th, they neared the portage of the Thlew-ee-choh. As they approached it, a white tent was seen at a distance, with a crowd of people around it—this proved to be M'Leod and his party. The boat was soon after carried over the portage, and at 1 p. m. on the 28th, was launched on the Thlew-ee-choh.

Several portages were passed, and on the 29th they got to a small lake, where the runners were again rigged, and they proceeded on the ice to the extremity. The hunting party, which they had overtaken, was again in advance; and our travellers found several deer left for them on the route—in the evening they encamped at the head of a rapid and portage. On the 30th, our author, with two men, went in advance of the party; they passed Icy River, where more provisions were found. July 1, M'Leod joined them; at 4 p. m. they reached Musk Ox River on the ice. Here they learned that Akaitcho had been driven to the north by the scarcity of animals. At sunset they encamped, and soon after were found by M'Leod's party. July 3d, they carried their boats and provisions over a portage four miles in length. Our author describes vividly this severe labour.

It now became unnecessary that M'Leod should proceed any farther with the party, and, accordingly, he started with his men on their return to the fort, after receiving orders to be again on the banks of the Thlew-ee-choh by the middle of September, to meet our traveller on his way back; our party then proceeded along the river to a strong rapid. Standing on a rock, above it, they perceived Akaitcho's son, shouting to warn them of their danger—they passed the rapid in safety.

At the peak of a high hill, a few miles off, Akaitcho had pitched his hunting lodge. Hearing that our traveller was near, he came down to visit him. He cautioned him about the danger of navigating the Thlew-ee-choh, and told him to beware of Esquimaux treachery, which, he said, was always perpetrated under the guise of friendship; "and when you least expect it," added he, "they will attack you." They then parted.

With much labour they pursued their voyage, through ice, rapids, and rocks, and over portages. On the 14th July, a fresh and fair wind relieved the men from the labour of rowing, and they ran under a foresail until 8 p. m., when they were stopped by a ridge of ice. They were obliged to run in shore, and encamp for the night. The surrounding hills were literally swarming with deer.

On the 16th, the ice having given way before a heavy gale.

our voyagers again embarked ; after some time, the river contracted to about fifty yards ; the boat swept through this strait with fearful velocity, and the stream gradually enlarged to a magnificent river. Captain Back was inclined to the belief that this was the Téh-lon River ; not being certain of this fact, however, he gave it the name of Baillie's River ; passing the mouths of two tributary streams, they landed and encamped. On the following day, they entered some rapids, and passing through a deep abyss, formed by rocks of immense height which skirted the borders of the stream, emerged into open water. The weather had been very variable (the thermometer as high as 68°) ; and when they landed on the evening of the 18th, they were attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. On the 19th, they found themselves in a large lake. A slight current drew them into a rapid, through which they passed into a wide space, and landed on an island, which bore the marks of an Esquimaux settlement. On the 21st, they proceeded, and for three days, the labour which our travellers underwent, in overcoming the obstructions in the navigation, is described as excessive. At length they came to the end of this troublesome lake, and entered a rapid ; the current became violent, and on they plunged, through curling waves, and amongst large rocks, into smooth water, the boat being slightly injured. The river now kept to the northward, and opened into a spacious lake ; the extremity could not be discerned, and the current being lost, our voyager was embarrassed in deciding on the most probable direction for striking the river. They kept through a passage in the ice, and at length were led by the roar of waters to the end of the lake. Our author here describes a fearful scene.

“Bending short round to the left, and in a comparatively contracted channel, the whole force of the water glided smoothly but irresistibly towards two stupendous gneiss rocks, from five to eight hundred feet high, rising like islands on either side. Our first care was to secure the boat in a small curve to the left, near which the river disappeared in its descent, sending up showers of spray. We found it was not one fall, as the hollow roar had led us to believe, but a succession of falls and cascades, and whatever else is horrible in such ‘confusion worse confounded.’ It expanded to about the breadth of four hundred yards, having near the centre an insulated rock about three hundred feet high, having the same barren and naked appearance as those on each side. From the projection of the main western shore, which concealed the opening, issued another serpentine rapid and fall ; while to the right there was a strife of surge and rock, the roar of which was heard far and wide. The space occupying the centre, from the first descent to the island, was full of sunken rocks of unequal heights, over which the rapid foamed and boiled, and rushed with impetuous and deadly fury. At that part it was raised into an arch ; while the sides were yawning and cavernous, swallowing huge masses of ice, and then again tossing the splintered fragments high into the air. A more terrific sight could not well be conceived, and the im-

pression which it produced was apparent on the countenances of the men. The portage was over scattered debris of the rocks (of which two more, with perpendicular and rounded sides, formed a kind of wall to the left,) and afforded a rugged and difficult way to a single rock at the foot of the rapid, about a mile distant. The boat was emptied of its cargo, but was still too heavy to be carried more than a few yards; and, whatever the consequence, there was thus no alternative but to try the falls."

With incredible courage and skill the boat was guided by McKay and Sinclair down the rushing torrent. It was then taken from the water, and our party encamped for the night. On the next day they pushed into the stream and passed through many rapids to Sinclair's falls, where they made a portage.

July 25th—The weather was raw and cold. The river expanded into a lake. Several dangerous rapids were passed, when our party arrived at the remains of an Esquimaux encampment. Along the banks of the river lay several dead deer, which doubtless had been drowned in attempting to cross the rapids. Until the 29th, our voyagers pursued their way. The details are given at length in the journal. We omit them here, as they possess comparatively little interest. On that day (29th) they saw a party of the Esquimaux. Some called out; others made signs. Our Captain directed his course to the shore, on which the Indians brandished their spears and ran towards them. As the boat grounded they formed a semicircle at twenty paces distance, yelling loudly. Captain Back landed, and walking up to them alone, called out "Timā" (peace). Immediately the Indians threw down their arms, crying Timā. Our Captain, thus amicably received, walked up, and adopting, as he says, the true John Bull fashion of salutation, shook hands with them all round. Buttons, fish-hooks, and other trifles, were distributed among them, with which they were well satisfied.

Our author having thus gained the confidence of the natives, directed the men to examine and if possible to pass the fall which had obstructed them. He then went with the Indians to their tents: these are particularly described. The steersman returned, and reported the impossibility of getting down the fall; therefore, wishing that the Esquimaux should not see the baggage, our Captain directed Mr. King to make the portage, while he amused them by sketching their likenesses, &c. This greatly pleased them, and they were in high good humour. Our author gives a humorous description of one of his "sitters:—

"The women were much tattooed about the face and the middle and fourth fingers. The only lady whose portrait was sketched was so flattered at being selected for the distinction, that in her fear lest I should not sufficiently see every grace of her good-tempered countenance, she intently watched my eye; and, according to her notion of the part I was pencilling, protruded it, or turned it so as to leave me no excuse for not

delineating it in the full proportion of its beauty. Thus, seeing me look at her head, she immediately bent it down; stared portentously when I sketched her eyes; puffed out her cheeks when their turn arrived; and, finally, perceiving that I was touching in the mouth, opened it to the full extent of her jaws, and thrust out the whole length of her tongue. She had six tattooed lines drawn obliquely from the nostrils across each cheek; eighteen from her mouth across her chin and the lower part of the face; ten small ones, branching like a larch tree from the corner of each eye; and eight from the forehead to the centre of the nose between the eyebrows. But what was most remarkable in her appearance was the oblique position of the eyes; the inner portion of which was considerably depressed, whilst the other was proportionately elevated. The nostrils were a good deal expanded, and the mouth large. Her hair was jet black, and simply parted in front into two large curls, or rather festoons, which were secured in their places by a fillet of white deer skin twined round the head, whilst the remainder hung loose behind the ears, or flowed not ungracefully over her neck and shoulders. She was the most conspicuous, though they were all of the same family: they were singularly clean in their persons and garments; and, notwithstanding the linear embellishments of their faces, in whose mysterious figures a mathematician might perhaps have found something to solve or perplex, they possessed a sprightliness which gave them favour in the eyes of my crew, who declared 'they were a set of bonnie-looking creatures.'

Our Captain was now informed that the crew were unable to convey the boat over the portage; so taking advantage of the good humour of the Indians, he asked them to give him a helping hand. They cheerfully complied, and the boat was launched below the fall. Our party proceeded down the river to Cockburn's Bay, and thence to Victoria headland. Small islands were seen to the left, after which they entered a large bay. As they rounded Point Beaufort, the drift ice came down so rapidly that they were forced to land, in order to secure the boat from being staved in. They were detained here by the ice until August 1st. When the boat was again launched, they were again stopped by the ice. August 3d—Parties were sent out in different directions, to ascertain if it was possible to creep along shore among the grounded pieces; but they reported unfavourably. The evening of this day was spent in the performance of divine service.

On the 5th, our traveller reconnoitred from a hill, and discovered a large space of open water before him. When the wind abated they got under way, passed the open space, again were stopped by ice, and landed. An exploring party was sent ahead, who at night returned wearied and exhausted. They described the land as low and swampy, and some miles off there was an appearance of open water.

August 7th—Under the force of the wind the ice separated, and our party proceeded under sail, at the rate of five knots an hour. After a delightful sail they were again stopped. During the night the rain was incessant, and the light of the morning

disclosed a mass of ice closely packed along the shore. The raw and chilly atmosphere, together with the want of warm food, had excited the fears of Captain Back for the health of his crew—the more so, as M'Kenzie had for some days been so bloated and swollen, as to be unable to attend to his duty. The rest of the men, however, remained in good health.

The people were now despatched in search of fuel; but though they went a distance of ten miles, were unsuccessful. They continued here for some hours, suffering much from the weather.

“The place where we encamped, and, indeed, every foot of this sandy soil, was covered with small shells resembling cockles and bivalves. Innumerable rills of fresh water ran in opposite directions from the central ridge. About 8 P. M. the rain began to fall again, though without at all clearing the fog, and the wind from the north-west increased to a strong breeze. A shout of ‘What have you got there?’ announced the return of the men: the jocular answer of ‘A piece of the North Pole’ immediately brought Mr. King and myself from out the tent; and we found that they had really picked up a piece of *drift-wood nine feet long and nine inches in diameter*, together with a few sticks of smaller drift-wood and a part of a kieyack. When the large trunk was sawed, I was rather surprised to see it very little sodden with water; a proof that it could not have been exposed for any considerable length of time to its action. From the peculiar character of the wood, which was pine, of that kind which is remarkable for its freedom from knots, I had no doubt that it had originally grown somewhere in the upper part of the country, about the M'Kenzie; and of this I was the more competent to judge from my recollection of the drift-wood west of that large river, which it exactly resembled. Though we had strong reasons to be grateful for this unlooked-for treasure, as affording us the means of enjoying a hot meal—the first for several days,—yet there were other considerations which gave it in my eyes a far greater importance. In it I saw what I thought an incontrovertible proof of the set of a current from the westward along the coast to our left, and that consequently we had arrived at the main line of the land; for it is a fact well known to the officers of both Sir John Franklin's expeditions, that the absence of drift-wood was always regarded as an infallible sign that we had gone astray from the main, either among islands or in some such opening as Bathurst's Inlet, where, by reason of the set of the current, not a piece of any size was found.”

The 13th of August set in with rain; but a narrow lake of water was seen between the grounded ice and the main body: preparations were made to get under way, when the wind chopped round and prevented it. On the 14th, the boat was lifted over various impediments, and launched in open water. On the 15th, the weather became calm, and the ice again set in to the southward. Our author reconnoitred from a hill, and saw a closely packed mass of ice, extending to the horizon. The appearance and marks of the surrounding region are here minutely described by Captain Back; we omit them, as also the reasons which induced him, at this point, to turn his face southwardly, on his return to Fort Reliance. We have, of

course, been under the necessity of omitting many interesting circumstances, for which we must refer the reader to the journal itself. Suffice it to say, that our Captain assembled his men, and informed them that the period fixed by his majesty's government for the return of the expedition had arrived; and that now it only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers, whilst this portion of America should receive the name of William the Fourth's Land. This information was received by the crew with great joy, and the service was performed with befitting loyalty.

Our party were now on their way to their old winter quarters; on the morning of the 17th they reached Point Beaufort; the gale set in with great violence, and a heavy snow fell, so that they were forced to seek refuge on the shore. On the 19th, the wind abated and they proceeded towards the river; and in the afternoon, the gale again arising, they sought shelter under Victoria Headland. On the 21st, they reached the lower fall, where they had seen the Esquimaux: they were no longer there. Four miles farther, the tents they had before seen, were discovered, pitched on the bank of a strong rapid. It was impossible for the boat to cross this rapid, and the natives could not be induced to approach.

On the 30th, they ascended the long and hazardous rapids, leading to Lake Garry,—the 31st, they came upon a large encampment of Esquimaux. Our author approached, with demonstrations of friendship, but the Indians retreated, and our party proceeded on their way. September the 6th, they passed Baillie's River, and, ascending a long rapid, came to Lake Beechy. On the 19th, they crossed Musk Ox Lake, and found themselves abreast of Icy River. The next day they got to the first portage on the Thlew-ee-choh, and on the 17th, met Mr. M'Leod, with six men, who had been waiting several days already at Sand Hill Bay.

For two days the weather was very tempestuous, and our party could not move. On the 20th our author set out, leaving M'Leod, to follow at his leisure, that he might hunt along the shores of the lake: they then crossed Lake Aylmer, and got into Clinton Colden Lake,—passing the rapids of Little River they encamped on the western shore of Artillery Lake. About noon, on the 24th, they got to the Ah-hel-dessy. They proceeded, over rapids, falls, and portages, along this troublesome stream. Our traveller thus describes a cascade on the river:

"From the only point at which the greater part of it was visible, we could distinguish the river coming sharp round a rock, and falling into an upper basin almost concealed by intervening rocks; whence it broke in one vast sheet into a chasm between four and five hundred feet deep, yet in appearance so narrow that we fancied we could almost step

across it. Out of this the spray rose in misty columns several hundred feet above our heads; but as it was impossible to see the main fall from the side on which we were, in the following spring I paid a second visit to it, approaching from the western bank. The road to it, which I then traversed in snow shoes, was fatiguing in the extreme, and scarcely less dangerous; for, to say nothing of the steep ascents, fissures in the rocks, and deep snow in the valleys, we had sometimes to creep along the narrow shelves of precipices, slippery with the frozen mist that fell on them. But it was a sight which well repaid any risk. My first impression was of a strong resemblance to an iceberg, in Smeerenberg Harbour, Spitzbergen. The whole face of the rocks forming the chasm was entirely coated with blue, green, and white ice, in thousands of pendent icicles: and there were, moreover, caverns, fissures, and overhanging ledges in all imaginable varieties of form, so curious and beautiful as to surpass any thing of which I had ever heard or read."

On the 27th the journey was resumed, and at noon our party arrived at their old winter quarters, after an absence of nearly four months. It now remained to make arrangements for passing the winter comfortably; and to that end all necessary means were adopted for obtaining supplies of provisions. McLeod, with all the men except six, went to the fisheries, and our captain remained at the fort.

The manner in which the winter passed, and some few incidents of little interest, are briefly related in the narrative.

On the 21st of March Captain Back took leave of Mr. McLeod; and soon after, reached Fort Resolution. On the 10th of April he arrived at Fort Chippewyan. After detentions at several places, he got to Norway House, in Jack River, and soon after set out for Montreal, with a crew of Iroquois, and Canadians; having, at their desire, discharged his own men.

At Sault Ste-Marie our Captain was received by the commandant of the American garrison, with a salute of guns. On the 6th of August, he arrived at La Chine; having, since he left it, travelled over a distance of seven thousand five hundred miles.

Captain Back reached New York on the 17th of August, and embarked for Liverpool, where he arrived on the 8th of September, after an absence of two years and seven months. Mr. King, with eight men, reached England, in the company's ship in October.

The reader will perceive, from the abstract we have given, that the primary object of the expedition had ceased to be of importance at an early stage of it. Its secondary object seems to have been but partially accomplished.

The hope, so strongly cherished by our author, of discovering the wanderers, was the great impulse to all his exertions—his support under much privation and suffering; and the enthusiasm with which he had undertaken, and for some time prose-

cuted the enterprise, was doubtless greatly diminished by the intelligence of Ross's return to England.

The journey was continued to the point we have indicated, with a comparatively flagging spirit; when, discouraged by the obstacles which Nature opposed to him, our traveller began his homeward voyage. The important object of ascertaining the existence of a passage along the coast to Point Turnagain, was not effected; nor can we perceive from our examination of the journal, that the secondary instructions of the committee, in many other particulars, were satisfactorily accomplished.

Our author draws an inference, from circumstances which he details, in favour of the existence of a southern channel to Regent's Inlet; but whether or not his inference is a correct one, must be ascertained by the researches of future discoverers.

Referring the learned reader to a copious appendix to the Journal, for much valuable scientific information, we close our notice of this interesting narrative.

ART. VII.—*Works of Chateaubriand.* 22 vols. Pourrat, frères.
Paris: 1832.

The Vicomte de Chateaubriand, during all the term of the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, and even until now, has been in possession of one of the most distinguished literary reputations of his time—second for its brilliancy certainly only to that of Madame de Staël, far inferior as he is to her and to many others in substantial merit and real genius. The Vicomte is an extraordinary study; he is multifarious and amusing as an individual, and valuable as a specimen of a Frenchman; and after you have sufficiently considered what he really is, it is curious enough to compare your conclusions, with respect to him, with his own ideas of himself. He is the most plausible of human beings; you can never take him without his reasons; no matter how incongruous, jarring, or inconsequent any given collection of his sayings or doings may seem to you, he will put them all into a story which, like a kaleidoscope, will show them in beautiful symmetry. He is approaching the end of a pretty long life, from the events of which he has it at his choice to produce a thread of any given colour, and to prove to you that he has always consistently guided himself by that. He chooses legitimacy and piety and real civil and religious liberty, and certainly

he makes out his case very creditably, and it is a pleasure to believe him. And, to do him justice, this is the interpretation which accords best with the general tenor of his words and deeds, though there have been exceptions which do not appear in this expurgated edition of his works, revised by himself. For example: in 1801, in publishing the third edition of *Atala*, he called Napoleon "one of those men whom Heaven sends in sign of reconciliation, when it is weary of punishing;" this phrase is now suppressed. In 1811 again, he made Bonaparte's eulogy a part of his *Itinéraire*; but afterwards, when it was necessary to find a reason for having praised the usurper, it had been done because he could not "for the sake of his bookseller's interests, refuse an act of complaisance which the minister of the police demanded." His address to the king too, on the 5th September, 1815, at the head of the deputation of the Loire, recommending severity towards the political offenders of the "hundred days," is not in keeping with his present part, and of course it does not appear. More such cases might be cited, and we shall have occasion as we go on to remark a little upon the tone of his religious writings; but, for the present, we merely wish to show that the Vicomte, although really and truly as this world goes a most amiable man, and honest at least by preference, has nevertheless had his ebbs and flows, and that in order to make good his lofty pretensions now of being and having always been above truckling to circumstance, he is obliged to tamper a little here and there with truth. To show what his pretensions in this respect as well as in others are, we shall give his character of himself in his own words. We take it from various parts of his works, to which we refer in the note; but it has an air almost of having been written originally whole, and distributed, to make it go down better, to various places in small portions. If this be so, and the Vicomte has really cut himself up, as it were, and thus taken the proper business of reviewers out of our hands, it is no more than fair perhaps that we should reverse our own spells, and put him together again.

"My life for twenty-five years has been nothing but a battle against whatever appeared to me to be false in religion, in philosophy, and in politics, against the crimes and errors of the age, and against the men who misused power to corrupt or to enslave the people. I have never calculated the degree of such men's elevation, and from Bonaparte who made the world tremble, and who never made *me* tremble, to those obscure oppressors, who are only known by my contempt, I have dared to utter all to those who dared to act all. Wherever I have been, I have stretched out a hand to misfortune, but I do not comprehend prosperity. Always ready to devote myself to adversity, I do not know how to serve passion in its triumph. I have a cursed love of truth, and a fear to say the thing which is not, which with me overpowers all other considerations. Bonaparte repeatedly threatened me with his anger and with his

might, and yet he was swayed by a secret penchant towards me, as I felt an involuntary admiration for what there was that was great in him. I might have been every thing under his government had I wished it, but for success I have always lacked a passion and a vice; ambition, and hypocrisy. Educated as the companion of winds and waves, those waves, those winds, that solitude which were my early teachers, suited better perhaps with the nature of my mind, and the independence of my character. Perhaps I may owe to this education some wild virtue, which otherwise I might never have known. Greatness of mind or of fortune never awes me. I admire the first without being oppressed by it, the second inspires me with pity rather than respect. The face of man will never discompose me (*visage d'homme ne me troublera jamais.*) I do not make any boast of my labours, my habitual feeling on the subject of my works is not pride, but an indifference which I carry perhaps too far."¹

Add to this what he says about his early studies, and we shall see what a prodigy of learning as well as virtue we have to deal with.

"J'aimais passionnement la métaphysique; mais que n'aimais-je pas? Je me plaisais à l'algèbre comme à la poésie, et j'avais pour l'érudition historique le goût d'un véritable bénédictin."—Vol. II. p. 116.

There is a good deal of matter for argument in this account of studies, and it may be improved either way, by proving *à priori* that a man who read in this manner would not learn much, and thus condemning the practice by the vice of the principle; or contrariwise by showing the badness of the principle, by the results in the Vicomte's own case of the practice. He has no doubt read many books, and he most certainly is not a learned man. He has acquired simply what Johnson calls the "knowledge where knowledge is," and when he wants to show off on a given subject, he takes down a book, and flings quotations at you whole, hit or miss. His learning is not like golden sands carried along in a pactolus of eloquence, and tinging all its waters; on the contrary, it lies at the foot of his page in notes in solid lumps like a pebbly bottom, and his stream is neither better for it nor worse. He regurgitates with quotation in his learned writings, throwing out unchanged, like a dice-box, what he has just thrown in, taking always good care to make it rattle, but when he attempts to talk learnedly without book, he is in constant danger of a blunder. Take for instance his declaration about the fall of the false gods, (*Génie du C. Part I. B. 2. Ch. 4.*) when he asks if Serapis did not fall with Thèbes. Now the worship of Serapis came to Alexandria from Pontus two hundred years after Thèbes was destroyed, and it was at Alex-

¹ See Vol. II. Pref. vi: Vol. VIII. 214: Vol. I. Pref. iii. Vol. VII. 7—21. Vol. VIII. 203. and Vol. I. 2.—In this order.

andria that his worship was most famous for six hundred years, till Theodosius destroyed his temple. And this the Vicomte must once have known, and forgotten, for he quotes Heraclides of Pontus, and Porphyry, only a few pages before, for an oracle of Serapis, which shows he had been exploring the subject, but he let a part of the fruits of his research get a little too old before he used it. Again, in his preface to his travels in America, among a vast number of crude facts relating to every body, that ever travelled any where, serving no purpose but to show that he has read about them all, he tells us that the Rev. John Campbell penetrated in Africa, setting out from the Cape of Good Hope, to the distance of eleven thousand miles,—he does not tell us where this journey ended. With a little searching, probably, one might find any quantity of such cases; but, whoever is curious in these matters may refer to an article on the *Etudes Historiques* in the *Foreign Review* for March, 1828, where the question, as to M. de Chateaubriand's pretensions to learning, is definitively settled.

The Vicomte is essentially a coxcomb. Vanity and the love of display are the bases of his character, and these principles have kept his mind all his life in a state of greater excitement than is compatible with sober study, or mature reflection. He has talent enough to shine upon a given occasion, and his writings consequently have almost all had a momentary success, and are all in progress of being forgotten. Every thing he does is theatrical, and there is nothing he delights in more, than in giving a sketch of himself in some interesting attitude, wrapped in his cloak on the promontory of Sunium, and leaning against a column to meditate by moonlight among the ruins, or finishing his "*Essai*" in the present expectation of death, "*dans le dénûment de son exil, n'ayant pour table que la pierre de son tombeau.*" Every thing that happens to him is extraordinary; he exclaims constantly, "*singulière destinée,*" upon occasions that are only singular because they happen to *him*, and which to any one else might seem ordinary enough. And with all his respect for the ancients, and his love of all sorts of reading, the author he has read most, quotes oftenest, and most at length, is himself. You are referred back and forth from one end of his books to the other, and very frequently to save you the trouble of taking down the volumes, you will find long passages extracted from his own *Itinéraire*, the notes to his *Essai*, the *Génie du Christianisme*, &c. Sometimes several pages of one work appear incorporated and used a second time in another, as the account of Marguerite de Valois in the *Etudes Historiques*, repeated without acknowledgement in *Voyage à Clermont*, and constantly passages from his travels. This, indeed, is not the worst kind of plagiarism the Vicomte has been

charged with. He incorporated, as it was said at the time, nearly the whole of the natural history, from Beltrami's journey to the sources of the Mississippi, into his *Voyage en Amérique*, edition of 1826. Beltrami complained in the newspapers, and the reviewer above referred to, who compared the two works, asserts that the palpable plunder amounted to near half of two of the Vicomte's volumes.

M. de Chateaubriand was born in 1769, somewhere near St. Malo. He was an officer in the French army, at the breaking out of the revolution. When that army became disorganized he left his country, for America, to attempt to execute a project, which his wise head had been a year or two at work upon, of discovering the northwest passage. The plan was very simple,—he meant to walk round from California, by the north pole, to Labrador, and thence to New York, keeping along the shore the whole way. Here are his words :

“Je voulois marcher à l'ouest de manière à attaquer la rive occidentale de l'Amérique, un peu au-dessus du golfe de Californie. De là suivant le profil du continent et toujours en vue de la mer, mon dessein étoit de me diriger vers le nord jusqu'au détroit de Behring, de doubler le dernier cap de l'Amérique, de descendre à l'est le long des rivages de la mer Polaire, et de rentrer dans les Etats Unis par la baie de Hudson, le Labrador, et le Canada.”—*Voyage en Amérique, Introduction*.

It is not very astonishing, perhaps, that a boy at school should conceive an idea like this, but that any person, old enough to travel, should set out with an expectation of being able to make a beginning of executing it, and that too, without any means or forces but his own personal wisdom and strength, is certainly a little difficult of belief. But the Vicomte goes further ; he appears to be persuaded, even now, that the conception was a proof of courage and genius, and that it possessed some sort of feasibility ; he recurs to it in many different parts of his works, dwells on it with evident complacency, and speculates on the different turn it would have given to his destiny if he had discovered the northwest passage.—“Qui sait même si j'aurois repassé l'Atlantique, si je ne me serais pas fixé dans les solitudes par moi découvertes, comme un conquérant au milieu de ses conquêtes. Il est vrai que je n'aurois pas figuré au Congrès de Verona, et qu'on ne m'eût pas appelé Monseigneur dans l'hôtellerie des Affaires Etrangères, rue des Capucines, à Paris”—(*Ubi Supra*). It is rather a good joke to see in one of the prefaces to *Atala*, where he speaks of this scheme, and dwells upon it, a reference to a note which states that Mackenzie has since executed a part of it.—“M. Mackenzie a depuis exécuté une partie de ce plan.” Mackenzie's route

resembles the design of the Vicomte just as much as a diameter resembles a circumference, and no more; but as for originality in his first expedition, he was already on his way, in 1789; and is more likely in the second to have acted on plans of his own than to have borrowed any from our lively author.

The Vicomte landed at Baltimore, in the summer of 1791. He was then, as he says himself, full of enthusiasm for the ancients—a Cato who sought for rigidity of manners and morals, and was greatly scandalized to find luxury and dissipation in a great republican city. He is convinced now, he adds, that it is not necessary to freedom that we should reject the arts and sciences, and let our beards and nails grow; but then he thought differently, and this disappointment, by a process of reasoning difficult of conception, “*me donna sans doute l’humeur qui me fit écrire la note satirique contre les Quakers,—dans l’Essai Historique.*” The note in question is long and bitter, and it has another note fixed upon it, in the later editions, which praises its wit, condemns its “*tone,*” and does not retract its substance. But it seems odd, since it was “*élégance,*” “*frivolité,*” et “*luxe,*” “*le bruit des salles de bal, et de spectacle,*” that disgusted him, that he should have poured out his spleen chiefly on the very people who abjure all those things, whose ideas were nearest his own in regard to them. He waited fifteen days, in Philadelphia, to see Washington; and though he was a little scandalized at him too when he first saw him in a coach and four, “*Cincinnatus en carrosse,*” yet when he went to his house to deliver a letter of introduction, he found “*the simplicity of the old Roman.*” At the interviews, the Vicomte was quite calm,—“*visage d’homme ne me troublera jamais*”; but Washington was a little astonished, when his visiter told him what were his plans in America. “*Je m’en aperçus, et je lui dis avec un peu de vivacité, mais il est moins difficile de découvrir le passage du nord-ouest, que de créer un peuple, comme vous l’avez fait. Well, well, young man! s’écria-t-il, en me tendant la main. Il m’invita à dîner pour le jour suivant, et nous nous quittâmes.*” There is something so excessively naïve in this recital, that one really does not like to dissect it, and yet the change in the sense that will be produced by a few variations, the slightest possible, will be so great, the causes of the Vicomte’s blunder too are so obvious, and so characteristic, that it may perhaps be worth while to exhibit them. It is evident he understood, and as he edits the book now unchanged, that he still understands, very little English; though he gives his opinion, in his *Mélanges Littéraires*, very authoritatively, and not very favourably, about Shakspeare. And it is also evident that whatever he did not fully understand he was always ready to interpret to his own

advantage, and that in telling a story, notwithstanding his "maudit amour de la vérité," he would not scruple a comma and a note of admiration, and the transposing of an action, and the heightening of a phrase, if all that were required for the effect. He lays his grand plan before Washington, and is a little damped with "monosyllabes françois et anglois," and "une sorte d'étonnement." He gets warm and talks like a fool,—why cannot I discover the northwest passage, when you have created a people. Washington stops his mouth with, well well, young man, invites him to dinner, and gets rid of him with a shake of the hand. Now it is only to put a comma between "well," and "well," a note of admiration at the end of the phrase, and it means, "Bien, bien, jeune homme!"—and this the Vicomte certainly thinks it does mean. The manner probably puzzled him; however, "s'écria-t-il" helps him along, and then putting the hand-shaking in here, which belongs, no doubt, to the invitation to dinner, and dismissal in the next sentence, "me tendit la main," the scene becomes all one could wish. The dinner of the next day is despatched in a few words, which are chiefly to the purpose that Washington had a key of the Bastile, which he believed was genuine, but his visitor did not, but thought it a "jouet assez niais"—a silly toy enough. A parallel between Washington and Bonaparte follows; and we extract a part of it, in the original, as a favourable specimen of Chateaubriand's style and manner, though we scarcely know of two mortals that ever existed, who require less to have their points of difference indicated, than these two.

"Washington n'appartient pas comme Buonaparte à cette race des Alexandre et des César, qui dépassent la stature de l'espèce humaine. Rien d'étonnant ne s'attache à sa personne, il n'est point placé sur un vaste théâtre, il n'est point aux prises avec les capitaines les plus habiles et les plus puissants monarques de son temps, il ne court point de Memphis à Vienne et de Cadix à Moscou, il se défend avec une poignée de citoyens sur une terre sans souvenirs et sans célébrité dans le cercle étroit des foyers domestiques. Il ne livre point de ces combats qui renouvellent les triomphes sanglants d'Arbèle et de Pharsale, il ne renverse point les trônes pour en récompenser d'autres avec leurs débris, il ne met point le piéd sur le cou des rois, il ne leur fait point dire sous les vestibules de son palais

'Qu'ils se font trop attendre et qu'Attila s'ennuie.'

"Quelque chose de silencieux enveloppe les actions de Washington. Il agit avec lenteur, on dirait qu'il se sent le mandataire de la liberté de l'avenir et qu'il craint de la compromettre. Ce ne sont pas ses destinées que porte ce héros d'une nouvelle espèce, ce sont celles de son pays; il ne se permet pas de jouer ce qui ne lui appartient pas. Mais de cette profonde obscurité quelle lumière va jaillir. Cherchez ces bois inconnus où brille l'épée de Washington, qu'y trouverez-vous, des tombeaux? Non! un Monde! Washington a laissé les Etats-Unis pour trophée sur son champ de bataille.

"Bonaparte n'a aucun trait de ce grave Américain; il combat sur une vieille terre environnée d'éclat et de bruit, il ne veut créer que sa renommée, il ne se charge que de son propre sort. Il semble savoir que sa mission sera courte, que le torrent qui descend de si haut s'écoulera promptement, il se hâte de jouir et d'abuser de sa gloire, comme d'une jeunesse fugitive. A l'instar des Dieux d'Homère, il veut arriver en quatre pas au bout du monde, il paroît sur tous les rivages, il inscrit précipitamment son nom dans les fastes de tous les peuples; il jette en courant des couronnes à sa famille et à ses soldats, il se dépêche dans ses monuments, dans ses lois, dans ses victoires. Penché sur le monde, d'une main il terrasse les rois, de l'autre il abat le géant révolutionnaire; mais en écrasant l'anarchie, il étouffe la liberté, et finit par perdre la sienne sur son dernier champ de bataille.

"Chacun est récompensé selon ses œuvres. Washington élève une nation à l'indépendance: magistrat retiré, il s'endort paisiblement sous son toit paternel au milieu des regrets de ses compatriotes et de la vénération de tous les peuples.

"Bonaparte ravit à une nation son indépendance. Empereur déchu, il est précipité dans l'exil où la frayeur de la terre ne le croit pas encore assez emprisonné sous la garde de l'Océan. Tant qu'il se débat contre la mort, faible et enchaîné sur un rocher, l'Europe n'ose déposer les armes. Il expire, cette nouvelle publiée à la porte du palais devant laquelle le conquérant avoit fait proclamer tant de funérailles, n'arrête ni n'étonne le passant: qu'avoient à pleurer les citoyens?"

There is more of this that we might quote, but we must economise our space, and be content with one phrase where he enumerates, under Bonaparte's advantages, that "il regissoit sur la nation la plus civilisée, la plus intelligente, la plus brave, la plus brillante, de la terre." There are a thousand passages scattered through this writer's works to the same effect; his Indian warriors all have a great respect for the French; the name of the François is in great honour among the Arabs; and when he is in one of his paroxysms of puffing himself, he winds up with "et d'ailleurs quand j'aimerois un peu la gloire, ne suis-je pas François," &c. Now this national vanity is, no doubt, in its proper place in the writings of an author whom vanity, in all her forms, has marked for her own, but it is just as contrary to good sense and good taste as praise of one's own individual self. All the nations of the earth have been accumulating glory since the world began, and where is it? They have used it up in psalms and hymns to themselves, which they have sung by themselves; nobody ever heard, out of France, of the superior bravery of Frenchmen, nor out of England, of Englishmen, and so on. Every man will fight, and victories depend on the general; Bonaparte at least sufficiently demonstrated that. *There is* a superiority which is recognised beyond the bounds of its possessors, but it is not military glory; it is the superiority of the arts of peace. England has much of it, and many countries have more than France, and one reason why she is so far from being "la nation

la plus civilisée," is to be found in the excess of this mistake she makes in her estimate of herself. She has the ordinary capacities of human nature in climates like hers, no more and no less, but a better use is made elsewhere of equal capacity, by employing on something useful the time she loses in praising herself. She keeps out improvement like the Chinese, and imagines the loss is all on the side of her neighbours, and such self-eulogies as those we refer to, do much to perpetuate the deception.

In three more pages we find our traveller beyond the Mohawk, and when he had at length arrived on the confines of the eternal forest, where the axe had never come, he says he fell into a sort of intoxication, to show the effects of which, he quotes a long note again from his own "*Essai Historique*." He ran about, it seems, from tree to tree. Here, he said, are no more roads to follow—here are no more cities, no more houses, presidents, republics, or kings. In short, he performed a thousand capricious acts, which put the great Dutchman he had hired for a guide in a rage, and persuaded him, naturally enough, that his companion was mad. His adventures with Indians are now to begin, and they are such as a predestined writer of sentimental savage romances could not fail to meet; the very things he "went out for to see." We extract first, a doleful story, tending to show how susceptible the author's heart was, and also how much he could make by mere embroidery, without invention, out of the plain fact that an Indian woman had a lean cow. First he sees the cow in a meadow near a cabin, and then—

"I heard a voice from the bottom of the valley. I saw three men driving five or six fat cows. After having turned them into the pasture to feed, they came towards the lean cow, and drove her away with their sticks. The appearance of these Europeans in so desert a place was very unpleasant to me—their violence made them still more disagreeable. They chased the poor brute among the rocks with peals of laughter, exposing her to break her legs. A savage woman, in appearance as miserable as her cow, came out of the solitary hut, advanced toward the frightened animal, and offered her something to eat. The cow ran to her, stretching out her neck with a low murmur of joy. The colonists, from a distance, threatened the Indian woman, who came back to her cabin. The cow followed her. She stopped at the door of her friend, who coaxed her with her hand, while the grateful animal licked that hand for its succour. The colonists were gone.

"I rose and came down the hill; and crossing the valley, I came up on the opposite side to the hut, resolved to repair, as far as it was in my power, the brutality of the white men. The cow saw me, and made a movement to flee. I advanced gently, and arrived, without driving her away, at the habitation of her mistress. The Indian woman was gone in. I uttered the salutation I had been taught, 'siegh!' I am come! The Indian, instead of replying by the customary repetition, you are come!

answered nothing. I concluded that the visit of one of her tyrants annoyed her. I began to caress the cow. The woman seemed astonished; I saw on her yellow and saddened visage, tokens of emotion, and almost of gratitude. These mysterious sympathies of adversity filled my eyes with tears; it is sweet to weep over woes which nobody ever wept over."

Especially for a writer of sentimental romances.

"My hostess looked at me some time, still doubtfully, as if she feared I meant to deceive her, and then she came and passed her own hand across the front of the companion of her misery and solitude.

"Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I said, in English, for my Indian was exhausted, 'She is very lean.' The woman replied, also in bad English, 'She eats very little.' 'They drove her away rudely,' said I, and the woman answered, 'We are used to that both.' 'This meadow is not yours, then?' said I. She answered, 'This meadow was my husband's, who is dead; I have no children, and the white men put their cows in my pasture.'

"I had nothing to offer to this indigent creature. My intention had been to demand justice for her, but to whom should I apply? * * * We parted, the Indian woman and I, after having pressed each other's hands again. My hostess said to me many things which I did not understand, which were, doubtless, prayers for the prosperity of the stranger," &c. &c.

The first touches here, without comment, the solitary hut; and its helpless mistress, and her cow chased from her pasture, are not destitute of the elements of the pathetic, and they suggest associations of sadness we are no way disposed to turn into ridicule. But the Vicomte's *scene* gives matters a gayer turn; few readers will get through it, we think, with grave faces. We come now to a most apocryphal looking story which the Vicomte, it seems, has been in the habit of telling, for he says it is already known, and he quotes it from his own *Itinéraire*, of his meeting with a certain M. Violet, and the things he saw on that occasion. M. Violet, it seems, had been scullion to General Rochambeau, but he had emigrated westward, and was now "maitre de danse chez les sauvages." The Vicomte found him surrounded by twenty of his scholars, all be-daubed like witches, men and women half naked, with slit ears, crow's feathers in their hair, and rings in their noses. They paid in beaver's fur and bear's hams for their schooling, and their master called them always *messieurs les sauvages* and *mesdames les sauvagesses*. All this is vastly entertaining, but the truth is, in almost every thing the Vicomte says about the savages, his professions of romancer and traveller seem to have insensibly blended themselves in his mind, and his "maudit amour de la verité" evidently occasionally relaxes. His accounts of the savage hospitality, of their mode of receiving strangers, and the "danse du suppliant," of their notions of honour, and punishing children by throwing water in their

faces, and saying "We me deshonores," &c. &c., all these things appear to be mixed up with puerile inventions and exaggerations; how large a part of them belongs to M. de Chateaubriand we shall not attempt to determine. But when he gives us an extract from a letter which he wrote from the Falls of Niagara, and describes the scene which is round him at the moment, would any one expect him to enumerate the cotton plants, among its ornaments? and since he does, is it not evident that the letter was not written on the spot where he says it was, but merely invented afterwards for effect, in order to introduce more vividly some prettinesses of description? Here is the opening:—

"Il faut que je vous raconte ce qui s'est passé hier matin chez mes hôtes, (a tribe of Indians.) L'herbe étoit encore couverte de rosée, le vent sortoit des forêts tout parfumé, les feuilles du murier sauvage étoient chargées des cocons d'un espèce de ver à soie, et les plantes à coton du pays, renversant leurs capsules épanouies, ressembloient à des rosiers blancs."

The Indians are then described in their daily life, and the scenes that pass, with his Dutchman's interpretations, and his own comments and inferences, are sufficiently droll. The children are at play—

"Un sauvage d'une trentaine d'années a appelé son fils, et l'a invité à sauter moins fort. L'enfant a répondu: 'c'est raisonnable,' et sans faire ce que son père lui disoit, il est retourné au jeu.—Le grand-père de l'enfant l'a appelé à son tour, et lui a dit: 'Fais celà,' et le petit garçon s'est soumis. Ainsi, l'enfant a désobéi à son père qui le prioit et a obéi à son aïeul qui lui commandoit. Le père n'est presque rien pour l'enfant." &c. &c.

This letter is long, and all much to the same purpose. It is followed by an account of an adventure of the Vicomte in scrambling down a rock 200 feet high at the falls, to get to the water at the bottom, the stairs or ladder having been destroyed. There is no such rock there, but as the traveller fell and broke his arm, a little license must be given him. From Niagara he appears to have descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, and to have found his way into Florida, but the narrative becomes confused, and takes for a time the shape of a journal, dated by the hours of the day, and for some parts which are missing we are directed to look in "Atala" and "Les Natchez." Then it stops short. We have some long chapters of natural history, the spoils, perhaps, of poor Beltram, and some more upon the customs of the Indians, then a plan which the author once devised for improving the condition of the Spanish colonies, by forming them into constitutional monarchies. Then follows a short chapter which states that somewhere in a log house in the woods he found a newspaper with an account of

the flight of the king, the projects of emigration, and the union of the French officers under the princes. "Je crus entendre la voix d'honneur et j'abandonnai mes projets." He returned to France, emigrated, was wounded before Thionville, and went to England to recruit his strength, and open a new chapter in his life, to talk much about the northwest passage in after days, but to pursue no farther his actual search for it.

In England, where he seems to have written for bread, he began a work which, in its present state, is one of the greatest curiosities extant. It is an historical essay, written to prove that all the great revolutions of states in the world have resembled each other, not only in their general features, but in their minute details, and even in the characters of all the actors. The plan was to consider the revolutions of Greece and Rome, Florence, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and some French troubles, and compare each with the revolution of '89. The two volumes which were finished contain only the revolutions of Greece, and though the resemblances to the French revolution are sufficiently ingenious, they are forced and overstrained absurdly; but this is not subject for criticism now, because the author gives them up, and retracts and abuses them himself. The same remark applies to the irreligious part of the book, and it was upon this, chiefly, that he had to defend himself when he returned to France, and published the *Genie du Christianisme*; there was an outcry raised about the *Essai*; quotations from it were published; squibs of all sorts were made of it, and it was represented as so much worse than it really was, that the Vicomte demanded leave to publish an edition of it in France, to show how unjustly it was assailed.

The police replied to this demand, that the volume must go through the hands of the censors in the usual way. The censors, of course, might have struck some passages out, but the Vicomte did not give them an opportunity; it suited his purpose better to say he had been refused leave to publish an unmutated edition, as indeed nobody could publish any book at that time till the censors had pronounced it pure, according to their ideas, or made it so. However, all the Vicomte wanted was to make out a hard case, and to show that the book in question was not so bad, but that he was willing to republish it, provided he could give it entire. The fact is, whatever heresies in religion or politics it contains, are so softened by the affectation of elegance and philanthropy which pervades every thing the Vicomte does, that their sting is completely neutralized; and all you can gather about the opinions of the author is, that he has his head full of them of all colours, and does not know himself which are his own. Here, however, was an armory ever ready with weapons for whoever would assail the Vicomte; and

when his reputation became considerable enough for attack, he was badgered with it from all quarters, and certainly they managed to make him very uncomfortable.

The matter remained in this state till the Restoration, and long after indeed, for although the Vicomte began to promise to reprint the work himself in France, as soon as he was free to do so, for a variety of reasons he kept putting it off till 1826, when at last, in a complete edition of his works then published, he brought out the *Essai* in two volumes. It was pretty well charged with notes when he first wrote it, and all these are reproduced, as well as the text, word for word. Nothing is changed, lest the evil disposed should say the republication was incomplete. And then, to the text and old notes, new notes are appended in sufficient abundance, and the whole gives a curious view of the views of the author on all sorts of subjects at twenty-seven or eight years of age, and of the same man's views of those views and of those subjects at fifty-seven, or, as they now appear in the edition of 1832, at sixty-three. He begins the preface with some allusion to the causes which compel him to republish the work, and enters on a long narrative of the circumstances under which he wrote it, and the troubles it has caused him; and in the front of his story he tells us he had been to America to discover the north-west passage, and he adds in a note, what certainly cannot be denied, "*J'ai dit cela cent fois dans mes ouvrages et notamment dans l'Essai.*" He says that he has long ago abandoned all the heretical parts of the work, and has in fact treated it with more severity than most of his critics; and he quotes from a preface of his own to his *Mélanges Politiques*, a passage where he says, "*Litterairement parlant ce livre est détestable et parfaitement ridicule; c'est un chaos où se rencontrent les Jacobins et les Spartiates,*" &c.—(the catalogue of incongruities is long)—"*le tout en style sauvage et bon-soufflé, plein de fautes de langue, d'idiotismes étrangers, et de barbarismes.*" But he relents when he comes to judge his own offspring at this rate, and in a note he says he must be permitted to do himself justice—he was angry when he wrote that, and it is too severe. The new notes throughout the book are deprecatory, but a good many of them might be summed up by saying, "that is wrong," or even "that is wicked, but I was very young, and it is clever, isn't it?"—"assez piquante," "il y la à dedans quelque lecture," &c. One thing in the book that has amused us infinitely is, to see that he is really disgusted now at his early admiration of Rousseau, that is, at its excess, for he retains a part of it still. But when he finds himself speaking in the essay of the "sublime *Emile*," it vexes him, and he comes out with a long note, in which, after refusing that work any other merit but that of the forms of its style, not

language, and "quelques pages d'une rare éloquence," he sets the Vicar's profession of faith aside as a tedious Socinian sermon, and the whole of the political works with one phrase, "*la politique de Rousseau a vieilli.*" Finally, "*Rousseau n'est définitivement au-dessus des autres écrivains que dans une soixantaine de lettres de la Nouvelle Héloïse (qu'il faut relire, comme je le fais à présent même, à la vue des rochers de Meillerie), dans ses Reveries, et dans ses Confessions.*" It gives us pleasure to see one Frenchman, and that Frenchman the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, expressing his admiration of Rousseau in moderate terms, and limiting it to parts of his writings. We feel abundantly authorized, wherever he stops, to fall a good deal short of him, and to deny that Rousseau is "*définitivement au-dessus des autres écrivains,*" at all.

But to return to our Essay : the whole thing in the shape in which it now appears, is very instructive and characteristic : the history of its composition and of its abandonment by the author, of his excuses on the score of youth, ("*dans ma première jeunesse,*") for a book published when he was twenty-eight,—the mortification he suffered from its critics, and his vain efforts to get leave to operate upon himself, and so take away their occupation, his slowness to do so when he might, and his final accomplishment of the task eleven years after the Restoration, and then the little encouragement and friendly flatteries he mingles with his "*corrections fraternelles,*" his sensitiveness, and shrinking even under his own kind hand which is so ready with its plasters ; all these things together make the Essay and its notes and appendages, if not a valuable literary monument, at least what Coleridge would call "*a psychological curiosity.*" We cannot, however, admit the Vicomte's transcendental pretensions to consistency.—"*Les grandes lignes de mon existence,*" he says some where, "*n'ont point fléchi,*" and all these notes and prefaces are intended to prove that that is true, at least to a great extent, and that where he *has* varied, it has not been interest that has swayed him ; but that on the contrary he has set all worldly interests at defiance in the service of truth, and that it has been only the force of events which have happened to bring the right side up, and him with it, when he had had every reason to apprehend the contrary. In political matters he says he has never varied ; in religious ones, though the incredulity of the Essai is certainly pretty decided, he says he had always a deep devotional feeling, though he was not, when he wrote that work, a believer in Christianity. He was not an atheist, he was even "*très-chrétien avant d'être chrétien,*" (see notes to the Essai,) and he gives a circumstantial account of his conversion by a letter from his sister in which his mother's death was announced to him. No one could wish to controvert a word

of this, only there are passages scattered through his works which show that his views of religion since his conversion, are not so lofty as to prevent an occasional profanation by bringing his king worship too near it. In one of the new notes to the *Essai*, he calls Louis XVI., "cet autre Christ," and in the *Genie du Christianisme* itself, his monumental book, he has the extraordinary piece of rant which follows, and which most religious persons, we imagine, will consider rather more presumptuous than becomes the humility of the faith. "Si Adam s'étoit rendu coupable pour avoir voulu trop *sentir* plutôt que de trop concevoir, l'homme peut-être eût pu se racheter lui-même, et le Fils de l'Eternel n'eût point été obligé de s'immoler." Again, take a less gross case, (but what shall we say of the man's ideas of religion, who could prostitute its name to flatter a royal family in this way,) in the *Mémoires sur le Duc de Berry*; speaking of his assassination, he says, "Lorsque l'on fit l'ouverture du corps, on reconnut que le cœur même avoit été blessé; le prince auroit dû mourir sur le coup; de sorte qu'on peut dire que Dieu le fit vivre pendant quelques heures par miracle, afin de nous le faire connoître, et de donner au monde une des plus belles leçons qu'il ait jamais reçues."—Again, "Plusieurs personnes moururent subitement en apprenant l'assassinat de Monseigneur le Duc de Berry. Des prêtres tombèrent à l'autel, et jusque dans les pays étrangers ces morts surnaturelles aux services funèbres du prince." A man may give what reason he pleases for the faith that is in him, and if it be a true reason, it is good for him, but such remarkable coincidences as have happened to Chateaubriand's faith, with the political aspect of his fortunes and party, must be allowed in other minds to establish some sort of association of all these things together. When France was republican and infidel, and he an exile, he writes against Christianity. When Bonaparte had made a treaty with the Pope, he comes out with his great book in favour of Catholicism, and discovers that the first consul is one of those men whom Providence raises up when it is weary of punishing; and when the Bourbons are in power, he calls in the same Providence to work miracles for them. But not the least characteristic part of this matter is, that in his own account of his conversion between the *Essai* and the "*Genie du Christianisme*," he represents the matter all to his own advantage, as if he had come out against the current of opinion and power, and turned it, instead of having floated on it, and turned with it. We shall cite a single passage, and it would be very easy to multiply quotations to prove that the Vicomte lays claim as far as he dares, and farther than he ought, to the credit of having supported an oppressed cause. He tampers with the truth in this particular instance in this way probably, that he dates his own conversion in 1798, and would

tell you, if he were cross-examined on this passage, that that was the epoch he referred to. But every body understands his displaying the standard of religion, to mean the publication of his religious work, and so no doubt he intended it to be understood, reserving the quibble in case he should ever have to justify himself upon it. Having spoken of his political independent course when in exile, he goes on,—“ Dans ma patrie lorsque j’y revins, je trouvai les temples détruits, la religion persécutée, la puissance et les honneurs du côté de la philosophie, aussitôt je me range du côté du foible, et j’arbore l’étandard religieux. Si je faisais tout cela dans des vues intéressées, ma méprise étoit grossière, quoi de plus insensé que de dire dans deux positions contraires précisément ce qui devoit choquer les hommes dont je pouvois attendre la fortune ?” Now the Vicomte returned to France we believe in 1800, so that the difference of time, if you grant him the benefit of it, is not much in his favour ; it could hardly be called even then “ranging himself on the weaker side,” to add his strength to that public opinion which was already so strong in favour of an accommodation with the church. The concordat was signed 26th July, 1801, and that it was a step taken for popularity, and one that might have been long looked for, is sufficiently proved by the writings of the time, even down to the epigrams which circulated in Paris upon the first consul’s conduct and its motives.

Politique plus fin que général habile,
Bien plus ambitieux que Louis dit le Grand,
Pour être roi d’Egypte il croit à l’Alcoran ;
Pour être roi de France il croit à l’Evangile.

Under such circumstances, and at so much risk of martyrdom, and in so much danger of shocking the men from whom he might expect his fortune, did the Vicomte “arborer l’étandard,” and publish *Atala*, in 1801. It is an episode of his *Génie du Christianisme*, which he was then preparing, and is an attempt to show up some religious dogmas, in a sort of melodramatic story, with a quantity of marvel and improbability, quite uncalled for by the subject, and quite disproportionate to the total amount of incidents related. The plot is to this purpose : Chactas, an old Natchez Indian, being bound on a beaver hunting expedition, with his tribe, comes up the Mississippi, and is sailing up the Ohio, with canoes which have sails made of skins, (“peaux de betes,”) and the assistance of the eddies. One moonlight night, when these marvellous canoes are flying before a light breeze, (“la flotte—fuit devant une légère brise,”) the old fellow, who is blind, and Rénè, a Frenchman, but adopted Indian, are the only two persons left awake, to take care of this extraordinary fleet and navigation ;

all the others "dormoient au fond de leurs piroques." There is nothing for them to do, and the old man grows talkative, and relates his own history. Seventy years ago it seems his tribe made war on the Muscogulges, in Florida, lost a battle, and he fled to St. Augustine,—a good flight from Natchez. A Spaniard, named Lopez, befriended him, and he staid there three years, and then the passion for a savage life returning upon him, he takes leave, with many tears, of his benefactor, and sets out for the Mississippi. The Muscogulges catch him of course, they tie him, and march him a great distance, intending to put him to death with torture, according to custom; several times, they are just going to do it, and do not; and the Vicomte does his best to tantalize his readers with this idea. In the meantime, a daughter of the chief is in love with the prisoner also: of course, they take long walks together, by stealth, at night, and he remembers a great deal about the moon and moonlight scenes, on those occasions. Here is a specimen from one of them:

"La nuit étoit délicieuse. Le génie des airs reconnoit sa chevelure bleue embaumée de la senteur des pins, et l'on respiroit la foible odeur d'ambre qu'exhaloient les crocodiles couchés sous les tamarins des fleuves. La lune brilloit au milieu d'un azur sans tache, et sa lumière gris de perle descendoit de la cime indéterminée des forêts. Aucun bruit ne faisoit entendre hors je ne sais quelle harmonie lointaine, qui régnoit dans la profondeur des bois; on eût dit que l'âme de la solitude soupirait dans la profondeur du désert.

"Nous aperçûmes à travers les arbres un jeune homme qui, tenant à la main un flambeau, ressembloit au génie du Printemps parcourant les forêts pour ranimer la nature. C'était un amant qui alloit s'instruire de son sort à la cabane de sa maîtresse. Si la vierge éteint le flambeau elle accepte les vœux offerts, &c."

Atala wishes him to fly, but he will not go without her, and she will not go with him,—there is some mysterious difficulty: the fact is, which the cunning man only brings out in the right place, long after, that Atala is a Christian, and the daughter of old Lopez, the benevolent Spaniard of St. Augustine; her mother, somehow or other, has married the Indian Chief too, but the daughter belongs to the Spaniard. The mother had died recently, devoting her daughter to the Lord, to ransom herself for this sin, and the daughter has sworn on the mother's death-bed, that the vow shall be accomplished. But now she is in love she regrets her compliance bitterly, and hesitates much between her love and her duty. She seems to have been a person of rather strenuous inclinations, as the citations we are about to make exhibit her; they are taken from a dialogue, toward the end of the book; but we are showing the

story on the wrong side for its effect, and of course reversing the author's work.

"Ah, s'il n'avoit fallu que quitter parens, amis, patrie, *si même (chose affreuse)* il n'y eût eu que la perte de mon âme.—Mais ton ombre, ô ma mère, ton ombre étoit toujours là, me reprochant ses tourmens, j'entendois tes plaintes, je voyois les flammes de l'enfer te consumer. Mes nuits étoient arides et pleines des fantômes, mes jours étoient désolés, la rosée du soir séchoit en tombant sur ma peau brûlante, j'entrouvrois mes lèvres aux brises, et les brises, loin de m'apporter la fraîcheur, s'embrâsoient du feu de mon souffle." Again, addressing Chactas, "J'aurois voulu être avec toi la seule créature vivante sur la terre, tantôt sentant une divinité qui m'arrêtoit dans mes horribles transports, j'aurois désiré que cette divinité se fût anéantie, pourvu que, serrée dans tes bras, j'eusse roulé d'abîme en abîme avec les débris de Dieu et du monde."

To resume the narrative, the young couple do at last fly. Chactas makes a canoe, and they go down the Tennessee together, brother and sister like, for the heroine abides by her vow. There comes up a terrible thunder storm, and it is terribly described; they get on shore, and take refuge under a tree, and talk sentiment until Atala's vow begins to fade from her thoughts in the vividness of her love. When, lo! amidst this tempest of passion and the elements, at the moment when he was the most wanted too, a monk appears with a lantern and a dog. He lives half an hour's march off, in a cavern of the mountain, but his dog had perceived the neighbourhood of the strangers at that distance, and informed him of it, and he had come out to seek them, and conduct them to his shelter. The writer makes all possible haste to connect this adventurous benevolence with the religion which he holds up as the principle of his work.

"Vieillard, m'écriai-je enfin, (it is Chactas who speaks,) quel coeur as-tu donc, toi qui n'a pas craint d'être frappé de la foudre? Craindre, repartit le père avec une sorte de chaleur, craindre lorsqu'il y a des hommes en péril, et que je leur puis être utile? je serois donc un bien indigne serviteur de Jesus-Christ."

We have not space to describe this "chief of prayer" and his wild flock in the Kentucky mountain; suffice it that Atala's internal combats having exhausted her endurance, she poisons herself to put an end to them, and dies very penitent in the hermit's cell. Her death-bed scene is wrought up with all the author's invention, and one circumstance brought in, in accordance with the plan of all the work, is made to heighten the remorse of the sufferer to the last excess, by showing her that she has thrown even her worldly happiness away, for she might have married Chactas after all; the monk would have written to the bishop of Quebec, and got a dispensation from her vow,

for her own soul and for her mother's. When she hears this, she falls into a long convulsion, and it is on recovering from this that she cuts off the last hope by confessing that she has taken poison. She exacts a promise from Chactas that he will become a Christian, and dies. Chactas, however, up to the time of the narrative, has never performed his promise; he has it still under consideration; but to relieve the reader on this subject, the author meets at the falls of Niagara the fugitive remnant of the Natchez, many years after, and among them the granddaughter of Réné; she tells him of the old man's baptism and death, and shows him his bones in a bear skin bag, as well as those of the old missionary, and of Atala herself, which Chactas had gone in search of, hearing that the mission had been destroyed by savages, and the holy father tortured to death. Now he makes no allusion to this in his narrative, so that it must have happened afterwards, notwithstanding his blindness. However, he had a miraculous fawn to show him where the bones were, and, of course, miraculous eyes to see them with could not be far off: he disinterred them and bore them off, "rattling on his shoulders like the quivers of death." Such is the story; what the moral is, we are totally at a loss to discover. When Chateaubriand talks of Christianity, he means exclusively Catholicism; and if Atala shows any thing in connection with that, it is merely that it is a good thing for the bishop of Quebec to have power of absolution from absurd vows, but how he justifies the system that makes such vows possible, one cannot conjecture. This rantipole production, as we have said, is an episode of the Genius of Christianity. We shall proceed to say a few words of that work, as the author rests his claim to immortality chiefly on it, and vaunts it in note, preface, and quotation, throughout his two-and-twenty volumes. It is comprised in three volumes octavo, in four parts, of six books each, the first part treating of dogmas and doctrines; the second and third of the relations of Christianity with poetry, literature, and the arts, and the fourth of worship, or, in the author's words,

"La culte, c'est à dire, ce qui concerne les cérémonies de l'église et tout ce qui regarde le clergé, séculier et régulier."

We shall cite a page or two to exhibit the whole design.

"It was not the sophists whom it was desirable to reconcile to religion; it was the people whom they misled. They had seduced them by saying that Christianity was a system born from the womb of barbarism, absurd in its dogmas, ridiculous in its ceremonies, the enemy of the arts, of reason, and of beauty." * * * "It was desirable therefore to prove, on the contrary, that of all the religions which ever existed, the Christian is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favourable

to liberty, to the arts, and to letters. It was desirable to show that nothing can be more divine than its morality, nothing more attractive or more pompous (*pompeux*) than its dogmas, its doctrines, and its worship. It was necessary to say that it favours genius, purifies the taste, developes virtuous passion, gives vigour to thought, offers noble forms to the writer, and perfect models to the artist." * * * "It is time to show, that, far from cramping thought, it lends itself wonderfully to the flights of the mind, and can charm the spirit as divinely as the gods of Virgil and Homer. We neglect too much, perhaps, in works of this nature, to speak the language of our readers. We ought to be doctors with the doctor, and poets with the poet. God does not prohibit flowery paths when they serve to return to him, and it is not always by the rude and sublime paths of the mountain, that the lost sheep comes back to the fold."

We imagine the Vicomte's manner of making religion poetical may be sufficiently appreciated in these extracts, and from his idea quoted a few pages back, that if Adam had sinned sentimentally instead of philosophically, he might have redeemed himself. His chapter on the Trinity is a good specimen of his manner of dealing with doctrine, or, as he calls it, dogma. Having proved in a preamble that mystery and a little confusion of ideas are indispensable to poetic effect, he now undertakes to show that the Trinity, the first mystery of Christians, opens a vast field of philosophic studies. We translate his words. And these studies, it seems, are mere researches into the records of paganism in all countries, to prove that such an idea as that of the Trinity prevailed, more or less, among them; that an oracle of Serapis spoke of such a thing; that the Magi had a Trinity (*Arimanes*, the evil principle, made a part of it), that Plato believed one, and Pythagoras, from whom he gives the following as quotation and Latin version—

“*Προτίμα το σχῆμα καὶ βῆμα καὶ τριῶβολον.*”

“*Honorato in primis habitum tribunal et Triobolum.*”

As he does not inform us whence this piece of learning comes, nor expatiate at all upon its meaning, we are left to infer that it proves whatever he wishes it should; but as for Plato, he certainly ought to know that Plato's Trinity consisted of unequal persons, as one of his own quotations in fact shows, and that the theologians, who, for some inconceivable reason, have wished to prove that it strongly resembled the Christian Trinity, have fairly given up the point. Cudworth and Ogilvie, we believe, have set this matter at rest. As for the celibacy of the clergy, which he treats in a subsequent chapter, his reasonings are so puerile that one is ashamed to quote them. He holds this principle up gravely as a check to the too great increase of the human race, and refers to China as a proof of the

evils of surplus population, not knowing apparently, or trusting that his readers may not know, that the bonzes in China are obliged to celibacy by strict laws and severe penalties. The character of the Vicomte's mind is in the highest degree sophistical, and it appears no less in the forced arguments and illustrations of the *Genie du Christianisme*, than in the forced parallels and strained analogies of the *Essai Historique*. When he is dealing with matters which he feels at liberty to mutilate, as the events of his own life, or the abstruser part of his learning, he has a sufficient tact at making out a plausible story, by leaving out what makes against him, or throwing it artfully into the back ground. He is the genius of occasion; every thing he writes is well timed, and has a present success. His *Essay on Bonaparte and the Bourbons*; that published at the death of Louis 18th, "*Le roi est mort, vive le Roi*;" his account of the life and death of the Duke of Berri, which the duchess buried with the heart of her husband, and his great work, "*Mon premier titre à la bienveillance du public*;" the *Genie du Christianisme* itself; all these things come out upon states of the public mind peculiarly suited to receive them favourably. Even the unlucky *Essai Historique* itself, had he been enabled to give the edition he attempted to publish in France, when he published the first in England, would also, probably, as a letter he publishes in the preface goes to show, have had at that time "*un grand succès*."

We shall cull one more specimen out of many we had marked, to show the Vicomte's fashion of jumbling poetry and religion; we refrain with difficulty from some others, especially one where he asserts that if Voltaire had been a Christian it would have been a great advantage to his style,—but take one for all:—

"Entre plusieurs differences qui distinguent l'enfer chrétien du Tartare, une surtout est remarquable, ce sont les tourments qu'éprouvent eux-mêmes les démons. Pluton, les Juges, les Parques et les Furies ne souffroient point avec les coupables. Les douleurs de nos puissances infernales sont donc un moyen de plus pour l'imagination, et conséquemment un avantage poétique de notre enfer sur l'enfer des anciens."
 "A la vérité nous n'avons pas d'enfer chrétien traité d'une manière irréprochable. Ni le Dante, ni le Tasse, ni Milton ne sont parfaits dans la peinture des lieux de douleur. Cependant quelques morceaux excellents, échappés à ces grands maîtres, prouvent que si toutes les parties du tableau avoient été retouchées avec le même soin, nous posséderions des enfers aussi poétiques que ceux d'Homère et de Virgile."

We shall now dismiss this writer's works, passing over his pamphlets and speeches, and his poetry, as things of no permanent value or interest, and only remarking generally on his talent, that it is a superficial, gaudy one, occasionally brilliant,

constantly running against taste, and capable of no sustained effect whatever. All his openings are grand, and he always sprains his wings directly, and flutters through his longer works most lamentably. He wants unity and continuity of design, his eye is never single, he looks too many ways for effect, and can never divest himself of that species of literary attitudinizing, which is as incompatible with elevated thought or dignified expression, as the feats of a rope dancer with the delivery of an oration of Demosthenes. As to his personal character, we must make large deductions from his own account of it, but something good will still remain; he is not superhuman exactly in his disinterestedness and devotion to principle, and yet he seems always to have had some preference of a certain set of principles, and those liberal, loyal and philanthropic. He doubted once (in his *Essai*), if there were any such thing as civil liberty. "*Est-il une liberté civile?*"—*J'en doute*"—but now he says, that was before he had considered the representative system and the effect of improved morals and increased instruction, and on the whole his conduct under Bonaparte and under the Restoration, bears him out in claiming to have the excuse admitted. When the murder of the Duke of Enghien became known at Paris, Chateaubriand had just been appointed minister to the Valois, and he immediately resigned and never took office from Napoleon again. It was a good impulse that dictated this, and there was some courage as well as high principle in executing it, the more so as the Vicomte no doubt believes he should have been a very great man in the empire, had he continued to serve. Other people can see, that his utter want of solidity would prevent his being a very great man ever or any where, certainly under Napoleon; the sacrifice he made was much less, no doubt, than he believed, but as a question of temptation resisted, it is fair to put its value at all he really supposed it was.

He is now employed: he tells the world occasionally, in writing his own memoirs, to be published after his death, with that view to effect which is his ruling passion. In the mean time, he indulges us here and there with an occasional quotation in his works, and at Paris a select circle are sometimes favoured with a reading by himself of one or two chosen chapters. At each of these readings he receives as much incense as he can possibly snuff at a time: why should he then, to increase the cloud for a moment, overset the censer, by publishing the whole book at once to the world? He will read on while the breath is in his nostrils—the angel of death will find him reading, and will deliver over the precious volume to the public, the public will

accept it eagerly, tire of it speedily, and deliver it, together with most of these we have been treating of, back again to the angel of death.¹

ART. VIII.—*The Rationale of Political Representation.* By the author of *Essays on the Formation of Opinions, &c. &c.* London: 1835.

Reform is the progress of truth, and as truth is a pure and immortal principle, none but good elements can combine with, or accompany it. Human reason may indeed place an obstacle in its path where it intends to plant a stepping-stone; prejudice may fortify the obstruction, interest may strengthen it, and it may even appear invincible to the attacks of time; but error is error still; it changes not its nature with the accumulation of ages; it is foredoomed to destruction in its finite origin and nascent imperfection, being of the earth, earthy; while the principle it opposes is immortal in its inception, and co-existent with its eternal source. The philosopher who, with right notions of the character of his Maker, has at any period of the world looked upon his fellow-creatures in the spirit of wisdom, cannot have failed to see that the heated struggle or ominous repose of every age has wrought out something for the future, from the memories of the past, and the miseries of the present, and that however inadequate the good obtained may have appeared at the instant, when compared with its price, some succeeding generation has made it the basis of weightier claims and wider achievements. Moral advancement has been produced by physical suffering. Every battle-field has done something to teach mankind. The great schoolmaster, Experience, has gradually ameliorated human condition by chastisement. His book, wherein man, even untaught man, cannot help reading, is a mighty rubrick, printed in blood, but legible as the stars of heaven, and nearly as old. Its comments are in the deeds, its inferences in the passions, its moral in the destinies of humanity. The struggles it relates, are those which still agitate the world "between

¹ It is rather provoking to be forced to recant a prophecy so promptly; but since the above was written, we have seen a notice, that in consideration of a large sum of money, payable in different ways, the Vicomte has consented to bring out this biography, during his lifetime. It is to be published in a series of "livraisons," and to extend to sixteen volumes octavo.

low wants and lofty will,"—struggles which are perpetually renewed for objects new only in name, but which in their very renewal show the importance of the strife.

Philosophers are generally before their age—politicians almost always behind it. Both are in progress; but the former sail by the pole-star, the latter by the lead. The one class contemns the dulness of experience, the other despises the rashness of theory. Prometheus with his flint and steel would have been a laughing-stock to the conservatives of Otaheite for a couple of generations. Even in the Grecian allegory he passed for a malefactor. Men in former ages stoned those who taught them a new truth. In our own (and the difference is as much in favour of our argument as of man's humanity), they content themselves with sneering at or abusing them. In the next, it may be that they will receive their revelations with respect, and even omit to brand them as heretics or traitors, because their opinions did not sail with Noah in the ark. The Bastille has fallen within the last half century. The Inquisition survived it but a few miserable years, and there will yet be bright hopes even in the fortresses of Siberia.

Political speculation is still a hill of difficulties—it used to be one of danger, too. He who essays it, is not obliged to veil himself in allegory or fable (the axe and the cord are the fables *now*), but he has to encounter the host of his own prejudices, and the contempt of the herd whose interests and passions are of the growth of six thousand years—heirlooms, it may be, from Cain. He was a bold man who first went to sea in ships, but he was a bolder one who first crusaded in behalf of human rights. There would be a lofty monument to the memory of the oldest reformer, if the gratitude of mankind bore any proportion to their obligations. He probably perished in ditch or dungeon before the first echo of his new tones came back from the mountains. There was then no eloquence in his rags—no honour in his martyrdom. Like a far off, new-created star, his light had yet to penetrate space—to struggle through mist and vapour—to pierce the intensity of ignorance—to suffer refraction from every passing cloud of error—to glimmer faintly and fitfully "through the loops of time," before it could illuminate the point where it was destined to rest. The "first artificer in brass and iron" has an antediluvian record, and he was worthy of one. The universal deluge could not overwhelm his grave. It was higher than Ararat. But who can name that greater than Tubal-Cain, the first discoverer in political art—the first benefactor of social man: him whose steps were earliest in the pathway of justice, and who, in some remote era and distant land, stood forth alone and unfriended, at once a witness and a

victim to the immortality of truth? Like the river which covered the bones of Alaric, the stream of time seems to have been turned to hide his memory. His name is a riddle for eternity.

This is poor consolation for those whose love of their species is of that bastard quality which is subordinate to their love of themselves, and who would fain teach wisdom from the tops of pyramids. Those benefactors of mankind who have sat in high places, form a minority seventy times diminished. A child's horn-book might register them all and have a page to spare. Covered in the amber of their own great deeds, men sometimes flatter themselves that they are embalmed for ever in its brightness and transparency, forgetful that amber has another quality, and that it is concealed by the very dross it attracts. A successful revolutionist sometimes wins his way to greatness by playing with the passions of his fellow-men; so does an ardent soldier, by controlling their energies or developing his own: but a patriotic restorer of forgotten rights, a peaceful reformer of abuses, goes from his closet to his grave, for the most part, in darkness, and others reap his reward. If it were otherwise, perhaps too much of human motive would mingle with the love of country, and of mankind, by which such persons are inspired, and the progress of the world would be hindered. Men, for wise purposes, are judged and sentenced by their fellows after a corrupt and degraded standard. Fame, in her long flight, cares less for the nature than the weight of her burden, and Fortune, having no eyes, judges merit by the ear. She always votes for the loudest trumpet-call. As a historical personage, Regulus (the Regulus of the poet) could never have come down to us—he is a conception, an abstraction, an idea. The tramp of a Roman legion (in after times the clash of a gladiator's buckler) would have driven him out of Livy. With Niebuhr, he is, no doubt, an allegory like Cocles and Camillus. Human benefactors, therefore, must live on their own consciousness of desert, which is, in itself, "an exceeding great reward." They have nothing else to expect on this side heaven. Gratitude implies a sense of obligation, and that is not felt towards them until they have become nothing—beyond the reach of desire; "as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus."

The power to look beyond present fame (not to despise it), is the noblest characteristic of a great spirit, and the surest guarantee of advancing knowledge. Our race would crawl instead of flying, if innate aspirations, superior to any earthly honour, did not prompt men to great deeds and great discoveries.

"Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

"The last infirmity of noble minds" is still an infirmity. It is a false motive when it is a sole or a ruling motive. The German poet well classes it among the means used by the enemy of souls to augment the number of his victims.¹ It has desolated and ravaged, but never amended or ameliorated the world. Religion owes it nothing, although it may have had its martyrs. They were false witnesses who only injured her cause. Patriotism does not want it. It is in itself a higher and loftier stimulant to action. Science and art have not found it sufficient to sustain their votaries. The mad world called them mad, and shut them in cells, or forced them to close their light of truth within a misty fabric of error—Apollo in a lantern of horn. Half the prescriptive solecisms in political science are the result of this compromise, this conjunction without a unison—of jarring opposites. Philosophy chose Ignorance for her guardian, and they bewildered one another. Reason went to school to Superstition, and, finally, came to credit her dogmas, and to call them oracles. Men grew famous by delusion, and that way sought to live for ever in the mouths of their successors. The learned Florentine (better than half his abusers) courted this fame, and reached it. He was the first of his age, but his age was the last of its kind. He might have better earned his celebrated inscription; but had he deserved it really, it would have waited yet a thousand years to be written on the Alleghanies, or upon a column in regenerated Asia, instead of being presently walled into the bloody threshold of his native city. He dreamed not with all his great intellect (and his great deservings, too) that there is a higher principle than love of fame, or that there could be a worthier theatre than the surface of Italy.

The narrow, personal use of great means makes every thinking man despise Napoleon. He was (we had almost said) a common robber. He was, we must say, an uncommon one. But his time was to-day; his end was himself. The world retrograded under him, while he persuaded himself that he was worthily fulfilling a great destiny by picking up cast-off span-gles and bedecking his courtier-marshals with them. He played out the old game (boldly, and sometimes even imposingly, too)

¹ See the beautiful passage in the *Faust*, beginning—

"Was willst du armer Teufel geben?"

of baubles and ribands, when he might have impersonated the great principle of simple freedom in purified France. We call it the old game, and a vulgar game, because with him it was an end, almost as much as with Louis XIV. He was a Louis XIV. with some traces of Louis XI., save that his barbers and provost-m Marshals, his Tristans and Oliviers, wore uniforms. We are not speaking of the policy or necessity of his wars. Every country in Europe had a share in their bloody responsibility. He is not, by any means, so much alone in that burden as England would fain have us believe. But what had he, the child of a revolution, to do with a dynasty and all its miserable trappings? The helmet and the crown sit ill together; the plume has no place in a diadem. Europe will see no more warrior kings. We can pardon Napoleon the bayonets of the 19th Brumaire. Life and honour were on the one side, the miserable intrigues of an effete assembly on the other. But then came the test and trial of his greatness.¹ Had he ultimately perished in an effort to carry out and consolidate the principles upon which the revolution commenced, and rightfully and holily commenced, he would never have known Jena and Austerlitz, but he would have set a great name in the light of immortality, and given an impetus to the freedom, which for so many years he contemned and retarded.

The career of this ambitious soldier is another of those lessons which, at length, will teach mankind not to trust their destinies out of their own keeping. They are every day learning to resume the trusts they have confided, and only to part with them again with broader security, and on a different tenure. They even begin to talk of governing themselves, though M. Polignac, dating from his *Doubling Castle* of Ham, declares that this is most absurd logic. "For all authority," says he, "implies subjection, and how can a party exercise control over himself; there is no one to exact the penalty." We should vote for the immediate release of M. Polignac, were we so fortunate as to have a seat in the French Chamber, to whichever political party we might adhere. He is incapable of farther mischief. But this is by the way. If a phrase is to upset all our state-theory and practice, we must change it. In the mean time, however, we must repeat that the people are beginning to talk of governing themselves. Ten-pound freeholders are

¹ The future emperor could hardly master his bent until he was sure of his first step. Before the commencement of the session he so abruptly adjourned without day, he perambulated the purlieus of the council chambers, "suivi de quelques grenadiers, et se livrant prématurément à son caractère, il disait, comme le vingtième roi d'une dynastie: *Je ne veux plus de factions: il faut que cela finisse; je n'en veux plus absolument.*"

ever and anon astonished at their own importance, all mute and voiceless as they have hitherto been. The canvass is becoming more costly and more troublesome. Schedule A. and schedule B. are but types of the decline and fall of schedules yet unbaptized. The unreasonable commons require that

“—————their representatives
Should actually represent them ;”

and talk of triennial parliaments, close voting, and other the like enormities. They even hint at universal education and political equality, those unblest devices of cis-Atlantic radicalism. Gracchus has turned his face to the forum, and his back on the Curies.

We cannot help imagining what a sensation the book before us would have created in his mind, had it fallen in the way of the member for Rattenbury, or any other representative in Parliament of a smith's shop and an alehouse two hundred years ago. He would have made “a star-chamber matter of it.” It would have been burned in the market-place by the common hangman, and its author would have suffered some such gentle infliction as the loss of an ear, a slit in his nose, the pillory, or it may be the gallows. The worthy member alluded to, sitting in Parliament by the grace of God and of the Duke of Buckingham, voting, like a serf as he was, according to his master's orders, thinking, like Bishop Neile, that the breath of Parliament was in the king's nostrils, might be excused for his panic. What was he that he should be wiser than the universities, the bishops and the peers? Sixty or seventy years later, how the parasite Swift would have inveighed against it! With what apt scurrility of illustration and ready, dexterous sophistry, he would have exposed and entangled its simple truths. What changes would have been rung upon the constitution of the realm, the rights of Parliament, and the safety of the state! The poor slave of a court, the mortified and miserable expectant of honours for which he had changed his conscience into a foul and servile drudge, could not fail to have denounced the simple and honest logic of a freeman who knows no prompter but conviction resting on testimony. Later still that other overweening Leviathan, who was a sycophant without any of the rewards or honours of sycophancy, who had arguments ready made for tyranny, and knew small difference between patriots and rebels, could have found wonderful food for spleen in the volume before us. The man who judged dead poets by their political creed, would scarce have spared a living philosopher, and the jackall would have told how the lion roared—“Sir, every syllable that is not flat nonsense, is hight reason.” A few

years nearer our own time, how delicately Canning would have refuted the "dangerous dogmas" of the new theory of representation, how clearly would he have proved that abuse, as it is called, is at the very foundation of the British constitution, and that the logic of common sense has nothing to do with the matter. How infinitely well he would have shown that Parliament represents *the whole nation*, and that modern ideas of district representation are absurd; that the Duke of Devonshire has a right to send six members to the House of Commons, although Leeds or Manchester sends but one. We have no quarrel with Swift or Johnson, the member for Rattenbury, or the member for Liverpool. They had a right to entertain and enforce their own convictions in such manner as their sense of duty suggested; by terror, by scurrility, by ingenious declamation or refined sophistry. Great as some of them undoubtedly were, they seem to have lost sight of, or rather they had not become aware of the fact, that thinking beings, enlightened by the mighty efforts of the last four centuries, the product, as it were, of all the toil and all the suffering of that bitter period, and of all its wonderful progress too, have alighted upon a new principle in political science. The philosophers of a past school of government, never looked beyond physical condition. Those of the present, assert man's intellectual rights. It is the age of mind.

We have taken up Mr. Foster's book, not because it contains any new truths, or any truths not very generally disseminated on this side the Atlantic. His theory of political representation is adopted and practised upon here; in truth, it is, in a great measure, borrowed from our constitution.—Foreign discovery has not yet proceeded beyond American experiment. But we think it useful occasionally to let our readers see the progress of opinion abroad, and what ground is taken by a sober man, of acknowledged honesty, integrity, and literary distinction, between the conservatives on the one side and the radicals on the other,—in short, what are the notions of an English reformer of the present day. We hold this work, on account of its calm tone, and logical course of argument, to be of especial value for this purpose. A parliamentary declamation, or a heated party pamphlet, always says more than it means,—a tale, an allegory, or a poem, frequently means more than it says; but a professedly scientific treatise, which states a proposition, explains, illustrates and proves it, before it proceeds to another, though it may not amuse, is pretty certain to contain definite and appreciable instruction. The author says of his work that

"The essay will probably be characterized as being substantially an attempt to deduce the science of government, as far as political repre-

sentation is concerned, from the principles of human nature; a task which has been very unceremoniously classed amongst things not to be accomplished."

In his examination of the objections to this attempt, Mr. Foster impliedly, if not expressly, admits that the attempt has been made; and so far we may add, successfully, that the advocates of a representative system can scarcely wish for a fuller exposition of the true basis of their political belief. The very great importance of the fact, that the foundations of our own system of government are deeply fixed in the very nature of man, and that the ultimate end of civilization, of human progress and knowledge, is to extend and confirm them, can be appreciated by every enquirer, who has been bewildered and dismayed by the idea that government is the mere accident of popular caprice or physical power. The most disheartening view of political history is that which forces upon us the belief that each succeeding system is an *experiment*, destined, like its predecessors, to recede and be obliterated, as wave washes away the remembrance of wave, instead of a step in the series of improvement by which our species is ascending to an ameliorated social condition. The one is the hypothesis of torpidity,—a stagnant, inert theory. It is to politics what predestination is to morals. The other is the hypothesis of action, of hope, and of progress, which brings the constitution of man into harmony with the best ends and aims of Christian philosophy.

"The system of political representation has, in actual practice, gradually worked itself, from a rude beginning, into a regular and determinate form, and has, at the same time, drawn the minds of men to investigate its objects and capabilities. These investigations have, in turn, modified its practical arrangements, till at length a political machine of great completeness and efficiency has been evolved, the joint product of experience and reflection.

"The system, thus matured, now presents itself as an object of science, the various parts of which are susceptible of explanation on determinate principles; and which may be still further improved and enhanced in usefulness by a more accurate and consistent application of the principles on which its efficacy is found to depend."

Necessity first forced men to confide their political interests to agents, and to make legislation a delegated trust. The functions of the Commons, at an early day, extended little beyond the exhibition of grievances and petitions for redress. The history of the toilsome march of popular authority, and its final prostration every where save in England, is the saddest, yet in one sense the most triumphant, chronicle of freedom.

That authority has more than once saved Europe from religious thralldom and military subjugation. It has yet, in its revival, to save her in this latter age, and in the fulness and completeness of matured power, from the dominion of antiquated abuses, and of that philosophy which, walking backwards, can see no light save that which is reflected from the tinsel of old crowns and mitres. It matters not who is conqueror in a temporary contest. He who sacked Warsaw may ravage the continent. "The great avenger" abides his time. Opinion grows under pressure, as the camomile by being trod on. The dastard Plantagenet, triple traitor as he was to his king, his conscience and his God, struggled in vain against it. What a stride from the first reform to the last, and what a simple instrument has the advance of science substituted for the swords of Runnymede,—*"representation or no taxation!"* We have some pride in reflecting who first taught the obstinate Brunswick that stern doctrine, and enforced it with stout hearts and strong hands.

"——— *Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,*
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

In a country where the majority makes the law, it is not difficult to anticipate the principle in which any advocate of popular authority would enforce his theory of representation. It of course resolves itself into the true end of government, which, as we all agree, is to promote the public good, and the greatest good of the greatest number.

"Could it be shown that irresponsible power lodged in the hands of a single individual is productive of greater good to the community than any other description of authority, every wise man would be its supporter and advocate. On the same principle, could it be proved that such an arrangement, as placed power in the hands of an inconsiderable number of persons, who were not to be accountable for the use which they made of it, is recommended by a superiority in beneficial results over every other political system, a wise nation would not hesitate to adopt it. It would be no valid objection that it is unjust to give one man irresponsible power over his fellows, or a number of men uncontrolled authority over the rest."

* * * * *

"This, then, is to be the universal criterion in matters of public concern, the test of forms of government, as well as of particular plans of representation, and of laws emanating from the constituted authorities. We are not to be decided in our choice by the circumstance of a political system conferring equal privileges, or by that, of its bestowing them on some descriptions of people, and withholding them from others. Whatever is the arrangement submitted to our option, it is to be preferred, on proof being adduced that notwithstanding its inequalities and partialities, it is, on the whole, the best for the community.

"This view of the subject relieves us from all the vague declamation about natural and inalienable rights, which has become the conventional language of almost all people struggling against the encroachments of power. It is a natural right (says one) that every man of mature age and sound mind shall have a voice in the government of the country, and not be subjected to arbitrary rule. It is an inalienable right belonging to all men, (says another,) that they shall not be taxed without being represented.

"Now a natural and inalienable right, whatever these terms may imply in the minds of those who use them, is one, the exercise of which, if it is not of a neutral character, (that is to say, of no importance,) is either beneficial or injurious to the community. If the enjoyment of it is beneficial, the right will be left undisturbed, should it be already existing, and will be conferred, if not existing, on the principle of utility here maintained. If, on the other hand, the privilege or mode of action is injurious to the community, of what consequence is it that it can be dignified by the name of natural right? For a nation to insist on the privilege of acting in some particular manner, inconsistent with its own welfare, or in other words, on the right of doing itself harm, would be folly. Whether, therefore, a country should have a representative government—whether every man of sound mind and mature age should have a voice in the election of the legislature—whether no one should be taxed without being represented; and on the other hand, whether supreme and irresponsible power should be lodged in the hands of a monarch, to govern and tax his subjects at his own discretion; are points to be determined by the effects of these several arrangements on the public welfare, and not by a vague affirmation that certain specified privileges, modes of action, or forms of government, are natural and inalienable rights; language, which, when closely examined, will prove destitute of any precise meaning.

According to the doctrine here advocated, if a representative government is to be preferred to all other kinds, it must be on the ground that it conduces to the good of the community more effectually than any other. That it is fully entitled to a preference for this reason, will not require any long deduction to prove."

We had occasion in our last number¹ to make some remarks upon this jargon of *natural and inalienable rights*, in connection with the proceedings of a body of men who claim to set them up as controlling and overriding the laws of the land, and the very constitution of society. It seems to be imagined by some that a social system can be maintained under the hostile influence of a power above and beyond the laws, and which is excepted out of the general compact, under which every thing is surrendered to the common good. Mr. Jefferson and the haranguers of the French Revolution have greatly mystified themselves and mankind in this matter. The author of the treatise before us, has shown how difficult the strong intellect of Burke found it to throw off the entanglement of this false phraseology. After quoting from the "Reflections on the Revolution," he adds,

¹ Am. Quar. Rev., June, 1836. Art. VI.

"There never was a finer struggle than that which is presented in this passage, between a strong mind and an impracticable or unmanageable term. Burke evidently saw the substantial merits of the controversy in which he was engaged, but his view was continually crossed, and his thoughts embarrassed, by an undefined notion of natural right. Through the whole of his earlier writings, there is a great abhorrence of what he calls "abstract politics;" and in his declamations and arguments against the French Revolution, his horror of "metaphysical" politics, is still more strongly marked. Against the doctrine of the rights of man, as bandied about in France, his arguments are in the main sound; but after an attentive study of his works, any one conversant with later writers, will, I think, perceive that he never attained to a full and perfect view of the truth, that utility is the sole proper foundation and criterion of political arrangements. He had continual perceptions, clear and strong, that utility, or "convenience" as he terms it, is at once the proper basis, and the test of measures and institutions; yet his mind still recurred to natural right as another principle on which they might be placed, or by which they might be tried, although he would in general have nothing to do with it. Thus in one passage he says, 'the moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment, *the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience.*'"

Granting the necessity of a check upon power when delegated, and the impossibility of avoiding delegation by a universal participation in its administration, (a proposition universally true in our own times,) it requires no very long train of reasoning to show that the required check is best found in the responsibility to his principal, of the agent to whom authority is entrusted.

"As from the nature of the case, the legislative power must be lodged in the hands of a few; and as the few possessing it will be tempted in a thousand ways to sacrifice the public good to their own private interest, it becomes essentially necessary to place them in such a position that their own interest and the public good shall be identified. The simple expedient which effects this is to make the office of legislator dependent on the will of the people. If his power were irresponsible, if it were subject to no direct control, if the improper exercise of it were not followed by evil consequences to the possessor, it would be inevitably abused; the public good would be neglected, and his own habitually preferred; but by the simple expedient of rendering the continuance of his power dependent on his constituents, his interest is forced into coincidence with theirs. Any sinister advantage which he might derive from the power entrusted to him, would cease with the loss of his office, and he would have no inducement to pursue an advantage of that kind, if, by so doing, he unavoidably subjected himself to dismissal. Such is the general theory of political representation."

And such, we may add, are its true philosophical principles, to which every hour's progress in political science and the history of mankind gives additional support. Even as we write, news has arrived, that the lords have thrown out the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, a step, the full extent of which we are too distant

to appreciate, but which is out of all question in contravention of the interests of those for whose good they profess to legislate. The remedy of the people of Great Britain is nothing less than a threatened civil war. Hear Col. Napier—

“I do not think that the true question is, whether corporation reform shall be extended to Ireland, but whether the house of lords or the house of commons, shall govern in England—whether the will of the people of England shall stand, or the will, the corrupt will, of some crazy and factious peers shall henceforth be permanent in this country? This is to my apprehension the true question, and the Irish corporation reform is but a limb of it—a subject on which to commence the business of agitation—aye, and a very good subject to begin the battle with the lords.”
Speech at Bath, May, 1836.

We do not quote a political harangue on this subject, from any prudish affectation of republican disgust at the existence of hereditary legislators, but because it is one of the straws which show which way the wind of popular feeling is blowing on the other side of the Atlantic. Men with ribands and crosses are still men, and the conduct of the peers is a good proof of it. They now form a constituent branch of the British government; whether for good or evil it is for the British people to decide, not for us. How long they will continue to do so with their present high immunities, it does not require much perspicacity to determine. Not that we believe they are to be demolished by any fierce and sudden concussion—(the English nation is too wise and sober for such mad outrages)—but their order will become naught by a gradual decadence. They are paving the way to their own contempt. A few creations, like Queen Anne's, of new nobility, an attack upon the laws of entail and primogeniture, some hard blows at the church, and finally an elective peerage or patents for life, and the end will be accomplished. How often have the peers successfully tried this very experiment of withstanding the popular branch of the British government? We cannot recollect a single instance, and we can name many to the contrary. Yet will they never learn that concession is one thing, and yielding to necessity another. They rejected the Catholic bill over and over again, yet finally were obliged to pass it. They rejected the reform bill, and great was the glorification of the tory prints thereon. Within one month after, it was carried in the house of lords without any important alteration. So soon did they succumb. They dared not, and they dare not now, risk the refusal of the supplies which persistence in opposition would inevitably produce. It would be like tampering with thunderbolts. Besides, they are not merely exposed to the effect of popular impulses; they may be the victims of prerogative. They are between

the upper and nether mill-stone. They can be overlaid at any moment by their own order. Is it improbable that the prerogative will be so exerted? It was equally so in the days of Lord Oxford and of Mr. Pitt—yet, if we rightly remember, the measure was executed under both those ministers. A similar proceeding was in contemplation at the passage of the reform bill. However this may be, if political reasoning is worth any thing, the irresponsibility of the house of lords, whether it be a circumstance to be desired or regretted, seems likely soon to be modified, not as we said before, by any furious attack, but by legitimate constitutional means.

“The fundamental principles then,” continues Mr. Foster, “on which the system of representation rests, are, that the proper object of all political power is the benefit of the community; and that the uniform exercise of political power, for the benefit of the community, can be depended upon only when it is subject to the control of the people themselves.”

He then proceeds to consider the objections, “that the people may not be determined in their choice of their representatives by the interest which they have in the proceedings of the legislative body,” and that “they may not possess the requisite degree of knowledge to make a right choice.” In other words, that they may not have either will to pursue, or knowledge to comprehend, what is their true interest in the business of delegation. The author confesses the possibility, in a rich and artificial society, of overcoming this interest, which is frequently remote and ill-defined, by the seducement of a nearer advantage. A man may be bribed by a five pound note paid in hand or intimidated by a threat of immediate pecuniary loss, into voting for a candidate whose parliamentary course can at the utmost affect his present interests only to the extent of five pence, whatever may be its influence on the liberties of his posterity. In our own country the short period of service, the ballot, and the great extension of the elective franchise, relieve us from any apprehension on this score.

“And even supposing the worst to happen, supposing the many to be thus grossly cajoled and perverted by the few, yet with a tolerably well-constituted electoral body, it can be only to an imperfect and partial extent: the sinister purpose can never be completely carried into effect, and the wisdom of the representative system will be vindicated. For, with what view do the few bribe and intimidate the many? Plainly to have their own way. It could be no advantage, therefore, to the many to give them their own way, without obliging them to employ such means, especially as their attempts can never completely and universally succeed: in other words, how imperfectly soever the representative system may work, there can be no reason to dispense with it, and yield up entirely and unreservedly to the rich and powerful,

what, with all their wealth and power, they can only partially obtain, where that system is interposed between them and their object.

"With regard to the second objection above referred to, which alleges it to be doubtful whether the people will have adequate knowledge to perform the part assigned to them under a system of political representation, it may be observed, that the very circumstances which have been noticed as weakening their interest in the direction of their votes, bring the business which they have to perform more within the scope of their intelligence and ability. As electors, they are not required to pronounce on the merits of complicated political questions, but on the fitness of individuals for the duties of legislation, and, in some cases, on the manner in which a candidate may have discharged the trust previously confided to him. The elements out of which they have to form their opinion are comparatively simple and obvious. Talents, integrity, and reputation, are things, in some degree, cognizable by all. There are similar grounds for judging in this case, as there are in choosing a lawyer to plead a cause, or a physician to treat a disease. It is true, that if the electors are ignorant, they will be liable to be deluded by a simulation of estimable qualities; the more ignorant they are, the more liable will they be to fall into the snares of imposition. For a time, unprincipled, crafty, and impudent pretensions, may prevail,—genuine merit may be overlooked and rejected; but it is not likely, except amongst the rudest people, that mistakes of this nature will be of great extent, or of long endurance; and should it prove to be otherwise, the evil must be submitted to, for the sake of the paramount advantages in which the system is fruitful.

"It must be borne in mind, that it is not necessary to prove that the people will always exercise their control over the government for their own good. They may sometimes err from a perverted will, and oftener from defective knowledge: it is needful only to show, that where they have this control, their happiness will be more uniformly consulted, and more extensively promoted, than where they are without it. If any one expects that any regulations of civil society will effectually keep out impure motives, put down all corrupt actions, and with uniform success prevent injurious measures, or that an ignorant community can be as well governed as an enlightened one, he has a great deal to learn of his own nature. This is no reason, however, why the most effectual expedients for accomplishing these beneficial ends should not be resorted to.

The evil which threatens most the usefulness if not the purity of the franchise in a republican government, does not come in the shape of bribery or ignorance; it arises from the overwhelming influence of popular names, and the artful obtrusion of them by every aspirant who is in search of suffrages. Such names are like the red cross on the collar or the sleeve of the crusaders,—they cover and conceal every political enormity. When a measure or a man comes to be advocated merely because the former has received the sign-manual of the reigning demagogue, or the latter has signified his subserviency to the popular idol by his pot of incense and his three genuflexions, there is an end to free government. We do not object to party banners. Put terms on them—whig or tory—

democrat or federalist—cavalier or roundhead—right, centre, left; the *milieu* or the mountain. Put emblems on them if you will; a sword or a crucifix, an eagle or a leopard, a cap or a crown; any thing but a chain,—and we will make our choice among them. Festoon them with mottoes—garland them with flowers, the rose, the shamrock, or the lily, at your will; but let us gaze upward from the earth at no human effigies—let us sail with no carved puppet-work of hero or demi-god at the prow. Washington struck his image from the national coin, and substituted that of Liberty. A parasite of the modern Washington carries his master's semblance on the beak of a gallant ship. We pray that the stars in his ensign may not give place to "the rising sun." *Cæsarem vehit*, and like Cæsar's ferryman, doubtless, he keeps a stout heart. But where is this marshalling and modelling *per verba magistri*, this mummary of countersigns used for a night or a year, with no object but to serve as the *shibboleth* of a camp, where the term is of the tongue only, and carries no meaning save as a symbol, which a man may use, and fight under and vote under without pledging himself to one single principle, to end? What is to be the result of a system of politics where party belief and party action depend upon the spleen or the humour of a single man,—it may be of a weak or a wicked man—as the tides obey that "mother of mischief," the moon—it is not very difficult to answer. The suffrage which is given to a mere name is the suffrage of a slave. It is of worse augury than whole hosts of foreign invaders. What Gaul and Carthaginian could not do for Rome, was effected by a bloody mantle—the *exuvie* of a carcase. The black Duke of Alva, with Spain and the inquisition at his back, met a voluntary deluge. It was a Prince of Orange that dyed his purple in the blood of the De Witts.

The business of a legislative assembly is to make laws, and this is the case even when that assembly consists, as in some small democracies, of the whole community. But the difference between a popular democracy and a representative government, monarchical and republican, consists in this, that in the latter the legislature is a *deliberative* body. Save in a very small community indeed, it would be physically impossible for the universal democracy to participate in a debate. The laws must, in such a case, be made in the closet and carried by acclamation; a process not altogether consistent with modern notions of legislation. The *previous question*, that safe, secure, undebatable ground, would settle every thing. There would be no *jus et norma loquendi*, no coughing down Sir Andrew Agnew abroad; no theatre for "fiery spirits" to rave in, or for stupid spirits to prose in, at home. By what fiction all the inane, ill-digested, drouthy statesmanship which now circulates

through this country; all the speeches of the Smiths, the Browns, and the Jenkinses, which now load "the wings of mighty winds," and extra folios, would then find vent, we know not. Democracy would dumfound *logocracy* with an everlasting gag-law. We congratulate the senator from Missouri that no such fate awaits him. We congratulate ourselves that no such fate awaited the distinguished author of a "speech that was to have been delivered," and that his *fave Lucina* proved successful on a memorable occasion with a guardian of the press, though it availed not with the high functionary who presided over the house.

"The peculiar advantages of oral discussion are, that from the number and variety of minds, simultaneously handling the subject, it is rapidly turned on all sides and scrutinized in every part; and, secondly, that a state of clear-sightedness is produced in the understanding, which is seldom to be purposely created, and is only the occasional visitant of the closet. In the process of debate, the doubt which hung over the mind clears away, the information wanting and searched for in vain is supplied, the absurdity before unnoticed is made palpable, the fond conceit, blown up by some partial experience, melts into air, the attention is animated, and the perception sharpened by the alternate exposition and reply, attack and defence. It can hardly be questioned, that if a number of men, with adequate information, come together, and freely discuss a subject to the best of their ability, they will arrive at a truer conclusion than the same men could attain, in the same time, by any other means."

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"There are, it is true, many disadvantages attending discussions in public assemblies. The passions are brought more into play, and matters of mere personal concern are mixed up with the merits of the question. The desire for coming at the truth is exceedingly apt to be lost in the wish to avenge some mortification, or to make a display of oratorical power; and the measure which may be in discussion is almost smothered under the prolixity of debate. This is a fault in public assemblies, which nothing but the growing sense and intelligence of the age can repress. The habit of haranguing at great length, as now practised, is indeed one of the most formidable impediments to public business with which wise statesmen have to contend. Nor do the time which it may be said to destroy rather than to occupy, and the important business which it occasions to be neglected, form the only points to be considered. Those who are curious in speculating on the influence of habits on the character of the mind, must be aware that a practice of this nature cannot be inoperative on the mental constitution. It has unquestionably the effect of constantly diverting the mind from the effort to form a decision on the real merits of the question, and directing it to those considerations, which are likely to excite admiration, and applause, and sympathy in the audience—in one word, of making it superficial. The intellect thus comes to be habitually engaged, not in the pursuit of truth, but in searching out animating topics, brilliant points, striking figures, plausible rather than solid arguments, every form of sentiment and expression which will *tell* on the feelings of the hearers."

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"There seems to be an inveterate impression on the public mind, that the essence of statesmanship consists in the faculty of pouring forth an unlimited torrent of words; that he is the wisest and greatest politician, who is the readiest, the most prolix, and most dexterous debater.

"Nothing can well be more erroneous than this conclusion. Speaking in public is a habit, and there are few men, wise or unwise, who could not become ready speakers by practice. It is true, that amongst men equally trained and accustomed to the public expression of their opinions, a difference in point of fluency may generally be observed: some possess the faculty in an extraordinary degree, while others are as remarkably deficient in it; but if we examine into the qualities of mind which are the causes of this difference, we shall probably discover nothing to establish a connection between soundness of judgment and fluency of speech.

"Facility of expression appears to depend very much on the predominant mode in which the ideas are associated. If an individual's thoughts are principally connected together by circumstances of time and place, and superficial resemblance—by those casual ties, in a word, which usually prevail in the mental trains of people little accustomed to reflection, he possesses within himself the chief elements of a great talker. One idea perpetually suggests another, and as they all seem equally dependent, and there is no reference to any particular point on which the whole series is to be brought to bear, or at all events a very loose reference, no cause exists why the speaker should terminate his oration, except what the impatience of his audience supplies; or except, perhaps, the failure of his own physical strength. On the other hand, if a speaker's ideas on any subject rise in his mind because they are logically dependent, because they are strictly connected with the question before him, they are self-circumscribed within determinate bounds; a few words will frequently be sufficient to present them to the hearer; and as every thought will have a bearing on the conclusion intended to be proved, the process will naturally be brief.

"It will be found by every one who fairly tries the experiment, that the tendency of close thinking is to clear away all rubbish from the road lying between the premises and the conclusion. In proportion as the question before the mind arranges itself in perspicuous order in the course of long and steady contemplation, the accessory ideas which have mixed themselves up with it, and been at once the consequence and the cause of confusion, will fall away. The great staple of long and tedious dissertations is irrelevant matter. It has been justly observed, that most people are absorbed in business for want of method;¹ and it may be said with equal justness, that most speakers are prolix, for want of order and arrangement in their conceptions. Accordingly we find that men of analytic understandings, who discern most clearly the distinctions of ideas or objects, are not in general copious speakers; they are not apt to have a crowd of ideas rushing on their minds and struggling to find expression, often much more to the entertainment than to the instruction of the hearer. They see too distinctly what relates, and what does not relate, to the subject, to make long orations. '*Propter hoc quoque,*' says Quintilian, '*interdum videntur indocti copiam habere majorem, quod dicunt omnia: doctis est et electio, et modus.*'²

¹ Madame Roland's Appeal.

² De Institutione Oratoria, lib. ii.

"If we wish for an example of a mind of this description, we cannot do better than turn to Franklin. In almost every respect he presents a contrast to the eloquent English declaimer, whose picture the reader has just had placed before him. Simple, direct, cool, clear-sighted, and judicious, it was impossible that the American statesman and philosopher should be a prolix speaker. His was an intellect that would put the whole pith of an ordinary oration into a single sentence. Accordingly we learn from Mr. Jefferson, that as an orator, Franklin was remarkably abstemious.

"'I served,' says the former statesman, 'with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.'"¹

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"The orators of the American congress seem to have profited little, either by the example or by the precepts here held out to them. It surely must be some misconception of the nature already described, some misapprehension 'that the extemporaneous arrangement of sentences is eloquence, and that eloquence is wisdom,' which draws our transatlantic oratory to so unparalleled a length. We are told by a recent traveller, that an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is not uncommon in the congress of the United States; and are therefore not surprised to learn, that the usual style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive. It may be safely asserted, that to make a speech of that length to the point, is impossible."

Modern legislative assemblies, particularly those of America, seem to have turned *debate*, the essence of which is brevity, point, and a rapid presentation of striking arguments, into *declamation*, which is, in its nature, turgid and elaborate, only fitted for the lower kinds of popular oratory. After a measure has been minutely sifted in committee, it is presumptuous in a deputy to keep a nation waiting on his long periods for two or three days together. Some of the most important questions ever settled in the British parliament have been decided in a single sitting. If we rightly remember, the reform bill occupied but three days of debate in its passage through the house of commons and its rejection in the house of lords. The act for the relief of the sufferers by fire in New York, a very simple matter, hung in the American congress three months, and caused half a dozen long speeches. Those darling constitutional scruples which, south of a certain parallel of latitude, have caused so many good and long words to be interchanged, are the grand hobbies of American discussion. The improvement of Bean Creek has carried many a scrupulous senator into the outermost regions of metaphysics and rights—in *omne volubilis ævum*—over all the mazes of the social compact. The theory of

¹ Memoirs and Correspondence, vol. i, p. 50.

state rights never begins this side the deluge, or stops short of doomsday. No man ought to address the congress of the United States until he has *thought out* his subject. Words ought to be the signs of ideas in such an assembly, not mere sounds, confusing or concealing thought. He who "has not time to be brief," should at least have the grace to be silent. We are not at all prepared to deny the importance of the tacit parliamentary regulation, by which a stupid or tedious speaker in England is prevented from impeding the public business, and we are decided advocates of an occasional "cheer." An orator ought to know when he carries the house with him. Something must be done at home by the renovation of our congressional rules, or the adoption of new checks to bring back discussion within its legitimate limits. Speeches delivered at Washington to *tell* upon the professional influence of a member from a distant state, or to make an electioneering pamphlet, are a vile abuse. A standing order, that no member shall consume more than two hours in the treatment of any subject, without the consent of two-thirds of the house, might induce windy orators to take something for granted. Why should every man who utters the words "Mr. Speaker," make them the preface of a long oration? What a length of tail has that little kite hoisted from the earth towards the recipient of lost things, the moon!

We question very much if the bar (whence most of our legislators come) is the true school of parliamentary eloquence. We once heard a distinguished advocate say, pointing to a crowded auditory, whom for two or three hours he had been interesting and amusing, that so much of his speech was "for the galleries." Men, moreover, who address juries, aside from their *ad captandum* oratory, deem it necessary to illustrate and enlarge to a most tedious extent. Many clients make the length of their counsel's harangue the test of its merit. The very extent of an American lawyer's employment, combining, as it does, the various departments of a profession which, elsewhere, are distributed, causes him to neglect that discipline of the mind, which a public speaker ought always to undergo. Possessed of the strong point of his case, he deems the mode of presenting it of minor importance. Hence it is frequently illogical and desultory. Either the speech is forgotten in the argument, or the argument in the speech. The author of the essay before us deems it important that the representatives of the people should be without professions or occupations. The main argument for this position is obvious enough, and in England it may be practicable that legislators shall be legislators *merely*, though hitherto it has not been found so. *Here* it obviously is

otherwise. While the residence provisions are in force, the men (of proper character) could not be found. Under any circumstances, the class will long be wanting. It will certainly be difficult to elevate the standard of our native oratory for a long time to come, though we do trust it may be made, as education and the means of improvement advance, more pointed, forcible, and direct. Our practical legislators are the least practical speakers on earth.

A word more on the subject of *debate*, properly so called, and as distinguished from *declamation*. The two terms appear to us to characterize two opposite systems; the one, that of Great Britain, during the palmy days of her parliamentary greatness and strength, the other, that of France in every stage of her legislative history. A tribune, a register, and a written harangue, seem to us more appropriate to a body of academicians than to an assemblage of statesmen; and we never have been able to contemplate Mirabeau or Chateaubriand, the one with his pocket full of clubbed metaphors, and the other with his ready-made charlatanisms, three days old, as belonging to the same category with Fox, or even that clever debater, Mr. Tierney. We have never heard of a French deputy who excelled at a reply, or even at a retort, although we have read exceeding good arguments from the pen of the Duc de Broglie, and very poetical and beautiful effusions delivered from the tribune by M. de Lamartine. If, however, we are to adopt the practice of the French legislature, let us adopt it with all its checks. If men are to declaim upon a subject, instead of discussing it, let them give a pledge that they will declaim knowingly, by previously registering their intention to do so. A member would be ashamed, after promising a week beforehand to speak to the order of the day, to deliver a desultory and feeble harangue. The excuse of want of preparation, or want of time for it, could not avail him. We might avoid, too, some of the intemperate and injudicious language, and the occasional personalities, which now do us discredit. Honourable gentlemen would hardly call names in anticipation. Personalities are seldom premeditated—they generally spring out of the heat of debate, and we may add, too, that they, for the most part, die with the occasion that gives them birth. Until, therefore, that evil grows more enormous, we hold it no sufficient counterbalance to the advantage of the parliamentary practice of Great Britain and our own country. An occasional duei (generally bloodless, however,) is, indeed, a bad commentary upon the calmness with which public affairs should be discussed, but it is not peculiar to the United States; and until we witness at home a scene similar to that recorded with so much

indivisé by the Cardinal de Retz,¹ we are not prepared to adopt a new system, however we may be desirous to remedy the defects of the old one. Clubs have been brandished on the stairs of the capitol—when daggers are unsheathed within it, change will be desirable, even should it not be inevitable.

In treating the relation of constituent and representative, our author goes largely into the theory of "instructions" and "pledges," which latter are but previous instructions. We have read with much attention the efforts of some distinguished American statesmen to place their defence of the right of instruction on firm, or even plausible grounds. The assumption, at the foundation of their argument, that the representative is a mere special attorney, seems to us the very thing to be proved. The reason for deputing power is not simply the physical one that the constituency cannot exercise it, but also that they cannot exercise it judiciously. Their pursuits and studies are in another direction. The attempt to direct the course of the man whom they have chosen, involves no less an absurdity, therefore, than this, that wanting the requisites to act themselves, they do not want the requisites to indicate the action of another upon the same subjects. The intervention of this supposed reserved power, by each separate constituency, would, moreover, puzzle and confuse all united action for general ends. If instructions are of any force, they must be imperative, and, upon a complicated measure, they might be modified by so many local interests that no grand object could be achieved. It seems to be forgotten that the legislature is a part of the *government* of the country, and that its measures, when sanctioned by the executive, become the laws of the land, requiring no ratification from the people. The check upon the abuse of power is the same with both branches, to wit, the recurrence of the period of election. Under the confederation, the matter presented a very different aspect. There the great council was literally a congress, in the original signification of the term. We can scarcely conceive of a readier mode of subverting the federal constitution than would be discovered in the universal admission and practice of this doctrine of instructions; for, to our view, it substitutes the principle of simple democracy, with all the momentary caprices and fluctuations of popular will

¹ Most readers will recollect the cardinal's amusing account of the scuffle with Rochefoucault, at the entrance of the grand hall of the parliament house, when the latter caught him by the neck between the folding-doors, and vociferated to De Coligni and De Ricouse to come and despatch him. It was a curious interview, to be held in the temple of justice between a high dignitary of the church, and a great moral philosopher.

stimulated into irregular action, for the great American discovery of a representative republic in which time is an essential element and of which a written compact is the fundamental law.

"A deputy to a legislative assembly has something more to do than to receive and execute the instructions of his constituents; and they, on their parts, even if they had not something more to do than to render themselves competent to direct his conduct, could not be in possession of all the requisite information for that purpose. The view which we have taken of the process of legislation has shown, that he is not sent to the legislature to be the passive instrument of their wishes, a mere index to record the movements of the political wheel-work behind: he has a business assigned to him, which he must study with especial attention, and in the transaction of which his position confers on him peculiar advantages. That position gives him an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the best evidence on every public question, of hearing the conflicting arguments of the most eminent statesmen, and of submitting his own views to the ordeal of unrestrained discussion and general scrutiny.

"If he fully and faithfully discharge his duty, the same result will follow in this case as in every other case where individuals engage in pursuits requiring habitual application: he will acquire an intelligence and skill in regard to the business entrusted to him, beyond those of his fellow-men otherwise employed. Unless the principles of the human mind are different in this matter from what they are in all others, he will attain a more enlightened, correct, and comprehensive view of the various questions which come before him in his official capacity, than the constituent body who appointed him could possibly attain in time to instruct him how to decide, engrossed as the members of it are with other pursuits, and more intensely interested in other questions. As a physician, whose time and attention and faculties are chiefly devoted to the art of healing, cannot without injury be restricted in his treatment of disease by the views and desires of the patient who requires his assistance, although they may be very properly taken into consideration; so to the political representative, unshackled by instructions, must be left the discretion of acting according to his own views of the public welfare, provided we would obtain the specific benefit for which he is appointed.

"There are then two distinct reasons why the representative should be left to his own judgment and discretion, in the determination of those political questions which come before him, unfettered by any instructions from his constituents.

"1. He is a member of an assembly, which, as the last section has shown, must possess peculiar advantages for conducting the process of legislation.

"2. By devoting his time and attention to public matters, he must acquire a greater insight into them at the time of decision, than the majority of his constituents from whom instructions would proceed.

"To control, by instructions, the representative deputed to take part in the deliberations of the supreme assembly, would, in fact, be tantamount to adopting the plan, already shown in the last section to be ineligible, of performing the preliminary part of legislation in a number of local assemblies instead of the national assembly, with the additional inconsistency of setting the national legislature on the investigation and discussion of questions already determined by other bodies. It would be deputing men to discuss measures of public policy, under the condition that their deliberations should have no influence on the determination of the

measures discussed. If you, the constituents, will not trust the business of examination to the supreme assembly, do it avowedly yourselves, and let that assembly meet merely to enact or register what you have decided upon; but if you devolve the task of examination upon a deliberative body, do not commit the absurdity of determining for it the result to which it must come.

"The inconsistency of giving instructions to their representatives may not strike any single constituency, who merely look at their own case. To them it will appear that they are guiding only one vote in an assembly where there is the utmost latitude of decision; that they are fixing only one point amidst universal mobility; but the incongruity will manifest itself when they reflect, that what is right, in this matter, for one body of individuals, must be right for all; that it is a question regarding a general principle, and that the consequence of adopting the general principle would be, that as each individual member would come pinned down by instructions, the whole legislative assembly would meet together to examine and deliberate about measures, the rejection or adoption of which was already fixed beyond the possibility of being affected by their deliberations.

"The only plausible objection to this argument is, that although the plan of leaving the representative unfettered by instructions, would enable him to avail himself of all the advantages of his position for forming an enlightened conclusion, it would, at the same time, leave him at liberty to follow his own pleasure, which might be adverse to the public interest: that the promotion of the public good involves two elements,—a knowledge of what it is, and a disposition to promote it; the last of which would not be secured by suffering the representative to act on his own judgment and discretion.

"The answer to this objection is not one that requires much research. In the affair of political delegation we must place a certain degree of confidence in others, and run a certain degree of risk, as we are obliged to do in other transactions. It would doubtless be well, if, in this and all other affairs in which we are concerned collectively or individually, we, who possess the completest desire on every point to secure our own good, possessed also, on every point, the completest knowledge how to attain it. But we are not so fortunate; and it becomes a matter of calculation in each case, where our own ability fails, whether it would not be advantageous to call in the aid of others, to whom our welfare must unavoidably be a subordinate consideration, and whom we must connect with our interests by some factitious tie. Whenever we employ a man to do what his superior knowledge enables him to do better than ourselves, it is because the superiority of his knowledge, combined with his weaker disposition to promote our interest, will, on the whole, produce a better result than our inferior knowledge, coupled with our stronger disposition. So it is when we appoint a political deputy; we can obtain the benefit of his services only by encountering the risk of trusting him. The advantage we look for at his hands, is incompatible with retaining the direction of his conduct.

"The security which we have that he will act rightly, is of a different character. It lies in the responsibility under which he is placed, and this is the other great point to be remarked in the relation between him and his constituents. We have seen what he has to do for them, the general nature of the duties which he has to discharge, and the peculiar advantages of his position; and we have now to consider in what sort of responsibility the security they have upon him, that he will be regulated in the discharge of those duties by proper views, consists.

"The specific security which they have is obviously the power of dismissing him, immediately or ultimately, from the office; in actual practice, it is the power of setting him aside at the first election which may take place. We shall hereafter have occasion to advert to the degree of intensity which ought to be given to the responsibility of a representative, and to the circumstances by which that intensity is regulated. Our present business is merely to describe of what the responsibility is composed; and it is manifestly composed of the consequences which his constituents can inflict upon him.

"This liability to dismissal is indeed not the only consideration at work on the mind of the representative to keep him in the line of duty: there are, besides, his own virtuous feelings, his regard for the esteem of his friends, his desire of approbation, his fear of public opinion, and other principles contributing to the same end: but how inefficacious all these are, without the specific liability to lose his seat, may be seen in the conduct of those English representatives under the old system, who commanded a place in parliament, by their wealth or station, with as much certainty as they hired a house or purchased an estate. There can be no reliance that he will be kept in the line of duty by any or all of these other principles alone: but when the master principle is in operation, all these subordinate ones will act with augmented efficacy.

"It is not, then, to the power of instructing their representative, that constituents are to look for an assurance that his efforts will be faithfully applied to the public service, for that would be inconsistent with the most enlightened legislation; but it is to the power of reducing him from the elevation to which their suffrages have raised him. What properly belongs to them is not a power of directing, but of checking; not a power of previous dictation, but a power of reward and punishment on a review of what he has done. The object to be obtained is not to compel the representative to decide agreeably to the opinions of his constituents, for that would be compelling him often to decide against his better judgment; but it is to force him to decide with a single view to the public good, and, at the same time, to obtain the full benefit of his intelligence. It is by leaving him unshackled with positive instructions, while he is subject to the ultimate tribunal of the opinion of his constituents, that the end in view is to be accomplished, of bringing into action, in the proceedings of the legislature, the greatest practicable quantity of intelligence, under the guidance of the purest disposition to promote the welfare of the community."

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"In the whole series of transactions implied in political representation, it is not the highest wisdom of the few that prevails; it is the general intelligence, the intelligence of the majority, of the many. It is the general intelligence of the constituents that selects the representatives, and it is the general intelligence of the representatives that determines the character of the laws enacted, and the measures of public policy pursued. From these considerations it follows, that if the constituents were to instruct their representatives, their instructions, bearing, as they must inevitably do, the stamp of their average intelligence, would virtually impose the views of a less intelligent body on one of greater information and judgment."

The following brief passage well exposes the absurdity of representative pledges:—

"To send a man to parliament bound to vote positively for a particular measure, under all circumstances, is to render useless all enquiry,

all collection of facts, comparison of opinions, and exercise of his reasoning powers, as well as to withdraw all motive for intellectual exertion. It is to say to him, 'We send you to a place where you will have access to a great deal of information, to many instructive documents, and to much oral evidence; where you will hold communication with some of the ablest and wisest men of the country, and hear them unfold their arguments and explain their opinions; and where your mind will be necessarily called into vigorous action, if you are properly alive to the duties of your situation: but recollect, that although in this process unknown facts may be discovered, new trains of reasoning developed, established errors exploded, and inveterate misconceptions dissipated; although in a word, new light may break in on your understanding, we insist on your making no use of it, we insist on your permitting it to have no influence on your vote. To show our disinterestedness, we insist on your not giving us the benefit of any such fresh information, but that you shall decide at all events, and at all risks, in the manner pre-appointed. In an age distinguished for inquiry and progressive knowledge, we send you to a deliberative assembly without the power of deliberation.'"

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"But, whatever objections conscientious individuals might have to pledges, or promises to vote in a prescribed manner, they could not reasonably object to an explicit declaration of opinions on those subjects which would come before them in their legislative capacity. The upright candidate would unreservedly communicate the actual condition of his mind on political questions. It may be urged, indeed, that, amidst the variety, complexity, and magnitude of these questions, a candidate might feel himself in a state of indecision on some important points: he might not be able, in regard to some of them, to arrive at any conclusive views, and the method here recommended might force him into rash and premature declarations. This supposed case, however, presents only an imaginary difficulty. If he is really undecided on any question, his proper course of conduct is the simplest in the world; he has only to say that he is. Nothing can be required on the part of the electors, but to learn the states of his mind, and his doubtfulness on any point is one of those states which it is wished to know. All, therefore, that he has to do in a case of this nature is, to declare that he has not formed a settled opinion; and if, fortunately, he has to deal with sensible men, he will lose no ground in their esteem on account of any suspense or hesitation which arises from an acquaintance with the conflicting arguments on the question, and not from sheer ignorance of matters within ordinary reach. If he has to deal with unreasonable men, he must submit to the consequences. Should he lose his election, he will preserve his self-respect. Let no one expect to combine the incompatible advantages of an honest, straightforward course, and of a hollow, insincere conduct.

"It seems, indeed, to be held out as a sort of discreditable thing, that a man should not have made up his mind on all public questions; but every one who has examined for himself, knows, that doubt and hesitation must be the frequent result of intricate enquiries. So far from these mental conditions reflecting any discredit on the candidate, it may be affirmed, with little fear of contradiction, that considering the new facts which are hourly brought to light, the better methods adopted of recording and classifying them, and the hitherto dimly seen or undiscovered principles daily evolved by thinking men, an openness to conviction from

novel information and additional experience, is an essential quality in the legislator of a free country.

"A settled set of opinions on public questions, stamped with the seal of immutability and supported by an orderly array of arguments trained and disciplined for the purpose, may be very convenient for the demagogue or the hereditary politician, but would be a poor preparation for a man who has to sift the evidence and examine the conflicting considerations of those difficult inquiries, which form the principal business of a modern statesman."

We are sure that nothing can be clearer or more philosophical than the whole of Mr. Foster's discussion of the subject of engagements to constituents; and we exceedingly regret that it is extended to a length which forbids its extraction entire. Perhaps such persons as have read Burke's masterly argument on the same subject, in his speech to the electors of Bristol, with distrust (a distrust not very unnatural in those who deem him a traitor to the popular cause), may accept with more favour that of an Englishman who, without suspicion of selfish or sinister ends, dares to stake a reputation not wholly undistinguished upon the advocacy of a reform founded on American example, and comprising the ballot, a reduced parliament, triennial elections, provincial legislatures, and an extended suffrage. Whatever may have been the bias of Burke's mind, in view of the frightful excesses it was his lot to witness (the speech at Bristol, however, was delivered while he was committed to uncompromising whiggism, and long before the French revolution), no similar one can be suspected in a radical reformer of the present day.

It is a sufficient answer to those who affirm the controlling obligation of instructions, to reply, that in America there is no constitutional penalty for their neglect; and that, as we said before, there is a constitutional inconvenience in their admission. The *tacit understanding* which is sometimes alleged is an assumption. Choice is fixed upon one individual rather than another, in consequence of the tenor of his political life, and his general qualifications. At least it is so in theory. At the north, especially, many a delegate never addresses his constituents, either orally or through the press. The endeavour to entangle the conscience of a representative with implied obligations, is a desperate resource of party: in fact it is only upon some vexed party question that, lashed by the newspaper press, the constituency thinks of the power of instruction at all. The mighty right is asleep while matters flow evenly. Men, then, leave their legislators to make their laws, as they do their judges to administer them. It is in fact the party press, under the control or influence of sinister and sometimes illegitimate influences, that meddles thus with the level course of constitu-

tional legislation. It is an old trick. Caligula used the *stylus* to despatch a refractory Senator.

In America, the prescribed qualifications for legislative service respect only age, residence, and citizenship. In England there is a property qualification, requiring a freehold of three hundred pounds a year for boroughs, and twice that sum for counties. In France, the payment of direct taxes, amounting to five hundred francs per annum, and the age of thirty years, constitutes eligibility to the chamber of deputies. The author of the essay before us, would reject the property qualification altogether; and *disqualify* all persons engaged in active pursuits. He also considers the age fixed in the French charter as sufficiently early for the commencement of a legislative career; although Fox and Pitt both entered the house of commons under their majority. Perhaps the highest benefit of aristocratical nomination, in England, has been to make parliament a school for the higher order of legislators. The production of two such statesmen and orators as we have named, would, at any rate, go far towards sanctioning the anomaly. Preliminary to this, however, is the general question, whether *any* qualifications should be prescribed by law.

"When men make laws, they are usually, perhaps always, in a fitter state of mind for discerning what qualifications are requisite for an office, than when they are engaged in considering the merits of actual candidates for it. In the heat of a personal contest the want of such qualifications may be neglected, although the parties who overlook the deficiency would feel, in the coolness of reflection, the paramount necessity of requiring them. It seems wise, therefore, at the outset, while the matter is merely an abstract question, and before any personal or party consideration can come into play, to fix on such qualifications as are at once highly desirable, and susceptible of being predetermined and enforced by enactment. On examination, it will be found that those qualifications which can be thus prescribed are necessarily very few. To be determined beforehand, they must admit of being precisely defined; and in order that they should be enforced, the possession of them must be accurately ascertainable, and (what is implied in that) not easy to be counterfeited. Age, sex, sanity of mind, and freedom from convicted guilt, and, perhaps we may add, freedom from the occupation of a trade or profession, appear to be circumstances of this class. The possession of any specified amount of property does not. A man may be rich one day and poor another, without any loss of fitness or ability to fill the office of representative; the possession of a specified amount of property cannot always be exactly ascertained, and the requirement of the law can be so readily evaded by the creation of a factitious ownership as to make it a nullity.

"The present qualification for a seat in the British house of commons is notoriously evaded, and has, probably, never kept half a dozen men out of parliament since it existed. If any have owed their exclusion to this cause, they have been just such as ought to have been admitted in preference to any other; such as were more scrupulously conscientious than the generality of their species. The regulation has, therefore, been positively injurious, in regard to any effect which it may have had in

sifting one description of men from another; while, in attempting that object, it has given rise to perjury, or to something approaching to it, and thus done what all restrictions which can be successfully evaded inevitably do, lowered public morality. When we first look at this requirement, it appears to have something whimsical on its surface. The legislators who imposed it seem to say to the electors, 'We have resolved that we will not suffer you to vote for any candidate who is not in possession of freehold property worth three hundred pounds per annum. To have a representative in parliament who had less than this amount of this particular description of property, would be highly injurious, and we therefore will not permit him to sit, although you should be imprudent enough to depute him. In other respects we think you competent to use your own discretion. We, consequently, do not prohibit you from delegating a gambler, a drunkard, a fool, a seducer of innocence, an uneducated, illiterate, or ignorant interloper, a liar, or a swindler. If you can make up your minds to choose representatives of this character, you are at liberty to do so, but we cannot entrust you with the perilous discretion of selecting a poor man, however virtuous or able: nor can we confide to you the dangerous privilege of fixing your choice on a man, however large his income may be, who possesses nothing but such evanescent property as leasehold estates, canals, railroads, public funds, manufactories, machinery, and ships. The danger which would arise from your choosing a virtuous and highly-gifted poor man, or the estimable owner of even immense personal property, so infinitely transcends that which would be the consequence of selecting the most abandoned profligate, that, while we permit you to follow your inclination in the latter case, we most rigorously prohibit you from exercising any option in the former.'

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"A law, disqualifying men from sitting in the legislative assembly, on account of possessing more than a certain amount of property, might be defended on better grounds than that which excludes individuals on account of their indigence. The possessors of extraordinary wealth have, in the first place, little sympathy with the great body of the people. Accustomed to command their gratifications, to have every thing presented to them almost as the wish for it rises in their minds, and to view their fellow-creatures as inferior beings, existing to contribute to their enjoyment, it is impossible for them to enter into the pains and pleasures of individuals hourly struggling in the world, some for a bare subsistence, and some for the preservation of their position in society.

"But not only have eminently rich men little sympathy with others, but they are deficient in another point—in habits of intellectual exertion and application to real business. Mental efforts are not made without inducements, and the easy manner in which the rich man's desires are gratified, leaves him bare of motives to overcome the *vis inertiae* of a luxurious condition. It is by no means needful, however, for the reasons already stated, to exclude by law either the poor or the rich, of any degree, from a seat in the legislature. No very poor man, it may be added, would be chosen in any circumstances, unless he were distinguished by remarkable qualities; and no very rich man would offer himself, under a proper system of representation, unless he were prepared to yield his time and attention to the duties of the office.

"Amongst the qualifications enumerated as legitimate subjects of predetermination by law, the only ones to which it seems necessary to advert more at length, are age and freedom from other occupation. It is of indisputable importance that a legislator should be of mature age, not-

withstanding the prevailing practice which implies the contrary. How, in the nature of the case, can a young man, however gifted with original abilities, and instructed and disciplined by education, understand those complicated and difficult questions which form the proper business to be submitted to the legislature? That depth of knowledge and solidity of judgment which are necessary for the full consideration and discreet determination of such questions, can be the result of nothing but the thought and experience of years. It is easy for a young man to catch the popular doctrines of the day, and expound them with force and eloquence; but it is not in the range of possibility that he should make the subjects fully his own, understand all their bearings, see all their consequences, and be completely aware of the modifications which may be requisite to adapt them to use. In legislation, as in other arts, there is a tact, a nicety of judgment, an intuitive apprehension of the relations of things, a wisdom which age indeed does not always bring, but which age alone can bestow. If the period of maturity for the legislative office were fixed, by law, much higher than what we have been accustomed to see in the practice of this country, great advantage would result from the exclusion of men of unripe minds, who now occupy seats which ought to be filled with senators prepared for the office by a long course of study and reflection."

It is but just to add the author's argument upon the remaining qualification, although, as we have already had occasion to remark, it can be of no practical application in the United States, so long as this nation retains her present system of laws, and the forms of opinion consequent upon it.

"But there is a qualification of even still greater importance than maturity of years; and that is, freedom from all other serious or momentous occupation—a qualification hitherto completely neglected. In common life, we should never dream for a moment of entrusting any affairs, which required incessant attention, much research after knowledge, and much thought, to a man whose time and mind were already fully occupied with other matters. And yet what private affairs are there that demand more time, research, and thought, than the business of legislation?

"It is true, that, as hitherto conducted, a casual attention to it has enabled the legislator to escape without any high degree of blame; and it may possibly be contended, that, provided a small number of the members of the legislature devote themselves to the work, the rest will be of as much service as can be required, if they give the nation the benefit of their judgment on what others devise; which may be accomplished by clever men, although the chief part of their time is devoted to the labours of a profession. A delusive representation of this kind would hardly need exposure, had not it been recently insisted on in a quarter entitled at least to the deference of refutation.

"A slight consideration will suffice to show that every member of the legislative assembly ought to be an effective one, and devote to its business the principal share of his time and attention.

"All experience proves, that a numerous legislative assembly is an evil: the smaller the number of members, if they can do the work, the better; and, to obtain this advantage, it is essential that every member should attend during the appointed hours of meeting, and take an active and efficient part in the business. To give any individual the power of absenting himself habitually, occasions the necessity of an addition to the number of members otherwise sufficient. But this is not the most

pernicious effect. Unless he is present during the whole of the sittings, he can be no competent judge of the questions which he has to decide; and the chances are that his vote will do mischief, inasmuch as it must be given in a state of ignorance and misapprehension. Is it in the faintest degree conceivable, that the most gifted individual, after having been exhausted by the labours of a profession, after having had his faculties jaded or perplexed by the intricacies of the law, or by the calculations and anxieties of commerce, can be in a condition of mind fitted to take an adequately cool, keen, and comprehensive survey of a momentous political question, to weigh the evidence conflicting and multifarious, and to estimate all the circumstances which ought to enter into the determination.

"To have a great number of members who cannot or will not take a fair share of the business of the assembly, merely that they may drop in at the close of a debate to dispose of questions by an aye or no—questions which they thus cannot be in a proper intellectual condition to decide—seems an expedient to determine that by a mob, which ought to be determined by a senate; to fling to chance or caprice or prejudice what ought to be entrusted to careful and mature deliberation. It is no wonder, that, under a system admitting of such practices, the constituent bodies have fancied it to be their business to instruct those whom they depute. Such practices, in fact, take away all force from the arguments adduced to show that instructions are inappropriate and injurious.

"If the most thoughtless mind will dwell a few moments on the subject, it cannot fail to perceive both the importance and the difficulty of the task which the legislator undertakes. Its importance needs no illustration. Powerless as government is to create happiness, there is scarcely a day in our lives, the enjoyments of which are not affected by the acts of the legislative assembly, and which may not be embittered by one of its heedless errors. The difficulty of the task is not less than the importance. Political science is perhaps that department of intellectual exertion, which requires the greatest powers of mind, and the intensest application. Its facts are multifarious and complicated, often anomalous and contradictory, and demanding the guidance of clear principles: its principles are many of them abstruse, and to be developed only by long and close processes of reasoning; and the application of these principles requires the sagacity of quick observation and long experience. The whole business calls for that familiarity of mind with the subject which can be the result of nothing but habitual daily devotion to it.

"In making laws, too, not only is there a demand for powers of mind to cope with the disorder and complication of facts, and the abstruseness of reasoning, but there ought to be also a complete mastery of language, that nice and delicate instrument of thought and communication, by the clumsy handling of which so much confusion and uncertainty is yearly produced in legislative enactments. Every word in a law is of importance; every sentence ought to exhibit that perfectness of expression, which is to be looked for only from the skill and caution of undistracted minds. Well might Bentham observe, that the words of the law ought to be weighed like diamonds.

"Is this, then, a matter to be dealt with by an exhausted professional man in what should be his hours of recreation? Can such a one be competent to a task hard enough for the mind which comes to it every day with all its vigour fresh, all its perspicacity undimmed, its spirit of activity unworn, and its feelings of interest unabsorbed? Is the refuse

of an individual's time and abilities what a people are to be content with from a representative to whom they confide the determination of measures, in which their prosperity is deeply implicated? Is this sufficient for governing the destinies of a great nation? And why should the electors place such men in parliament? Why should they choose individuals, whose time is avowedly and unavoidably engrossed by their private pursuits? And why, above all, should they prefer men so occupied to those who are entirely at leisure, and who, in a country like this, are every where to be found?"

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"In carrying such a disqualification into effect (and of the judiciousness of doing it *by law* we would be understood to speak with some diffidence, from a dread of superfluous legislation), the range of selection left to the constituent body would doubtless be narrowed; but it is of little avail to have the power of choosing public servants who have not time to perform their duties; and the range of choice might be expanded again, by the obvious expedient of annexing a salary to the office of representative. In truth, this expedient seems to be required at all events, in order to secure the services of the ablest men, and to give the greatest intensity to the motives which impel the mind of the legislator to apply itself to the difficulties of the task, as well as to enhance the vigilance of the constituent body, by teaching them the value of his services, and of their own suffrages, in a way which the dullest amongst them can understand. Under such an arrangement, men of energetic and comprehensive minds, trained to vigorous personal and intellectual exertion, but who are obliged to devote themselves to pursuits yielding a profitable return, and are consequently at present either excluded from the legislature, or are mere ciphers in it, would be, with all their faculties, at the command of the public. Men of this description, so gifted, and so placed above private cares, would be invaluable: for, instead of giving that lazy, gentlemanly attention to public questions, which, in their own apprehension at least, is all that can be reasonably expected from unpaid representatives living in luxurious opulence; or that casual and intermittent, and brief attendance on their duties, which is all that professional practitioners can bestow, they would make their legislative functions the business of their lives. Strenuous intellectual exertion, except in the case of a few extraordinary minds to which it is a pleasure, as severe corporeal exercise is to a man of great muscular strength, is irksome, and seldom habitually undertaken without a powerful external motive. It is surely policy in a nation to furnish this motive for due application to national affairs.

"To set against these advantages there appears to be nothing but the expense. On the most liberal calculation, less than half a million sterling would effect the object; and every one must own that this would be mere dust in the balance, when placed against the benefits to be derived from substituting masterly legislation for the deplorable work which has too often passed under that name.

"Another qualification has been prescribed by the constitution of the United States of America, namely, that the representatives should be resident in the state for which they are elected. This is doubtless a desirable qualification, but scarcely of that clear and decisive benefit which calls for the aid of an enactment. In America, where every state forms a sort of independent political body, and might, in extreme cases, detach itself from the confederacy, and is capable from its magnitude of erecting itself into a separate republic, there is more reason for such a regulation than there could possibly be in our own country. With us, a

restriction of this nature would limit the choice of the electors, without any adequate counter benefit, and would be attended indeed with a peculiar sacrifice of advantage. Many of our distinguished characters, although of provincial origin, reside in the metropolis, and would thus be precluded from all chance of a seat. Nor would such a restriction be needful for the purpose of securing a due attention to the local interests of the places represented. On the plan of district legislatures, the possession of local knowledge would be no longer necessary in members of the national legislature. The representatives deputed to the supreme assembly would then have to deal solely with questions of general interest and importance, and might be chosen from the pre-eminent men of the whole empire wherever they are to be found."

The recommendation in the foregoing extract, that a salary should be attached to the office of legislator, and that, like other public servants, he should be paid for his time and labour, (a recommendation which, to Americans, seems very natural,) is in strong contrast with the ridicule which Captain Hall saw fit to bestow upon the stipend allotted to the law-makers of the United States. If we rightly recollect, the captain intimated an opinion, that our legislation was dear at eight dollars a day. That sum would certainly be a cheap reward for similar services abroad, if the expenses of an active canvass be considered. It would melt rapidly at Crockford's, or Newmarket. The practice of paying members of parliament has, however, old example for it. We have not authority for the sum, but no less a person than Andrew Marvel is on record, as having fingered his *per diem and mileage*, in the reign of Henry VIII. Such a conservative as the gallant captain ought to admit the value of the precedent. A single word, too, upon the residence provisions, in the United States, to the same class of objectors. We are primitive enough to imagine that there ought to be a close identity of interest between the representative and the constituent; and while we deny the right of special instruction, we believe that this identity is best effected by, what a witty gentlewoman once told us was the origin of most matrimonial alliances,—*proximity and juxta-position*.

A clever writer has said that "there is no greater political fallacy than that which attempts to secure the good of the whole without securing the good of the parts." We fully believe that the good of the parts, and through them the good of the whole, may best be secured by allowing each part a distinct and precise place in the general council, and representing it by those whose habits and feelings are incorporated with its own. The unequal constituencies of Great Britain may alter the argument there. A handful of voters might not be able to find a fit representative among them, and this no doubt was the reason that for so many years the statute of Henry V. requiring actual residence was openly set at nought, and was even declared by the

King's Bench while it was still unrepealed, "unfit to be observed." The enforcement of it, so far as boroughmongery was concerned, would itself have been a radical reform. But the judges had not the courage to do it; they talked (or others for them) of a *principle of desuetude*, as if such a principle could be tolerated for an instant when the enforcement of an act of parliament was in question. Nothing was heard of any such principle when wager of battle was offered, for the first time for two centuries, under an older provision. Parliament took a safer course, and notwithstanding the residence act was not observed, and was "not fit to be observed," they repealed it the 14th of George III. When travellers, therefore, compare England and America, they ought to advert to what the principles of representation and the relations between the parties to it were when England herself was in a more primitive state of society. The opposers of reform—the *laudatores temporis acti*—ought at least to allow us to begin (as we are comparatively in the first stage of national progress) with the simplicity of ancient times to which they profess to adhere, or from which they have only gradually wandered. Even the suffrage was as unlimited in England, in the time of Henry VIII., as it now is with us. A paltry freehold of forty shillings was not demanded until the eighth year of that prince, and the English parliament rested where, say what we may, and argue as we can, all representative governments must rest, upon a broad popular foundation.

———"curæque, laborque
Pervigil, hanc requiem terris, hæc otia rebus
Inesperata dabant. Illæ tibi, Roma salutem
Angustæ peperere casæ."

This brings us to the proper constitution of the electoral body, and to the consideration of its composition and extent. The necessity of a property qualification, in the present state of education, as affording, though imperfect, yet the best evidence, or rather, the best *probability*, of fitness for the exercise of the franchise, is strongly put by Mr. Foster. He looks, it is true, upon universal suffrage as the only sure method of securing the purity of elections, but it must be the universal suffrage of an enlightened people, not of a nation whose numerical strength would overbalance its intelligence.

"In order that the influence of the electoral body on the legislature may be at the highest point of beneficialness, two qualifications ought to be combined in the electors in the highest possible degree which circumstances will admit; namely, intelligence, and freedom from partial interests. The more enlightened the electors are, the more capable will

they be of properly performing their duty of selection and supervision: the freer they are from partial interests, the more certainly will their intelligence be applied as it ought to be for the general welfare.

"In a country in which the inhabitants were thoroughly enlightened (if we may be permitted for the sake of illustration to make use of so vague a phrase), there could be no reason why the elective franchise should not be universal. It unfortunately happens, however, that in all countries, or almost all countries, the great bulk of the population are in a state, which can scarcely be calumniated by terming it intellectual darkness.

"When this is the case, the formation of the electoral body is a problem of no small difficulty. To make the franchise universal would subject the legislature to the control of ignorance, and lower the character of its enactments, to the injury of the common good: on the other hand, to limit the franchise to a part of the community, would enhance the danger to be apprehended from the prevalence of partial interests. The demand for intelligence in the electoral body, and the demand for numerical magnitude, are antagonist principles: one can be answered only at the expense of the other.

"The only thing which can be done in this dilemma is to effect a compromise between them; and the nature of this compromise must be determined, in every community where the question comes to be practically considered, by the character and condition of the people.

"Although, however, no general conclusion can be drawn as to the extent and composition of the electoral body, yet certain principles may be laid down to assist those who may have at any time to take the matter into practical consideration. This assistance we shall endeavour to render.

"In every country, then, in which the intellectual condition of the mass of the people will not admit of universal suffrage, the object to be proposed is the formation of an electoral body, the members of which shall at once be superior in knowledge to the mass of the people, possess an interest in legislative enactments and acts of administration identical for the most part with that of the whole community, and be placed by their numerousness (with the aid of suitable regulations) beyond the reach of bribery and intimidation."

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"It remains to consider how far the possession of property is a criterion of knowledge. We must admit at once that it is a very inexact criterion, and, in regard to some classes, no criterion at all.

"It is not true that knowledge is in proportion to wealth. A man of £50,000 a year would probably be found less intelligent and capable of discrimination than a man of one thousand. Great wealth relaxes the motives to exertion, and efficient knowledge is not to be attained without labour. Place a man in boundless affluence, and (to use a phrase of a masterly writer) you shelter and weather-fend him from the elements of experience.

"When, however, we descend lower in the scale we find a different result. People who are raised above the necessity of manual toil can afford to cultivate their minds, and have time and motives for giving some attention to the acquisition of knowledge. One of the first effects of wealth on those who acquire it, is a desire to bestow a liberal education on their children, which of itself tends to maintain a superiority on the side of the rich. Knowledge, like many other things, is an article not readily acquired without pecuniary expense, nor yet without leisure;

and as a general rule, those who can afford to make the necessary outlay of time and money will have the greatest quantity of the commodity. Thus, people of two hundred a year will be found on the average to possess more extensive knowledge than people of fifty pounds a year, and the possessors of two thousand more than those of two hundred. Numerous exceptions to this rule will present themselves; but it is sufficient that it prevails on the whole, and affords the best criterion which we can obtain. If it holds on the whole, it will be practically useful.

"In order then to combine the two requisites of identity of interests with those of the nation at large, and adequate knowledge, the electoral body must be in the first place numerous, and in the second place possessed individually of a certain amount of property. No precise general principles can be laid down on either of these points,—either as to the number or as to the property required. The determination of both, in every particular instance, must greatly depend on the peculiar condition of the people, in regard to knowledge, agriculture, commerce, and wealth. Something would depend on established habits, and something on other municipal regulations."

We dare not say that in the United States we have untied the knot which has so much puzzled foreign philosophy—but we have at least cut it. The day is past for arguing the question of universal suffrage on this side the Atlantic. The franchise is "as broad and general as the casing air." All the powers of legislation cannot suffice to wrench it from the meanest citizen. But legislation has its task for all that, and that task is to prepare the general mind for its office, and to teach the use of the implement it has with so little caution confided. Where every man is to decide upon political questions, every man must be taught political truths. A wider and more comprehensive system of education is all that can secure this country from false theories of government, and wretched delusions with regard to the extent of popular power. The influx of foreign ignorance and vice must be checked before it sweeps up to the polls, carrying away all the barriers which the constitution of the country and the right influence of native opinion have placed there to save them from desecration. Science has yet much to do for the universal mind of this great nation, not only to elevate its destinies but to preserve it from contamination.

The author of the essay goes, however, in one point of view, a step farther towards universal suffrage than any practical legislator has yet ventured to do. He asserts the right of women to participate in the elective franchise: at least, he would extend it to single women and widows having independent possessions. The following is the sum of his argument:

"The limitation of the elective franchise by sex, is a more difficult subject, and surrounded with a host of prejudices; but it surely ought

to be decided by the same principles as any other restriction, and not by blind prepossessions and tyrannical prescription. The legitimate object of all government—namely, the happiness of the community—comprehends alike male and female, as alike susceptible of pain and pleasure; and the principle, that power will be uniformly exercised for the good of the parties subject to it only when it is under their control, or the control of persons who have an identity of interests with themselves, is equally applicable in the case of both sexes. The exclusion of the female sex from the electoral privilege can therefore be consistently contended for only by showing two things; first, that their interests are so closely allied with those of the male sex, and allied in such a manner as to render the two nearly identical; secondly, that the female sex are incompetent, from want of intelligence, to make a choice for their own good, and that on this account it would be to the advantage of the community, on the whole, to leave the selection of representatives to the stronger part of the human race, the disadvantages arising from any want of perfect identity of interests being more than compensated by the advantages of that superior discernment which the male sex would bring to the task. Let us examine, for a moment, the force of these allegations. The interests of the female sex are so far from being identified with those of the male sex, that the latter half of the human species have almost universally used their power to oppress the former. By the present regulations of society, men wield over women, to a certain extent, irresponsible power; and one of the fundamental maxims on which representative government is founded is, that irresponsible power will be abused. The case before us presents no exception: the power of man over woman is constantly misemployed; and it may be doubted whether the relation of the sexes to each other will ever be placed on a just and proper footing, until they both have their share of control over the enactments of the legislature. If none of these regulations applied specifically to women as women, and to men as men, and to the circumstances arising from their peculiar connection with each other, their interests might, perhaps, be considered as identified; but in the actual relative position in which, by nature, the sexes stand, and must always remain, as two parties marked by peculiar and indelible differences, separate interests cannot fail to grow up between them, and numerous laws must be directed to the regulation of their respective rights and duties. If the enactment of these laws concerning two parties who have distinct interests is solely under the control of one party, we know the consequence.

“There is no truth, then, in the argument, that the interests of the female sex in the regulations of the state are identified with those of the male; and even if the allegation were true, it would furnish no reason for excluding women from the elective franchise, unless it could be shown, that, from their general want of intelligence, they are incapable of making a good choice, or that (it may be added) they labour under some other disqualification. If it were alleged, that, inasmuch as all persons who inhabit houses at the rent of ten pounds a year have an identity of interests in political affairs, one half may be excluded from the elective franchise without infringing the true principles of representation, it would be quite as sound an inference, as that women ought to be excluded because their interests are the same as those of men. There must be not only proof of an identity of interests, but also a specific ground of exclusion from the privilege to be exercised.

“The specific ground urged in the case of women, is incompetency from ignorance—the same ground which is urged in the case of the

poorer classes of the community. It cannot, however, be urged with the same justice. Though the female sex may be allowed, in all existing societies, to be on the whole inferior in intelligence to the men, yet the higher classes of females are superior in this respect to the lower classes of the males. Women, for instance, possessing five hundred a year, are generally superior in information to men of fifty pounds a year, although, perhaps, not equal to men of five hundred. If this is a true statement, the obvious expedient is, not to exclude women, but to place their pecuniary qualification higher. Even the necessity of such a higher qualification may be doubted, inasmuch as in that peculiar intelligence which is requisite for a judicious choice of persons to fill public offices, females are in some respects greater proficient than men of the same station. Female tact, in the discrimination of at least certain qualities of character, is universally admitted; and it can scarcely be questioned, that such coadjutors would be highly useful in the selection of representatives, were their minds fully brought to bear on the merits of the candidates by their having a voice in the decision. With regard to any other disqualification under which the female sex may labour, if any exists, it has not hitherto been brought into discussion. The inconsistency of the exercise of a valuable political privilege with female delicacy, will scarcely be alleged. Were a proper method of taking votes adopted, and such other appropriate measures employed as will be hereafter suggested when treating on the subject, to disencumber elections of what at present renders them scenes of rudeness and riot, the exercise of the elective franchise would be compatible with the most scrupulous refinement of feelings and habits."

Without saying one single word about the right insisted upon above, we wholly question the expediency of offering to any portion of the female sex the smallest inducement to forget the private offices and domestic duties of life, or to become parties to political strife. The vexations of an incessant canvass are sufficiently tormenting, meeting them as we do at every turn in the pathway of active life, without introducing them into the one safe retreat, from which the refinement of modern times has seen fit to exclude them. Women are unsexed by mingling in the hot and virulent pursuits of men. Their tender natures more easily take a taint, as the sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest wine. There is a fine meaning under the allegory which represents the Amazons as unable to wield a manly weapon until they had mutilated their choicest and most distinguishing beauty. Let it not be said that this is fanciful and over-refined. The sphere which woman fills, is one into which she has settled by universal consent, after many weary centuries of slavery, indignity, and neglect. That licentious era, during which distinguished females participated in the intrigues of a corrupt and witty court, scarce retained the shadow of a domestic virtue to purify its annals. It degraded the dignity of the sex as much as it sophisticated their manners and undermined their morals. We cannot, moreover, appreciate the

argument which would bring female influence into the turmoil of an election contest, and yet deny to individuals of that sex, capability to fill offices of trust and honour. If a spinster may vote for legislators, why may she not put on the white robe of a candidate for office, or claim to "set a squadron in the field," Penthesilea-fashion, with succinct garment and loosened zone; or in the guise of a cavalry officer, like that other heroine,

———"Volsca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, et florentes aëre catervas,"

find glory or the grave in a dashing charge. Penelope or Cornelia, in the sanctuary of their homes, are better models for modern imitation than heroines or *intrigantes*,—Marfisa or De Chevreuse. The influence of an American woman is in the vicinity of her household gods,—the *domus et placens uxor* are as appropriately united in reality as they are in poetry. The argument presented by our author, that there is not a sufficient identity of interest between the sexes to ensure to the weaker those rights which the stronger secure to themselves, were the objection well founded, should suggest a better remedy than that of a distribution of the franchise, the direct effect of which would be, to create a new and frightful party distinction, and to bury all the harmonies of society in hopeless ruin. Party names now are evanescent, scarce cicatrizing, as they touch, the surface of life; but once establish them, upon the grand radical difference of sex, and a wound reaches the heart which no surgery can mitigate. The vocabulary of passion has no term, as the sciolism of politics would have no cure for it. Poets have imagined a female republic, but it has always risen by the sword, and men did task-work in it. The dreams of romance itself have never shadowed out of the relations of the sexes, a co-ordinate or partnership rule, much less "a kingdom divided against itself," by such anomalous differences as their opposition would produce. Fiction and truth alike revolt at such rebellion against nature.

We lose our patience when practical men forsake the labour which lies under their very ploughshare to tamper with dangerous problems and to peril the hopes of mankind upon riddles. We have no quarrel with the hybrids of ancient times—the Philistine Dagon, or the Phœnician Dercete; they had a meaning under their incongruous forms. The mythology of the pagan world is a monument of the immortality of mind. Its dark and corrupt old fables, like the toad's head, have gems in them. Neither would we have laughed, though Horace and the Pisos might, at the monster of the painter, with its union of fish, flesh and fowl, its fantastic plumage, its medley of bor-

rowed limbs,—*collatis undique membris*,—and all the absurdities of its brute-humanity. It might serve, as its description did, to point a moral; it might be a sport of the painter's imagination, or a trial of his skill. We can forgive the whole race of female centaurs, from Hylonome to Mrs. Thornton, and the whole progeny of huntresses, from Dictynna to Di Vernon. But we loath political androgyny, with all its preachers and proselytes. The former are, for the most part, deceived or designing men, the latter bold, bad women—Spartans on the forehead, and Sybarites at the heart. We can divine no readier method for the destruction of the female character, and the total uprooting of the best and softest qualities of that sex, than to make it a party to the engrossing and degrading struggles of an election; and so general has been this opinion, that few women have claimed to participate in political power, save those who had previously forfeited all claim to purity and honour. While such persons were the sole advocates of the miscalled "rights of women," we had nothing to say. Their life confuted their doctrines. The space devoted to the topic here, is a tribute to the respectability of the new advocate of a modern fallacy. A philosopher like Mr. Foster should have avoided the heresies of Mary Wollstoncraft.

We are sensible that we have not done full justice to the essay before us, but we have employed it as seemed to ourselves most profitable—to illustrate certain familiar topics rather than to present an elaborate system of doctrines. Having used it desultorily, we shall take our leave of it abruptly, with two or three words of historical reminiscence.

Previously to the 49th year of Henry III., the lords, spiritual and temporal, as well as all tenants *in capite*, attended, or had the right to attend, parliament *en masse*. The precept in that year, commanding the sheriff to return two knights for the body of their county, and two burgesses for every city and borough contained in it, was at the foundation of the present constitution of parliament. Even then, what with the neglect of the sheriffs, what with the supineness of the electors, many boroughs omitted to perform their duty, and finally lost their right, by prescription. On the other hand, places once prosperous have, through every stage of their subsequent decay, adhered to their original privilege. Hence that anomalous system by which important cities, formerly insignificant, remain, or until recently remained, unrepresented, while hamlets in the last stage of declension send two members to parliament.¹ The

¹ The system of *town* representation, on this very principle, still prevails in Connecticut. The old towns send each *two* representatives to the legislature without reference to their population. A new town,

poverty of the constituency in the earlier stages of representation, frequently induced them to solicit a charter of relief from the onerous obligation of sending members, while the same reason sometimes caused a burgess or a knight to decline the expensive honour of carrying the grievances of his city or his shire up to London. And no wonder, for at that period, and for a century and a half longer, the representatives of the commons of England had not even the honour to register their master's edicts. The form of proceeding in parliament was by petition, in which the king acted to grant or to refuse, and the statute was never engrossed until after the prorogation, when it saw the light with vastly more of the privy council than of the house of commons about it. In other words, it was a royal ordinance in the disguise of a popular enactment. This drove the lieges to their *bill*, a sturdy creature of parchment, which royalty might frown upon and repudiate, but could not tamper with. Yet so frail and feeble was popular will, even with this new aid, that the most servile parliaments ever assembled, perhaps, were those of the very next reign, unless we except that company of slaves that gave, by solemn enactment, the force of laws to the proclamations of the mean and brutal Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth, frightened, probably, by Wentworth's imprisonment for asserting the freedom of speech, and the liberties of an English subject, the commons again resorted to petition, although a bill was before them intended to effect the very end at which the petition was aimed. For forty-five years that proud woman domineered, at her will, over the very name of liberty. The last of the Tudors was as thorough a tyrant as the first. Not one of the race (Edward VI. may, in some sort, be an exception) ever yielded an inch to the people, through fear or favour.

The first James attempted to cheat his parliament; the first Charles undertook to bully his. Had they succeeded, the Scottish dynasty might have quenched the new light of liberty instead of kindling it. Not succeeding, they but exposed themselves. The first of the Stuarts, notwithstanding the sagacity of his king-craft and the fertility of his expedients, was generally a bankrupt, or a robber by prerogative. His predecessors had been refused supplies thrice in six hundred years—he was refused as often in a single session. What the second and sterner, and mayhap honester of the race brought upon himself,

(generally composed of a fraction of an old one, most frequently a parochial division,) being a creature of the legislature, is allowed but one. If a Connecticut town could decay to the minimum point of an English borough, like an English borough it would retain its right to be represented. "*Quis tulerit*," &c.

we all know. He read a lesson which Louis XVI. read after him—the lesson which subjects teach those kings who chance to stand at the end of an old era, and who will not, cannot, or dare not, steadily and steadfastly contemplate the beginning of a new one—who gaze on a mirror instead of looking through a telescope. Cromwell in his turn taught the commons one thing—that they could change dynasties. It was what he was sent to teach. He broke the charm of divine right with his iron mace, and it has lacked potency ever since. What he did for freedom, England has legitimated by her subsequent acts; what against it, imported nothing—the usurper writes his titles in the dust of an old edifice, but he sculpts his fame on the granite of a new one. Had a monarch made wise by adversity followed him to clinch that paradox of the parasite Claudian,

—“*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege pio,*”

there would have been a bloodier battle in 1690 than that of the Boyne, and it would have been fought upon another field. But the new Stuart led his mad orgies, his minions, and his “tipsy Bacchanals,” over the memories of recent slaughter. He insulted his father’s enemies whom he should have conciliated, and what was worse, he forgot his father’s friends whom he should have cherished. He sold England to buy a jest-book. He was the only sovereign his country has ever seen, who in every act and passage of his reign, perverted or degraded all the ends and uses of sovereignty, and prostituted the very name of king. Could he and his dark brother have changed places, the chain might have been riveted, and the enthusiasm which a restored monarch inspired, would have bound it on perhaps for a century. But Charles came first (let the well-wishers of human kind thank God for it), and tore off the robe from royalty. When his successor followed, there was nothing to conceal the fetters withal. The very populace heard their clanking. Then came the triumph of a representative government, and the true greatness of an English parliament. The problem of constitutional government was solved. The body that made the Prince of Orange king, might have made him protector, or found a king in the heart of old Castile. Cromwell founded his authority upon the old and bad example of a military election—the Prince of Orange did better; he sought a constitutional process and a popular sanction. His friends made the one, and he formed the other. The first revolution began with the heart and scarcely reached the head

—the second reversed the progress, though the Jacobites of the year forty-five can witness that it was a slow one. Years of blood and misrule terminated at length in a new theory of government, and parliament at last conducted public affairs by the simple calculation of the majority.

And thence, from that point where our great mother arrived, after centuries of strife, we have commenced our own career, perhaps in its turn to lead through storm and sorrow to some new discovery in the science of human government. We work for futurity. Each man who combines or creates, although in the lowest department of knowledge, lends a seed of truth to the great hereafter, which, though buried now, may fructify in a distant age, perhaps, (for who will measure the possibility of communicated power which man may hope for from heaven)—perhaps in some distant planet. Systems of government are experiments by man for the subjugation of his own passions, and for the happiness of universal nature. Who shall comprehend or limit the means which Deity in its wisdom has reserved to compass such mighty ends? The man who, surveying the past, can see the hosts of dead errors, “whose corpses lie in the wilderness,”—errors which, in their day, and that day no short one, have desolated and defiled the earth,—will look forward with a new faith in the prognostics of philosophy, and the promises of the gospel. We believe in the advancing progress of man,—in the amelioration of his moral nature; in the expansion of his intellectual powers; in the daily enhancement of his political discoveries, because by no other means can faith or reason, the sacred hopes of the heart, or the high-reaching thoughts of the intellect, solve the riddle of his existence. The politics of the feudal age imprisoned power in baronial castles, as its morals did knowledge within the walls of monasteries. But power and knowledge, like pent up streams escaping from their barriers, though their first rush was in a torrent, confusing, in its uproar, and devastating by its force, are at length calmly overflowing the broad levels of the world, and fertilizing its neglected wastes. The snows are melting on the mountains; the mighty Nile has reached its first water-mark. Feudalism is dead with its equipage of oppression,—bigotry is dying with its mask and dagger. The people are too strong for the one, and too wise for the other. They have essayed a great paradox, and gained dominion by dividing it. The source of power has descended, but its participators are multiplied. Commerce and the arts have been busy distributors, and the press has divulged the secret. While the one conferred authority on the many, the other taught them how to use it. The

invention of gunpowder scattered the ancient elements of society,—the application of steam to locomotion is fast re-uniting them, under a new form. Old Opinion has newly

“ ————— imp'd her wings
With feathers plum'd with thought,”

and Reason, long asleep, and Science, long obscured, and Revelation, long perverted, are adding clearness to her vision and strength to her flight. Above the darkness of the past, through the obscurity of the present, the halcyon of happy augury sings steadily and strongly her prophecy of the future :

“ Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum ;
Adspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.”

ART. IX.—*Miscellanies*. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In two volumes. Boston : 1836.

A comprehension of the principle of social responsibility is the great and rare merit of Miss Martineau's writings, re-appearing every where in them, and always bringing with it an eloquence of humanity which rejoices the heart. It is this which gives the glowing spirit to the essays on Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of the first volume. This, also, gives their beauty to the Sabbath Musings, which, in their expression of this principle and feeling, stand quite alone and peculiar among devotional papers. The conception, in the first of these musings of the mountain meditations of Jesus Christ, which is one of the worthiest tributes the human heart has paid to its Saviour ; the elevating views, in the last of them, of the moral influences of love and marriage on the social character, together with the comparison of the effect of merely natural exercises of the social duties, in common relations, with the effect of the solitary devotion of the hermit, are all made *living* by this sentiment. In no place, in these volumes, however, does she do herself more justice, than in the noble essay on Moral Independence. Here she shows how sympathy with man must keep in strict correspondence to “sympathy with God,” as

she very felicitously calls the love of truth. Though the object of this essay is mainly to set forth the duty of "Godward sympathy," she shows that it should not be separated, in our language or thoughts, from sympathy with that which is "equally real and unseen; with the thoughts and feelings of our fellow beings;" and, finally, she sums the whole matter up in the following beautiful picture, which embodies, we suppose, her ideal of a Christian:—

"Can we not conceive of one who lives in freedom, transparent in character, simple in manners, strenuous in action, while living in intense repose; with a telescopic view of principles, and a microscopic observation of sympathies; planting his foot fearlessly in the highest regions of storm, and welcoming the faintest breath of love which wanders through the low places of life; having no concealments but of his solitary troubles; resenting no offences except inroads upon human rights; conscious of no fears but such as every hour is overcoming; of no desires but such as each moment is fulfilling; rejoicing wherever rejoicing is; never weeping but with those who have cause to weep; laying hold upon nothing but truth; possessing nothing but life; awed before the faintest presence of holiness on earth; awed by nothing but holiness in heaven?"

For the first time, since the period of recorded history, is the great principle of social responsibility receiving that development in literature, science, and political events, which proves it to be a great element in the spirit of the times. Hitherto the malignant error, "might makes right," has not only sapped the vital roots of national happiness, in every region of the globe, but has cast its giant shadow, if we may be allowed to change the figure, beyond the limits of this earthly orb, and eclipsed, to mortal eyes, the sun of the spiritual universe. For it is well known, that God himself has been so apprehended, through the cannon-smoke of selfish strife, that his throne has been believed to be founded in an inexorable power, quite independent of moral obligation. And that, for the purpose of explaining this false theology, first-rate genius has turned away from the subjects of thought, which, morally speaking, should press first on the attention of a social being like man, whose happiness is inwrought with the social system.

That the principle of social responsibility is struggling for expression, in political events, is evident from the revolutions in Europe and America; the reform of the English Parliament; the struggles of Ireland for equality with England; of the Greeks for independence on the sultan; of the Poles for freedom from Russian tyranny. Jacobinism, Radicalism, Owenism, St. Simonism, are but the false colours which the painted windows of the Gothic architecture of society throw over different individuals who are imprisoned in its stone-cold customs.

But light is shining, or there would not even be these colours; and there is hope mingled with the regret with which an impartial spectator looks upon the varying partizans who can see things only in one light—a hope that the idea may come to all, to go out under the broad sky, and behold the harmony of all the rays, and survey the face of the world in that white light.

The science of political economy, also, is the expression, nay, the creation, of this principle of social responsibility; and the idea of it will never die, although the form it may wear be reduced to ashes many times; even as the body of the phœnix, ever and anon, is consumed by the progressive fervour of its immortal life, which constantly requires a fresh and finer embodiment. In this science, Miss Martineau has come upon the world as a teacher—not that she pretends to have discovered any new principles, but that she has shown a wonderful power of illustrating the views of a certain class of political economists in a new form, and of placing the science itself on a moral ground.

We do not happen to agree with Miss Martineau in all her principles of political economy. With one of them, we would make open war.

But we cannot be insensible to the wonderful talent she has shown, in her series of illustrations: to the glow of moral life and beauty she has shed over those sad tales, which show the baneful effect of human errors in legislation; and to the strong-voiced and deeply-breathing humanity which pervades them all. If our object were to speak of these beautiful tales, we should have much to say. As works of art, they far surpass the two volumes of essays which are before us. But the latter, also, have several articles on political economy, taken up in a general point of view. In the essay on "Theology, Politics, and Literature," she presents a striking view of the claims of her favourite science, upon the student, by giving a very broad definition to the word politics, which we should ever keep in mind is hers,—in order to do justice to her,—however little we may be inclined to adopt it as our own. Also, in her essay on the duty of studying political economy, (a review of an American work upon the subject), she certainly proves that every man, who *votes in a community*, ought to understand what is to be known of this new science.

Following out Miss Martineau's principle, however, that "every man has a right to apply his capital" (in which, surely, his mind and time must be included), "as he pleases," many individuals will dispute her assertion, that no one has a right to be a member of a community, who does not choose to make himself master of political economy. Michael Angelo would leave society his debtor, even if he should come again, and do only as he did before, when no such science as political

economy was named among men. When riding this hobby, Miss Martineau sometimes forgets her liberality, if not her justice and kind-heartedness. The sneer upon Mr. Sadler, in the essay just spoken of, whatever may be his folly or wisdom, might be retorted upon Miss Martineau, with quite as much logic. There are many that think *she* "has a degree of influence, to which *her* qualifications do not entitle *her*, and which cannot long be maintained:" but there would be as little reasoning as good feeling in saying this, in reply to any of her arguments.

We think Miss Martineau is right in making political economy a branch of moral science. But when it is still more thoroughly felt, that the true science is but the application of the golden rule and law of love to the relations of the government and governed, writers will not be condemned, as devoid of understanding,—if, because an exception has been created in an isolated spot of earth, by a series of absurd laws, operating as a bounty on a species of population that goes back to no unsophisticated impulse as its origin,—they yet do not give up, as a first principle, a divine law which is ultimately found in nothing less than the true action of the unselfish and chaste soul. The question of population is too much complicated, at present, with party interests and by party prejudices, to admit of any satisfactory practical solution; but there are those who feel, that they, who will not let their system be governed by a rule of exception which a vicious state of things may promulgate for a time,—are obeying higher laws of reason than they break.

But to return. It is not merely science and political events, but literature, which wakes with a new life and purpose in this present age. Essays upon society, in every form, and starting from every point of the social system, are teeming from the free presses of England, France, and America. On the one hand, Burke and Mad. de Stael set an example of applying the highest philosophic genius, to viewing, in the light of first principles, the relations and duties of society. On the other hand, the light form of fiction has become the efficient expression of the same all-pervading movement. On this point we will quote Miss Martineau, herself:—

"If an author of equal genius with Scott were to arise to-morrow, he would not meet with an equal reception; not only because novelty is worn off, but because the serious temper of the times requires a new direction of the genius of the age. Under the pressure of difficulty, in the prospect of extensive change, armed with expectation, or filled with determination as the general mind now is, it has not leisure or disposition to receive even its amusements unmixed with what is solid and has a bearing upon its engrossing interests. There may still be the

thoughtless and indolent, to whom mere fiction is necessary, as a pastime; but these are not they who can guarantee an author's influence, or secure his popularity. The bulk of the reading public, whether or not on the scent of utility, cannot be interested without a larger share of philosophy, or a graver purpose in fiction, than formerly; and the writer who would effect most for himself and others in his department, must take his heroes and heroines from a different class than any which has yet been adequately represented."—Vol. I. pp. 53, 54.

And a little farther back, in the same article, she says:

"The grandest manifestations of passion remain to be displayed; the finest elements of the poetry of human emotion are yet uncombined; the most various dramatic exhibition of events and characters is yet unwrought, for there has yet been no recorder of the poor: at least none who write as mere observers; who describe, but do not dramatize humble life."—Vol. I. p. 52.

In this new literature of the people, Miss Martineau, herself, takes a high rank. Inspired with the finest affections of a woman, and taking her stand on all in human nature and the counsels of God, which the affections reveal, her clear understanding gives her wide and true views of social relations and duties. This is not only abundantly displayed in her illustrations, from which we now turn aside, because we could not do justice to their merits in a paragraph, but in these volumes, in which Liëse and other dramatic pieces evidently prove that the dramatic form is her peculiar art. In telling a tale of human life, she is hardly rivalled by our highly gifted countrywoman, Miss Sedgwick; whom she supasses, indeed, in the power of painting stern and deep passions, and of drawing from them natural events—also, in masculine finish of expression—although she falls below her in gracefulness of thought and a certain natural tenderness, which enable Miss Sedgwick to touch the tears of joy still more frequently than those of sorrow and indignation, and win her readers to virtue with a smile of love.

But to return to the essays, which principally make up the volumes before us.

The preface is rather an elaborate disquisition, in which the author labours to show that a growing comprehension of the principle of social responsibility, which she thinks may be traced in these miscellanies, arranged as they are in a chronological order, is a *progress of worship*. We agree with her that it required herself to point this out, as far as this book is concerned. But whether it be true, or not, that her own literary life exhibits this progress of worth in any striking degree, we thank her for expressing the noble idea. The true worship of God is, indeed, a social action—more and more in conformity with the action of Providence. We like to have this stated in an abstract proposition, as well as set forth in "Liëse;" "Solitude

and Society;" and we would add, "The Early Sowing," but that, with the last, we have some fault to find. How could she draw such a picture of malignity as Ned, and then make him so quickly good? This instance of a sketch of character, which does not prove itself to be true, is unparalleled in all her works that we have seen. She generally makes her children true to nature, in spite of views of childhood, quite fatal to all that poetry has loved to say of it, quite inconsistent with the manner in which Christianity speaks of it. She intimates, in many places, among the rest in the musing of the poplar grove, that children have no natural attractions to the unseen and infinite; and that, inasmuch as they *can* have no perception of spiritual good, their very devotions must consist in thanksgiving for the outward only. Another notion of hers, and which may partly explain Ned's first state, is, that the sufferings of the heart naturally produce harshness and malignity. This idea deforms that otherwise beautiful musing in the hermit's cave, in which she describes to us the various exercises that the bride had gone through. We think it must have been a peculiarly infirm temper, which would have made the "persons and places" of a beloved parental home "*disgusting*," because a home of one's own could not be had at a wish.

The essay on Moral Independence, to which we have before adverted, contains several important ideas. Not only that sympathy with God and sympathy with man must keep in harmony, in order to all being right within us, which she illustrates by showing how sometimes the one and sometimes the other being exaggerated in proportion to its companion, moral evil has resulted, and what moral evil; but she shows in it that we can see and meditate on God to edification in society, as well as in nature. Finally, she shows, in pursuing the subject of the essay, that though moral weakness may result, in some rare instances, from extreme delicacy and modesty, leading one who thinks differently from all his fellows, to distrust himself, it more frequently results from want of nerve, love of wealth, office-seeking, or all-devouring vanity. And to each of these vices she speaks with eloquent exhortation.

Next to this essay, the most valuable in the book for practical wisdom are two—*on the agency of feelings in the formation of habits, and on the agency of habits in the regeneration of feelings*. These two essays meet the difficulties of a great many minds which are earnestly bent on self-cultivation and moral discipline. We recommend them especially to young women just entering upon the serious duties of life; particularly if they are at all discouraged with themselves. The question between principle and feeling is very practically considered, and satisfactorily settled, in them.

The essays on the proper use of the Retrospective Faculty, and the proper use of the Prospective Faculty, have also much practical value; though we think them not quite equal to the two preceding ones. And the essay on Country Burial Grounds displays much sweet feeling, though it is sensibility mainly excited by a doctrine in which we cannot agree. Every argument for keeping sacred the resting place of beloved dust remains, however, even to those who believe that the beloved spirits are away among the stars, no more to assume what they laid down at death. The Summer Evening Dialogue between an Englishman and a Pole closes this series of "Moral Essays." It is very beautifully written, and satisfactorily proves to our minds at least the absurdity and inhumanity of the corn laws.

We have spoken of what Miss Martineau is, or rather have given our notion of her merits. Our sympathy and commendation have been so strongly expressed as to prove our friendship; and, therefore, we think we may avail ourselves of the privilege of friendship, so far as to say, *what*, in our humble opinion, *she is not*.

She is not a poet. It was a pity that she placed the word poetry over the collection of pieces at the end of the first volume, which proves so plainly, even to the ear, that she wants the accomplishment of verse. Even the good sentiments expressed in them can hardly drag the reader over the unmusical stanzas. The Parables that precede these attempts at verse are quite musical prose, however, which she has a gift at writing. But, even in these, there is great deficiency of imagination, in the highest sense of that word. The allegory is verbal, and we may remark, that in all her descriptions of nature, she displays rather the eye of a painter of scenery (a beauty-loving eye, we admit), than the soul of an artist, which, whether on the canvass, or with words, creates or combines anew forms for universal ideas and feelings. In poetical thought, strictly speaking, she is absolutely deficient. Neither is Miss Martineau a philosopher. She has displayed no genius for metaphysics—by which is here meant psychology. This we do not think on account of her having adopted any particular philosophical opinions; for we know that great philosophical genius may be displayed in the setting forth and defence of false philosophy, as it often has been. But we draw our conclusion from the fact that she confounds systems of thought, essentially different, quite unconsciously to herself; and, in her Moral Essays, reasons on premises which she denies in her metaphysical articles. Thus, in one of her essays, she says of the human being after death:—

"How different must be the entrance, upon another world, of the enlightened from that of the perverted intellect? The one has been taught

to discover the *spiritual essence*, which resides in all material forms, and is, therefore, prepared to recognize them [it ?] in the new heavens and new earth; while, to the other, whose views have been confined to sensible images, all will appear strange and unintelligible."

Again :—

"All things of which we here take cognizance, are but attributes and manifestations of an essence which now eludes our search, but which we shall hereafter recognize as a manifest existence. These external things will then have passed away as shadows, and will be immortalized in their influences. These influences will not be summoned by memory, but recognized by consciousness."—p. 222, vol. i.

Again :—

"It is not more certain that the materials afforded by nature are those by which the immortal spirit is to be built up, than that *the stirring soul* is to exert a reciprocal action upon those outward things, which minister pleasure and pain to itself and others."—p. 227.

We do not exactly understand what this last sentence means; which is a discrimination between the soul and the spirit—the first of which seems to "stir" by its nature, and the latter to be "built up" by outward materials. Outward materials may be said to build up the understanding, but it is rather uncommon to call *that* faculty, when discriminated from the soul, the *human spirit*. Spirit is generally used as a more general term, including intellect, heart, and the moral nature, in one.

But all the above sentences would, we think, convey the idea to any reader that Miss Martineau thinks man an immaterial being, sojourning in clay, and not a mere result of organism, whose immortality is altogether an arbitrary gift, superinduced upon his being; whose energy and consciousness are suspended in the grave, until, by a new fiat of the Creator, he rises again; and who can have no primary suggestion from within, of his immortality, but must have ever received it from a traditionary revelation. Yet such, it appears, are her opinions; as we shall proceed to show.

In her "Review of Carmichael's Considerations," her words are, that Carmichael "vanquishes the immaterialist as far as he attempts it;" and "overthrows the ancient superstition (as we deem it) of a separate soul." And farther, in her "Review of Sir Walter Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft," she asserts materialism in the plainest language. "The greater number of ideas are compounded from, and *all are originated by, sensations.*" "The simple ideas which are *deposited by sensation*, or the compound ones which are formed by association from the simple ideas, are awakened, recalled, or revived, by the action of certain laws of suggestion."

We would ask, first, are these *laws* themselves a "deposit of

sensation?" secondly, is "the stirring soul" that "exerts a reciprocal action on outward things" itself a "deposit of sensation?" thirdly, are the influences of external things upon that essence, "which we shall hereafter recognize as a manifest existence;" and which are to be immortalized when "outward things have passed away—are the ideas of these, and the essence in which they exist, "originated" or deposited by sensation? Is that "spiritual essence which resides in all material forms," which is to be discerned by "the enlightened intellect" on its "entrance into another world," *itself* a material form or substance? It is not our purpose, in this place, to controvert Miss Martineau's materialism, but merely to state it, and show that it is inconsistent with what she herself says in other places. And it is worthy of observation, that whenever she becomes inconsistent with her materialism, she rises into her highest eloquence. Expressions in her Sabbath Musings, such as when speaking of love and grief, she says, "the otherwise incommunicable revelation of what the human spirit is"—"the fact" that "what spirits" are to one another, they must be for ever, &c., only occur when she ceases to attempt philosophical analysis.

In her Religion of Socrates she is most manifestly disturbed by her materialism. She wishes to ascribe some inspiration to Socrates, and says,

"As a miracle is an extraordinary event, not in itself, but only to human apprehension, so, in its own nature, *inspiration* is only a greater degree of power which is possessed by all."

We would ask, whether *inspiration*, also, is among the ideas "originated by sensation?" and if so, why it is called *inspiration*, a *breathing in of spirit*? if not so, what is that "which is possessed by all," of which it is only a greater degree? We cannot form, in our minds, a notion of this material inspiration, of which Miss Martineau is very tenacious. However, on page 273 she says,

"Inspiration itself being the natural result of a physical miracle,"

but she does not say of *what* physical miracle. But to return to her perplexity about Socrates, whose character and teachings her ever correct moral sympathies embrace without misgiving, she says, with an ingenuousness whose moral character we venerate,

"We own a difficulty in conceiving that the ordinary powers of man, exercised in any ordinary mode, should have effected so marvellous an enlightenment, as that of Socrates, in the midst of heathen darkness.

What means Divine Wisdom made use of for the purpose, will probably never be known on this side of the grave."

Here she acknowledges that her sense-founded psychology cannot explain Socrates.

With respect to the last remark, however, we would observe, that Miss Martineau is rather remarkable for saying that those things into which she does not see can never be known. For instance, in her essays on the art of thinking (in which, by the way, the disciples of Coleridge would find but little of their master's idea of thought), she says,

"Of the essences of beings which (for want of knowing better) we call spiritual, *nothing can be ascertained.*"

Again, in her Review of Dr. Crombie's book on Natural Theology, she says,

"To us it appears that the origin of evil has never been accounted for, and most probably it *never will be explained in the present state,*" &c.
* * * "It is doubtless well that such a necessity is imposed."

This Review of Dr. Crombie's book presents more than usual of her inconsistencies. The very passage from which we have quoted above, closes with these words—

"The intellectual is not the highest department of our constitution; and while the understanding sinks, baffled and exhausted, the powers of faith may be strengthened for a steady and lofty flight."

Which sentence we take to mean, that faith is higher than intellect in the constitution of man; and to be an acknowledgment, that there is in man one idea, at least, not "originated" or "deposited by sensation." Yet this whole article is written to present the view of there being no recognizable principle of an eternal nature in man; that his belief of immortality, even his notion of it, must necessarily have been primarily suggested by a traditionary revelation; that all the natural arguments for it never were nor can be more than confirmatory of it, revelation having already suggested it. We would ask, how she supposes that the revealer of the doctrine of immortality knew it? If she answers that he received it by revelation, we would ask her, how did the angel of revelation know it? If God awakened this idea, or showed it, spiritually, to any being in the universe, why not to man, who is his image? But here is a difficulty, inherent in the system which makes sensation the inlet of all knowledge. The truth is, that if it be so, immortality is not an idea recognizable by the human being as true; and, as a human

being, man is not capable of assurance on the subject. If this be true logic, Miss Martineau's own consciousness might assure her that she is only, in fancy, a materialist; for is she not assured of immortality? We hope she will one day lay off the shackles of this system; and then, perhaps, she may begin to be the philosopher she never can be while she clings so tenaciously to contradictory systems of thought.

We might proceed throughout these two volumes, selecting contradictions on collateral subjects, which grow out of these general ones of which we have spoken. Thus, in the Review of Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, she says:

"The first declaration that we meet with is, that the belief in the uniformity of causation, is an instinctive principle. *We doubt it.* Have we any belief in the connection of cause and effect, antecedent to experiment?"

Yet, as she adds,

"A very short experience is sufficient to establish it too firmly to be overthrown."

All this is rational enough in one who does not believe in instinctive principles. But, a few pages after, in the same review, she says,

"We agree with the author in his reasonings in his third chapter, which *prove* that the *uniformity of causation* CANNOT be established by EXPERIENCE and testimony."

Is this a misprint? We should think so, if the whole of the latter part of the review was not an argument to prove that the uniformity of causation could not be established by that which she before says is sufficient to establish it, in a very short time, *too firmly to be overthrown.* We have room but for one extract more. On page 210 she says,

"We have all had experience of sleep, of faintings, of debility; and we know that if there be a spiritual principle unsusceptible of injury, it *is not detected by our experience*, our state in sleep and illness *being the same as if mind and body were one.*"

This we think is a *petitio principii*. She goes on,

"If the *immaterial portion of our frame* be susceptible of disease in exact proportion with the material part, where is its advantage over matter? what evidence is there for it? or, rather, what evidence is there not against it?"

What is the *immaterial portion of a frame?*

Thus much for the logic of a materialist, who yet has the feelings of a Christian in her heart, and that faith of immortality which she may not let go, even for her "System;" for she is a true and humane woman.

But to turn away from the seemingly invidious task of pointing out imperfections; we cannot leave these volumes without a tribute of respect to several articles, that can come neither under the head of philosophical or moral essays. We allude to the very interesting letter upon the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum; the letter to the Deaf, which inspires a profound veneration for the writer; to the article on the Salem Witchcraft; to much of the articles on Prison Discipline, "Nature and Providence to communities," and "Romanism and Episcopacy." Practical subjects call out all her good sense, and truly moral character.

But we would repeat it, in the department of fiction alone, is Miss Martineau great. We would willingly write as much again as we have now done, in setting forth the claims of her illustrations, as works of art; not forgetting her beautiful little story, entitled "Five Years of Youth." It is this conviction of ours, that has made us say what we have of her want of philosophic genius. Perhaps we have been vain enough to feel that, should her eyes ever fall on these pages, *an idea might be deposited in her mind* (to use her own phraseology), that she had better devote herself exclusively to that department of writing in which she is, unquestionably, a genius, and realize the idea of a new class of novels, rivalling Sir Walter Scott's in beauty and interest, and grounded on a more universal condition of humanity than the feudal system. As she herself says,

"By achieving so much, within narrow bounds, he has taught us the power of fiction as an agent of morals and philosophy; 'and it shall go hard with us but we will better the instruction.' Instead of tales of knightly love and glory, of chivalrous loyalty, of the ambition of ancient courts, and the by-gone superstitions of a half savage state, we must have, in a new novelist, the graver themes,—not the less picturesque, perhaps, for their reality,—which this present condition of society suggests. We have had enough of ambitious intrigues; why not now take the magnificent subject, the birth of political principle, whose advent has been heralded so long? What can afford finer moral scenery than the transition state in which society now is! Where are nobler heroes to be found than those who sustain society in the struggle; and what catastrophe so grand as the downfall of bad institutions, and the issues of a process of renovation? Heroism may now be found, not cased in helm and cuirass, but strengthening itself in the cabinet of the statesman, guiding the movements of the unarmed multitude, and patiently bearing up against hardship, in the hope of its peaceful removal. Love may now be truly represented as sanctified by generosity and self-denial, in many of the sad majority of cases where its course runs not smooth. All the virtues which have graced fictitious delineations, are still at the service of the novelist; but their exercise and discipline should be represented as different from what they were. The same passions still sway human hearts: but they must be shown to be intensified or repressed by the new impulses which a new state of things affords."—Vol. I. p. 55.

ART. X.—*Sketches of Switzerland.* By the author of the *Spy*, &c. &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia : 1836.

In common with the south of Europe, Switzerland is annually overrun by that restless and uneasy crowd of travellers, who, like their Gothic predecessors of old, pour from the north, but who, unlike them, are fleeced instead of fleecing. As a consequence of this yearly incursion, we have numerous works on these countries; though, from their very number, we are apt, unless some great name is given as the author, to allow most of them to float by us into oblivion without even a cursory examination. Let who will write a book of travels, it seems to be essentially an ephemeral production. A narrative of impressions of the face of a country is agreeable, if from any cause, such as personal acquaintance, or prepossession, we are interested in it; otherwise mere novelty is its only charm, and that not the novelty of a new thought, but of a new author. Who reads a tour of the last century—nay, of the last ten years? The tourists of those days are forgotten; new ones arise who visit the same places, write the same things about them, and in their turn yield to a newer throng. Perhaps no kind of writing is more difficult to excel in than the description of scenery; nothing more difficult than to convey an idea of locality; to give to the mind of the reader clear and definite impressions of a place. Whether we describe Mount Ida, or Mont Blanc, all we can say is, that it is a pile of earth so many feet high and so broad at its base, and we may also say that it is magnificent to behold, and sublime in its effect, but it is to be doubted whether that, with as many adjuncts of wonder as we please, would convey a clear idea of it to a Dutchman on the Zuyder Zee. Our author remarks this: he says, "A Swiss would readily comprehend a description of vast masses of granite capped with eternal snow, for such objects are constantly before his eyes; but to those who have never looked upon such a magnificent spectacle, written accounts, when they come near their climax, fall as much short of the intention as words are less substantial than things."

So peculiar is Switzerland in this respect, so remarkable for scenery, *sui generis*, so very Swiss, we may say, that we doubt very much if any one who has not seen it, can at all arrive at an adequate conception of its peculiarities from any description. Like the school-boy, who in his essay wrote that "there is nothing so virtuous as virtue," so one might gravely assert that there is nothing so Swiss as Switzerland, or, to modify the proposition, nothing Swiss but Switzerland. Nature has made it her sport. As if tired with the production of the fertile, the

level, and the available, she has there, in unsparing magnificence, thrown together the rock, the lake, the cataract, the glacier, and the mountain, in chaotic confusion. 'Tis as if she had made it the play-house of her wonders, and had left them strewn about in careless profusion. Alp after Alp, view after view, calls the traveller's attention; he sees one but to find another more admirable; he admires that but to discover another more astonishing. It is the paradise of the lovers of the picturesque, of the rugged, of the sublime. Nay, these are thrown together in the most brilliant contrasts; luxuriant fertility touches eternal snows, the softest and most verdant valleys lie at the foot of glaciers, within the sound of ever-falling avalanches, under the most precipitous and lofty mountains. Often, too, the hardy inhabitant has terraced up the rocky side of a mountain, and covered it with grain, or the vine. In other parts of Switzerland, where the beautiful predominates, (and, be it known, the beautiful divides the country with the sublime,) the dark blue lake lies along a swelling and thickly peopled country, each hill, as it heaves its lessening swells to the water, crowned with a chateau, and each valley shining with a village. Every gradation of scenery is to be enjoyed there; and of course, from some points, the Righi, for instance, one may enjoy all at a coup d'œil.

There can be no better preparation for the delights of a Swiss tour than riding through France to arrive at it. After the level treeless plains, the vineyards which, saving the poetry thereof, look like large pea-patches, the picturesque comes with peculiar zest. Never shall we forget one clear and sunny morning in July, when, after breakfasting near the top of the Jura, we dashed through a notch in the mountain, and Switzerland lay before us. There were the exquisite valley of the Rhone, the river glancing through it ever and anon, the lake of Geneva, the old gray town, chateau upon chateau in the midst of seas of green, and, on the other side of the lake, the mountains of Savoy, with their white towns clustering along their bases, and, above the whole, the glistening summit of Mont Blanc, around which the others crowded, like nobles around their king, the glorious feudality of nature. There are other views in Switzerland even finer than this, but it was our first—our introduction to the sublime; and the impression it left has never been eradicated, and scarcely lessened, by the others.

The most frequented parts of the country, including Savoy, which is Swiss by nature, though not by government, are the valley of Chamouni and the Bernese Oberland. The former our tourist did not visit; or if he did, he has not chosen to introduce it into a tour through Switzerland. Still it unites in itself, even in a greater degree than the Oberland, the

peculiarities of Swiss scenery. Situated at the foot of Mont Blanc, between it and the Breven, and hedged in at one end by the Col de Balme, its utter seclusion, one might suppose, would have protected it from even the traveller's prying eye. Five glaciers descend to the doors of its inhabitants; the roar of avalanches is continually heard. At the summit of one of these glaciers is the far-famed Mer de Glace—that sea of ice which astounds alike the learned and the ignorant, the philosopher and the peasant; which has been likened to frozen hurricanes and seas suddenly congealed, and all other wonders of ice and cold, and which still remains undescribed and indescribable. The goat browses at its side, the flower blooms on its bank, yet there it lies, unchanged by the summer's sun or winter's storm. Returning from Italy in '34, after crossing the Simplon, and arriving at Martigny, the fancy took us to visit Chamouni at that early period. We crossed the Tete Noire, encountering a little snow, *en passant*, and arrived after night at the hotel of Chamouni.

On awaking the next morning, we found the bottom of the valley verdant with the return of spring; but about half way up the mountains, the line being drawn as if with the accuracy of a machine, winter still reigned. The Montanvert had not been ascended yet that season, except by chamois hunters. Having come thus far, however, we were determined not to be disappointed, and accordingly procured a guide and commenced the ascent. Until we reached the snow, it was easy, but once upon that, softened as it was by the return of heat, our progress became exceedingly toilsome; always sinking up to our knees, and frequently to our waists: with our feet wet and frozen in the snow, and our bodies heated by the exertion and the temperature, we paid dearly for our excursion. To add to this, we crossed, from time to time, the paths of avalanches which had swept down trees and rocks in their headlong course, and which, for all we knew, might have been tottering over our heads as we slowly progressed. However, we at length reached the summit, and were amply repaid for our toil. The Mer de Glace, partially covered with snow; here and there a huge green mass of ice thrusting itself forth, the glacier descending to the valley from it, with the occasional roar of a detached part of it as it thundered down; the aiguilles or sharp needles of rock standing out like sentinels; above us, as high and unattainable as ever to all appearance, the cloud-like Mont Blanc; and beneath us, the valley with its little river and its fields enamelled with their just bursting crops, formed a view not to be surpassed even in this country of views. Our descent was made with much greater rapidity than our ascent. Sticking our pikes behind us, into the snow, we commenced a

race, half sliding, half running, directly down the mountain, which speedily brought us to the foot of the glacier. We stopped here to look at the cavernous source of the Arveron, and then returned to our quarters. In the course of the same year we visited Chamouni again, but its aspect had materially changed; we found Alpine flowers where we had left ten feet of snow.

We have digressed somewhat. The Oberland of Berne, which our author very fully visited, has much more extent than Chamouni,—it unites also two beautiful lakes, those of Thun and Brienz, the most picturesque valley in the world, that of Interlaken, and three of the most remarkable, also, those of Lauterbrunnen, Gründewald and Meysingen. In the first of these is the cascade of the Staubbach with nine hundred feet fall, where

“————— The sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along;
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant Steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.”

That of Meysingen boasts the Reichenbach, which, not as lofty as the other, is by many preferred to it. Add to these the passage of the Wengern Alp, and that of the Scheidegg, the glaciers of Gründewald and Rosenlaui, and the view of the Jung-Frau, the Eiger, and the Wetterhorn, forming a wall of snow-capped mountains, not equalled by Mont Blanc in its effect, and it is easy to conceive the interest of the Oberland. Byron's description of the view from the Wengern Alp will be remembered. Cross the Brunig and there lies the Canton of Underwalden, a short ride down which brings you to the lake of the Four Forest Cantons, avowedly the most diversified, and we think the most beautiful of Switzerland. The Righi, affording the finest view under heaven, juts into it on one side, the Pilatus, only surpassed by the Righi, stands on the other: Lucerne lies at one end, at the other begins the ascent of the St. Gothard. Within five miles of this lake is the scene of the fall of the Ross-berg, which destroyed so many lives and so much property by an almost unexampled convulsion of nature. Besides all this, the genius of history has touched the scene with her wand, and has consecrated the shores of the Waldstätten Sea, as the cradle of Swiss liberty. There is the Tellsplatte, whereon Tell leaped from the boat, in which Gessler was conveying him to prison: the distance at which he cleft the apple on his son's head, marked out in the town of

Altdorf; the pass in which he so signally avenged himself on the tyrant. But let us hear our author on these points:

"Lauterbrunnen is commonly thought to be the most intrinsically Swiss, of all the inhabited valleys of Switzerland. It certainly strikes the novice with more of wonder and delight than any other that I know; but our tastes change and improve in matters of scenery as in other things, and the same objects, seen a second time, and after frequent occasions of comparison, do not always produce the same relative impressions.

"We walked to the waterfall, which was the celebrated Staubbach, (Torrent or Fall of Dust,) and at a short distance from the inn. It contained as much water as would turn a large mill, and fell over the face of a stupendous rock, itself an imposing object, seen as it then was, by twilight, beetling above the narrow valley. The perpendicular, or lower fall, is said to be eight hundred feet. About a third of the distance, the fluid descends towards the eye in a sort of thick spray; it then seems to be broken into fallen mist, until it touches a projection in the mountain, where it resumes the more palpable character of the element, and descends, washing the base of the rock, to the spectator, flowing past him in a limpid current. It is well named, for so ethereal or dust-like is one of its sections, that once or twice it appeared about to sail away like a cloud, in the duskiess of the evening, on the wings of the wind.

"I despair of making you see Lauterbrunnen through the medium of the mind's eye; still you shall have the elements of this remarkable valley, to combine in such a picture as your own imagination can draw.

"Standing at the foot of the Staubbach, you have in the near ground, a hamlet of truly rustic peculiarities; scanty, but beautifully verdant meadows, a little church, and the inn. The latter is merely for summer use, and, though Swissish in exterior, might be spared from the view. It has three stories, and twelve small windows in front; too much like a hotel for the picturesque: but it is scarcely observed amid the stupendous objects around it. The valley may possibly be half a mile in width, in an air line, though it does not seem to be nearly so much. One of its sides, that of the Staubbach, is little other than a rampart of ragged rocks; but the other is composed of a sort of verdant *débris*, that admits of herbage, and even of some little cultivation, though still so steep in the main as to require great care in descending. The whole valley, and the whole of this mountain side, are dotted with those perfectly rural objects, *châlets*, or small dark picturesque barns of larch, such as you have often seen in engravings. I counted one hundred and fifty-eight of them, from the windows of the inn. Towards Interlachen, or in the direction we had come, a huge mountain lay directly athwart the entrance of the valley, appearing to close it entirely; though we pigmies, by following the torrents, had stolen around its base; and, in the other, or the opposite direction, was one of those awfully mysterious and grand views that are occasionally seen in Switzerland, which present a strange and chaotic assemblage of the sublimest natural objects, thrown together in a way to leave even more to the imagination than is actually presented to the eye.

"We walked a mile or two up the valley, in the latter direction. At that hour, dim twilight, it was not difficult to fancy we were approaching a spot which Omnipotence had not yet reduced to order and usefulness. We looked out of our own straitened valley, through a gorge, into a sort of mountain basin, that was formed by the higher Alps.

Glaciers bounded the view, and torrents were seen tumbling into the chaos beneath, looking chill and wild. The whole gradually disappeared with the waning light."

As he crosses the Wengern Alps he sees an avalanche.

"Once or twice the sound we heard was like the mutterings of a distant storm, and we tried to fancy it a mountain turning in its lair. A mountain groaning is very expressive.

"My eye was fixed on the side of the Jung Frau, when I saw a speck of snow start out of a mass which formed a sort of precipice, leaving a very small hole, not larger in appearance than a bee-hive. The report came soon after. It was equal to what a horseman's pistol would produce in a good echo. The snow glided downward two or three hundred feet, and lodged. All heard the report, though no one saw this little avalanche but myself. I was in the act of pointing out the spot to my companions, when a quantity of dusty snow shot out of the same little hole, followed by a stream that covered an inclined plane, which seemed to be of the extent of ten or twelve acres. The constant roaring convinced us the affair was not to end here. The stream forced its way through a narrow gorge in the rocks, and reappeared, tumbling perpendicularly two hundred feet more on another inclined plane. Crossing this, it became hid again; but soon issued by another rocky gorge on a third plane, down which it slid to the verge of the green pastures; for, at this season the grass grows beneath the very drippings of the glaciers.

"This was a picturesque avalanche to the eye, though the sound came so direct, that it was like the noise produced by snow falling from a house, differing only in degree. The size of the stream was so much reduced in passing the gorges, that it bore a strong resemblance to the Staubbach, and according to the best estimate I could make, its whole descent was not short of a thousand feet. The hole out of which all this mass of snow issued, and which literally covered acres, did not appear to have more capacity than a large oven. We shook our heads, after examining it, and began to form better estimates of heights and distances among the Alps."

Of Grindewald, he says—

"Seen from the inn, the glaciers of Grindewald are apt at first to disappoint the traveller. The magnitude of the mountains diminishes the apparent size of all other objects, and it requires practice with these, as with other things, to form a true estimate of their dimensions. Before I had left the place, the very vastness of these immense fields of ice filled me with wonder. In order that you should have accurate ideas of what they are, it will be necessary to explain.

"You are to imagine, in the first place, that all Switzerland, with Savoy, and, indeed, the Tyrol, and other adjoining countries, lies on a huge mountain. They all have their valleys, it is true, but these valleys are more elevated than even the hills of the lower regions: thus Berne, which lies in a valley, is at the height of eighteen hundred feet above the sea; Interlachen is higher than Berne; and Grindewald, as you approach the Upper Alps, more elevated still. Though this formation is continued to the very highest peaks, which are separated from each other by their valleys, yet, towards the apexes of the great mountains, there is less confusion in the arrangement—the last ascents usually towering many thousand feet in distinct but neighbouring piles, that admit of different names and peculiar features. These highest peaks also run in

ranges, and, as a consequence of all, there is a vast upper plain, or a succession of connected valleys, out of which the summits shoot in a variety of forms—some conical, others more broken, and all sublime—that extends for a hundred miles. These plains or upper valleys are, of course, covered with eternal snow. I do not say that it is literally possible to find the extent I have mentioned in one continued field of ice; for valleys break the continuity in some portion of the range, and occasionally a barrier of rock interposes; but it is known that these glaciers are of very great extent. They are frequently traversed, from one inhabited valley to another; and histories of the perils of these journeys have been published, which have the interest of dangerous sea voyages. The snow falls in avalanches, from the peaks, and there is a constant accession to the masses, which, if they do not increase, as certainly do not diminish. There are writers who affirm that the glaciers add to their power by their own cold, and that, in time, without the intervention of some new natural phenomenon, they will eventually extend themselves downward into the valleys that lie on the next level beneath, overcoming vegetation and destroying life. A succession of cold summers might certainly extend the boundaries of the glaciers; but it is scarcely possible that the heat of the sun can be finally overcome in this manner. There must be a limit, somewhere, to the increase of the ice, and it is almost certain that these limits have been attained during the centuries that the present physical formation of Switzerland is known to have existed. Local circumstances may have induced local changes; but, as a whole, the contest between heat and cold ought to be set down as producing exactly equal effects.

"Here and there the ice has forced itself through gorges in the higher peaks, towards the inhabited valleys. These gorges are the natural outlets through which the water that flows from the heat of the sun (for it is not always freezing, even in the higher valleys) finds a passage. The ice is undermined by the currents beneath, and large blocks slide downward, until they reach the end of the inclined plane in the inferior valley, where their descent is necessarily arrested. In the course of time, the piles increase until that equilibrium state is attained, in which there ceases to be any very material augmentation or lessening of the masses. In this manner the glaciers of Grindewald have had their origin. Their terminations are sudden, presenting walls of ice, twenty or thirty feet high, out of which gush torrents full grown at the birth. The meadows are verdant to the very edge of the ice, and we gathered strawberries within a few yards of it.

"The distance from the lower end of the lower glacier, (they are called the upper and lower, from their relative positions in the valley,) to the plain of ice above, may be half a mile, and the width of the gorge through which it finds its way, seems to be less than half that distance.

"There formerly stood a small chapel on a point of rock near the margin of the upper valley, and in the gorge itself, where the chamois hunters, and those who attempted to pass to the other side of the great range, could offer up prayers for their safety. This chapel disappeared—for a succession of two or three severe winters could do greater marvels than swallow up a small pile of stones—and (a certain evidence of the manner in which these lower spurs of ice are fed) the bell found its way down to the meadows, and is now exhibited in the church of Grindewald.

"It is not an easy matter to walk on the surface of those parts of the glaciers which lie on the inclined planes, or between the gorges and the fields. The fissures between the broken masses are of a depth and

width that render it far easier to enter than to get out of them. There is a tradition, however, of a hunter who fell into one, and who effected his escape, with a broken limb, I believe, through the vaults which are formed by the passage of the water beneath. The thing seems possible, but the odds must be greatly against its safe achievement."

The view from the Righi he thus describes—

"The path was always upward, after leaving the *hospice*, though there was no very severe ascent. It led through pastures, and nearly in a direct line. W—— and myself pressed on, nor did an inscription, in memory of some Saxon prince, cut on the living rock, tempt us to halt. Before us lay a broad reach of pastures on an inclined plane, the azure of the heavens bounding its upper margin. Thither, then, we eagerly held our way, leaving guides, horses, and companions, far behind. Twenty times, during the afternoon, I had been reminded of the Pilgrim's Progress, by the rocks, marshes, burdens, and weary ascents, and it now appeared as if the end of our labours, like his, was to be heaven. Upward, then, we urged, until, without the smallest sense of fatigue, we stood on the very verge of that line which, for half an hour, had lain before us, bounded by air.

"For myself, I can fairly say, that, the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun excepted, I never felt so deep a sentiment of admiration and awe, as at that exquisite moment. So greatly did reality exceed the pictures we had formed, that the surprise was as complete as if nothing had been expected. The first effect was really bewildering, leaving behind it a vague sensation, that the eye had strangely assembled the rarest elements of scenery, which were floating before it, without order, in pure wantonness. To this feeling, the indefinite form of the lake of Lucerne greatly contributed, for it stretches out its numerous arms in so many different directions, as, at first, to appear like water in the unreal forms of the fancy. Volumes of mist were rolling swiftly along it, at the height of about two thousand feet above its surface, and of as many below ourselves, allowing us to look through the openings, in a way to aid the illusion.

"The party came up in time to enjoy the effects of the vapour before it blew entirely away. We were at the point which is called the Righi Staffel, and I can describe the position no better, than by likening it to the roof of a shed, placing the spectator on its upper edge. The entire mountain is near thirty miles in circumference at its base, standing like an advanced bastion of the Alpine range, separated from all others; and the place we occupied was more than 4000 feet above the adjoining lakes, and about 5500 above the sea.

"The manner in which Lucerne coquetted with us, before the vapour drove away, was indescribably beautiful. This town, which is surrounded by ancient walls, that are bristling with towers, and which contains many striking objects in its churches and other edifices, was actually several leagues distant, though it appeared nearly beneath the eye. But why speak of one object, when there were a thousand? Of towns, there were Küssnacht, Sarnen, Lucerne; and villages without number. The blue of the water, too, imbedded, as it was, in dark mountains, was alone sufficient to make an uncommon landscape. It was of the colour of the skies in the old Italian paintings, which every one from the northern regions is ready to pronounce preposterous, but which was certainly seen here, in the other element, and to a degree almost to cause us to believe we had made acquaintance with a new nature.

"As we did not choose to stay at the inn which has been erected near this enchanting spot, with the bald head of the mountain at no great distance, and in plain view, we pressed forward for the Righi Kulm, or head. Having still a little time to look about us, however, the guide led us to a place at which the water had made a passage through the rocks, and where a stone dropped in the orifice above, found its way out at the side, several hundred feet down the high perpendicular wall which forms this face of the mountain. As you are so familiar with the state of New York, before quitting the Righi Staffel, I may give you some idea of the nature of its view by telling you that it is not unlike that from the terrace of the Pine Orchard, with the material difference, however, of the spectator being twice as high above the adjoining country, and three times higher above tide. The Righi is nearly naked of trees, too, at this elevation; the mountain is better placed, standing more forward from the great ranges; the atmosphere has that visible transparency which one observes in the most limpid water, and which great artists sometimes succeed in throwing around a landscape, while the country seen from the Kaatskill will bear no comparison, in either natural objects or artificial accessories, with those which cover the whole face of the land in the region I am describing.

"I very well know that these comparisons are little likely to find favour among patriots, in a country in which it is permitted to say with impunity what one will of the institutions, the work of man, and for which men are or ought to be responsible; but where it is *lèse majesté* to whisper aught against the perfection of natural objects, unless some plausible connection can be made out between them and democracy. American *bon ton*, in these matters, is of a singularly delicate texture, polite patriotism spreading its mantle before even the cats and dogs, when it will suffer those sturdy truths, which form the true glory of the nation, to defend themselves in the best manner they can. Thank God! they are strong enough to go alone. At the risk, however, of being set down as one spoiled by traveling,—a dire calamity!—and of certain defeat, should it ever be my ill look to be put in the way of preferment by a 'regular nomination,' I now tell you the Pine Orchard will compare with the Righi, only as the Kaatskill will compare with the falls of Trenton, and that the Hudson, unrivalled as a river and in the softer landscape scenery, bears some such resemblance to the lake of the Four Cantons, in the grand and the sublime, as the falls of the Canada do to those of the Niagara.

"After viewing the fissure in the rocks, which threatens another landslide at no distant day, we left the edge of the precipice, and followed a circuitous path which led to the summit. Here, although no longer taken by surprise, we enjoyed a still more extended and magnificent prospect. The mountain rises like a cone, from the shores of Zug, preserving this form for nearly half a circle, when it joins the more irregular and huge mass already alluded to, and up one of whose sides we had been climbing. At the extreme northern end, or that which overhangs the lake just mentioned, the conical form is preserved, even above the inclined plane of the Staffel, until it reaches the height of near 5000 feet above the neighbouring waters, and of more than 6000 feet above the sea.

"The summit of the Righi Kulm may contain three or four acres, on a slightly inclined plane, the irregular section of an irregular cone. There are a lodging house, à la Suisse, stables, a cross that is visible at a great distance from below, and an elevated platform, whence the most extended view can be obtained. This spot is without tree or shrub, but it is sufficiently well covered with grass.

"Most views lose in the detail what they gain in extent, by climbing mountains. After the first feeling of satisfaction at commanding so many objects with the eye is abated, the more critical amateur misses those minuter points of beauty which we come most to love, and which are lost for the want of the profile in bird's eye prospects. In Switzerland, however, this remark is less true than elsewhere; the grand scale of its nature rendering a mountain, even when reversed, a mountain still. As most of the country is in high relief, the shadows remain distinct, and little is lost, or rather that which remains is so palpable and bold, that the minuter parts are not missed. In the view from the Righi, towards the north and northwest, it is true, this remark is not quite infallible, for in that direction the eye is limited only by distance, the country being generally broken, but comparatively low. Even this wide sweep of vision, however, helps to make up the sublime, being, map-like, distinct, and in remarkable contrast to the magnificent confusion of Alpine peaks in the opposite points of the compass.

"The lake of Zug, being the nearest, is the most conspicuous sheet of water that is seen from the Righi Kulm. Over the dark blue expanse of this oval basin, the spectator seems literally to hang, as if suspended in a balloon. There is a spot, in particular, from which it appears as if one might almost leap into the lake, and nowhere is its southern shore visible immediately beneath the mountain. Art and its lovely valley, the desolation of Goldau, and the vast chasm in the mountain itself, whence the ruin came, the little lake of Lowerz, the town of Schwytz, were ranged along the left. Behind them rose mountains in a crowd and confusion that render description hopeless. I leave your imagination to body out the thousand grand or picturesque forms in which these granite piles lift their bald heads, for in that quarter few were covered with snow.

"I cannot tell you how many lakes are visible from the Righi Kulm. I counted thirteen; besides which, the lakes of Zurich and Lucerne peep out, from behind the mountains, in no less than six different places, each basin looking like a separate body of water. Then there are many rivers, drawn through rich meadows in blue winding lines. Every where the waters were dark as ultramarine. Of towns, and churches, and towers, it is almost commonplace to speak, on such an occasion. They dotted the panorama, however, in all directions; for it was not possible to look into one of the many valleys which opened around us like a spreading fan, without their meeting the eye.

"I presume you think you have now obtained some just impressions of the view from the Righi. So far from this, I have yet scarcely alluded to its leading—its most wonderful feature. The things mentioned, beyond a question, are the first to strike the eye, and for a time they occupy the attention; but the most sublime beauties of this elevated stand are to be found in the aspect of the high Alps. These peaks are clustered all along the southern horizon, looking hoary, grim, and awful; a congress of earthly giants. They are seen distinctly only at short intervals, in the morning and evening. Frequently they are shut up in a gloom adapted to their chill mysteries, and then again parts appear, as whirlwinds and mists drive past. At such moments they truly seem the region of storms.

"Amid the stern group, it is possible to distinguish the Jung Frau, and all her majestic neighbourhood; the Titlis, my Bernese discovery; and a hundred more that I could not name, if I would. I believe none of the great southern range of the Alps, including Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, came into the view. They are excluded by the great height of the nearer line of the Oberland."

The lake scenery, too, of Switzerland is exquisite. The lake of Geneva is the largest, and its eastern end is pre-eminently beautiful. The view on it from the station at Lausanne is, for soft beauty, equal to any thing in the country. The lakes of Thun, Brienz, and the Four Forest Cantons, we have cursorily mentioned; those of Zurich, Zug, and Constance, are all bordered by lovely scenery. The falls of the Rhine claim pre-eminence over any European cataract, though to an American, after Niagara, they are like what Catskill would be to a Swiss after the Jung-Frau. The Geisbach and a host of other *bachs* meet the traveller at every mile.

But over all the astonishing features of Swiss scenery, the glacier is pre-eminent. These abound on all the lofty mountains. Seen at a distance, their pale green, contrasted with the dazzling white of the surrounding snow, indicates them to the eye. But when approached and examined, the wonder of their creation and existence strikes the beholder. A huge mass of ice, in immense crystallizations, heaped one upon the other, lies down the side of the mountain, in many cases, as we have before stated, to its base, of a dingy green colour. Whether it was that the sight of the two greatest wonders of nature produced similar emotions in us, or whether there is any real resemblance between them, we know not, but we remember when at Naples to have made the remark, on looking at an immense torrent of half cold lava which had just issued from Vesuvius, that if it were ice it would look exactly like a glacier. There seemed to us the same unformed, jutting protuberances, the same half-flowing, just congealed appearance, the same enormous bulk. It has been ascertained by the learned, that glaciers have a slight progressive motion; indeed substances have come to light after long congealment; in one instance, we think, the body of a hunter emerged from one of them. De Saussure thinks that the glacier des Bois, at Chamouni, moves about six or eight feet annually; in other words, that about that much of it evaporates and melts off in that time. The very great heat of the lower valleys would account for a much greater diminution; yet the rivers which flow from them are but slightly augmented in the hottest weather. The huge body defies heat. We have already given our author's account of the formation of glaciers, and it is the generally received one. There are one or two of comparatively modern existence, we are told, one particularly on the old route from Chamouni to Aosta.

In a country rendered so remarkable by nature, man, as our author says in his preface, seems to sink into comparative nothingness. The position of Switzerland, however, as the key to Italy by land, and as a bulwark against invasion of one

of the surrounding powers by another, renders it of some importance in European politics. It is nature's neutral ground. Its cantons have furnished forth armies, but its wars, as a separate power, are over. It cannot be considered any longer of sufficient moment to embroil Europe. Yet it may remain a long time quiet in its advantageous position. It may keep together its cantons, with their heterogenous governments, their twenty currencies, their two languages, and their two religions. But as it has not sufficient moral or physical force in the scale of empires to maintain itself among the first, so we think there is not enough community of feeling or of intercourse between the different cantons to bind it together very strongly. It exists as much by outward pressure as by the adhesion of its components. Its neighbours have a necessity for it. This has not always been so. Time was—when individual bravery effected something in warfare—that Switzerland made a show among nations, and fought and won many a battle. The exploits of Tell and his compatriots, now, alas! fast becoming apocryphal, have been the theme of poets and painters. Swiss bravery, Swiss fidelity, Swiss love of country, are proverbs. But, as we before stated, the political existence of Switzerland is gone. Since the rude dissolution of the old Helvetic league, in '98, it has been the sport of France and Austria at intervals; at one time accepting a constitution from the former, and at another overrun by the latter for having done so. Finally, after a modified restoration of the old league, it joined the holy alliance, let us charitably suppose, because it could not help it. The revolution of the three days did not materially disturb its tranquillity. "*La Suisse*," says M. Thiers, "*n'a qu'un avantage réel; c'est d'ouvrir des débouchés directs à la France sur l'Autriche, et à l'Autriche sur la France. On conçoit dès-lors que pour le repos des deux puissances et de l'Europe, la clôture de ces débouchés soit un bienfait. Plus on peut empêcher les points de contact et les moyens d'invasion, mieux on fait; surtout entre deux états qui ne peuvent se heurter sans que le continent en soit ébranlé. C'est en ce sens que la neutralité intéresse toute l'Europe, et qu'on a toujours bien fait d'en faire un principe de sûreté général.*" Even in this sense Switzerland is fast losing its importance at present. The strongly conservative measure of Louis Philippe must so please the Austrian government, that one might suppose that they would like to be nearer neighbours than they are. Of the form of the governments of the different cantons it does not come within our purpose to speak. They all partake, in a degree, of aristocracy; many very much; others less. That of Schaffhausen was, according to Picot, in '98, says our author, aristo-democratic, at which he laughs heartily, as being impossible.

Switzerland has had her share of eminent men. The reformation got some of its most distinguished champions there. The house of Hapsburg takes its origin and its name from one of its fastnesses—Haller, Lavater, Bernouilli, Euler, Zimmerman, De Saussure, and others, have aided in the advancement of science.—

“Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from wo
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched.”—

Gibbon, Voltaire, and Madame de Stael, made it the country of their adoption.

This very cursory glance at Switzerland, politically, has diverted our attention a moment from our author. We stand in a different position with regard to him from that of most tourists. A distinguished writer, we may say the Leviathan of our literature, has here given us his impressions of a foreign country. Of course we expect more from him, than from A, B and C, the herd of travellers. True, the country he has chosen to describe, does not afford an opportunity for any strong sketches of society or of people. We cannot have the deep sentiment, the powerful thought of Puckler Muskau, nor the discerning clear-headedness of Raumer. The book, so far as it is sketches of Switzerland, is but a description of its localities, its towns, and its scenery. Very little is attempted concerning its government, nothing concerning its people. It is a narrative of the daily occurrences of a tour, interspersed with many vivid descriptions of the picturesque, but more particularly with the author's peculiar opinions. The first one of these we shall advert to, is the almost ludicrous Anglo-phobia, or rather, aversion to the English, which he, on all occasions, exhibits. Never does an unfortunate John Bull cross his path, but he gets a slap. He tells on page 113 of Vol I., that he has kept a register of twenty-three gratuitous pasquinades on America written opposite American names in the traveller's books at the hotels; all written in English and all against Americans—and written by some blackguards, but hardly a reason for abusing the whole English nation, as participators in the offence. At Thun he found an Englishman who told him how cheap mutton was in Herefordshire, when our author called his attention to a beautiful effect of the sun on a mountain top. An English young lady would not bow to him in return to a similar civility on his part at Interlaken—p. 221. At Stantz he breakfasts with an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman—the two latter took little notice of him—the former was disposed to be

civil, until our author offered him a piece of toast from his own stores, when the offer was coldly declined, and I was set down as "*a nobody*," a "*shoving fellow*," and of course "*cut*." He meets a party at the glacier of the Rhone—"they were English at a glance." "I felt disposed to anathematize the restlessness which drives these people, full-dressed, and conventional, just as they issue from their assize balls, and county dinners, into every hole and cranny of Europe". This time his bow was responded to, and, *mirabile dictu*, the elder of two gentlemen of the party volunteered to tell him that Sir Herbert Taylor had been made adjutant-general. No doubt, every one who has been on the continent has been struck with the extreme vulgarity of many of the lower class of English travellers—men without any pretension to decency, who are enabled to travel from the much less expense of travelling there than in their own country, who commit these offences against propriety, of which our author complains, and who would probably write as much black-guardism after a Frenchman's name as after an American's, if they only understood the language. We cannot, however, admit that this proves any thing against the nation at large, or that as we are triumphantly told, these "*straws tell which way the wind blows*"—and it can hardly be objected to a person that he is well dressed, even on Mount Furca.

We cannot refrain from extracting an amusing resource to get something to eat, which we recommend to travellers in the German parts of Pennsylvania, where, if not acquainted with the Saxon, all one is likely to obtain is an eternal "*yaw*." "It was not difficult to make the hostess understand that we wished to eat," says our author—

"Café, as good luck will have it, like '*revolution*,' is a word of general use in these luxurious times. So far, all was well—but '*what would we eat*?' We were sufficiently hungry to eat any thing; but how was one to express '*any thing*' by signs? It might be interpreted so easily into '*every thing*!' In this crisis I bethought me of a long neglected art, and crowed like a cock. The shrill scientific strain had hardly reached the ear of the good woman before it was answered by such a peal of laughter as none but village lungs could raise. W——, who is an admirable mimic, ran after the convulsed party, (two or three girls had been anxiously awaiting the result,) and began quite successfully to cackle like a hen. He was answered by screams that I think must have fairly ascended the Am Stoss. In due time, we had a broiled fowl, an omelette, and boiled eggs; but to the last moment none of the '*women-kind*' could look at us without hearty bursts of merriment. To be sure it was droll enough to hear hunger bursting out spontaneously, in these paroxysms of natural eloquence."

The expedients of travellers are amusing. We have heard of an easy quiet soul, who went all over France and Italy with two words, which were "*Garçon, besoin*"—no matter what he

wanted, he said, "Garçon, besoin." Another, not too well versed in the mysteries of the French cuisine, after many abortive attempts at ordering a dinner, hit upon one he liked tolerably well, and ordered regularly day after day the same *plats*, until at length whenever he entered the restaurant, the waiters would cry to each other "Ah, voilà monsieur du même diner."

The book before us is also remarkable for containing the political creed of its author. In his preface he talks of it, and continues to do so throughout the work. He expects no favour for his opinions, having the misfortune, as he expresses it, to belong to neither of the great parties which divide our country. He speaks strongly, severely, and justly, of the bitterness of party spirit with us—of the toleration and even encouragement of the falsest abuse of the most virtuous citizens to serve party purposes, and considers these as menacing symptoms. Though his application of this censure, we fear, was meant to be partial, yet we are willing to let it stand against all. He is democratic, *ab imo pectore*, slashing right and left at aristocracies, particularly at some little Swiss "aristo-democracies," and generally at all "who consider themselves the cream of the earth." He puts his faith in the mass. He gives us a new doctrine on the subject of strong police in democratic governments, which may well be considered as applicable to us, in the present facility of getting up a mob about any thing that happens to irritate any particular class of people.

"One of the consequences of considering mere franchises as political liberty, is a confusion between cause and effect, and prejudices like these which exist against a *gens d'armes*. Political liberty does not exist in the nature of particular ordinances, but in the fact that the mass of a community, in the last resort, holds the power of making such municipal regulations, and of doing all great and sovereign acts, as may comport with their current necessities. A state that set up a dictator, so long as its people retain the practical means of resuming their authority, would, in principle, be freer than that which should establish a republic, with a limited constituency, and a provision against change. Democracies may submit to martial law, without losing any part of their democratic character, so long as they retain the right to recall the act. Thus may a democracy commission *gens d'armes* to execute its most familiar ordinances, without in the least impairing its political pretension. Laws are enacted to be executed; and if a man with a gun on his shoulder be necessary to their execution, it surely is no sign that liberty is on the wane that such agents are employed, but just the contrary, by proving that the people are determined their will shall be enforced. Liberty does not mean license, either through franchises or through disorders, but an abiding authority, in the body of a nation, to adapt their laws to their necessities."

We wish heartily that we had competent and proper means to show that "liberty is not license," and to protect property from the attacks of infuriated partisans. Yet we cannot wholly subscribe

to Mr. Cooper's reasoning upon the subject, any more than we can praise a long note annexed to the passage above quoted, the aim of which is to prove how wrong the senate were in passing their vote of censure on the president for removing the deposits from the United States Bank. He attempts this by a comparison between the intention and object of the "veto power" in the king of England and in our president. After carrying this out at some length, he bursts forth—"Surely we have not yet reached the pass, when, under the pretence of liberty (!), one portion of a branch of the government can step out of its sphere with impunity, and sit in judgment on the conduct of another branch of the government, by overt acts, as was the fact in the celebrated resolution of the senate during the session of 1833-34!" "If the senate be suffered openly to assume the power of censuring the president when he is wrong, the time is not far distant, when, to effect the ends of party, he will be censured when he is right," &c. &c. Whether this be sound or not, we entirely deprecate its introduction into a book of travels through Switzerland. It is in bad taste to write out party doctrines to the utmost verge in this manner. We repeat that we are sorry to see it.

In the second volume are some strong hits at the propensity of the English newspapers to blacken those who stand in the way of their interests. An opportunity for this occurred (says our author) at the passage of the tariff bill. Accordingly, the whole English press opened their batteries on us. Our author thinks this a national trait—to wit—a love of "blackguarding" others, and ascribes it to the nature of English interests, which "get to be so high-wrought, if one may use the expression, that they are constantly liable to be injured by any justifiable measure to which others may resort for their own good." He finds Americans guilty of the same propensity, and we agree with him as to the fact, though we can hardly conceive that both being commercial nations is the cause of it; nor can we admit, what he so broadly asserts, that our journals are more abusive in the commercial than in the planting states. We are disposed to assert exactly the converse of his proposition as to the effects of commerce on a people. They are in a high degree beneficial and salutary. The mere possession of wealth, which commerce necessarily gives, is softening to its possessors; it affords them luxury and ease, and thence urbanity of manners and feeling. Certainly history teaches us this. Commercial nations have invariably been distinguished for high social excellence, for encouragement of arts, sciences, and literature, for freedom of opinion and of government. The germ of almost every advance the world has made is to be found with them. Liberality, in every sense, is the honourable distinction

of commercial men. An argument in favour of the tariff is next introduced, as a corollary, we suppose, to his proposition as to the close feeling which commerce engenders. After admitting that the doctrine of free trade is abstractedly true, he thinks the admission "amounts to no more than if one were to say that a man will run easier and faster without shackles than with shackles. Nations, as respects all their interests, are shackled by circumstances." He extends this idea to individuals. He would have each one to create a little tariff around himself. Let each man shake his own hand, and make his own hat and coat, and produce his own food. The position that one person, and one country, has abilities which another has not, and that, therefore, the production of such articles as these abilities lead them to produce will be greater, cheaper, and better, does not seem to have struck him.

But we are not about to argue the matter with him. His present work can, from its nature, add but little to his literary reputation. Though accurate in its details, and striking in many of its descriptions, it can hardly be said to be either novel or remarkable. It is lively, and well-written; but it is on a subject on which power cannot be shown to a very great degree. To one who has been in Switzerland, it of course affords interest to compare his feelings and impressions with those of the author of the *Spy* and the *Red Rover*. He has passed much more time there than most persons, and has traveled much more minutely; and as a correct description of the beauties and wonders of that remarkable country, his "Sketches" will command the attention of the reading world.

ART. XI.—*The Prophet of St. Paul's*. A play, in five acts. By DAVID PAUL BROWN. Philadelphia: 1836.

Mr. Brown has all the boldness of conscious genius. So far as depends on himself he is determined to realize the *non omnis moriar* of a classic poet, to the study of whose critical precepts, if we may judge from the work before us, he has assiduously devoted himself. An ordinary aspirant would have hesitated a little at the cool reception of so brilliant a work of art as *Sertorius*;¹ but with the blindness or prejudices of the public, Mr. Brown, in common with all who work for immortality, has

¹ *Sertorius*: or the Roman Patriot. A tragedy. By David Paul Brown. Philadelphia: 1830.

nothing to do. His works are made to keep,—embalmed for coming generations in the attic salt so profusely scattered over their pages. We never could fully account for the fate of Sertorius. Its letterpress was of the best, and its binding, if we mistake not, Russian. It was distributed at the author's charge, and acted at a very respectable theatre under his supervision. Mr. Lucius Junius Brutus Booth (on that particular occasion neither mad nor maudlin) gave, in the principal character, full effect to all the clap-traps, to which a willing, though somewhat limited, audience cordially responded. There was much thumping of feet among the gods, (we counted four very energetic applauders, too, in the pit,) and some tears in the dress circle, particularly at the assassination scene. We have no doubt that the second representation equalled the first. Our enquiries in relation to it have been numerous, and we have never heard the fact questioned, though we have been unsuccessful in meeting with any one who was present at the performance. Like many excellent pieces, however, there were peculiarities in the style of the tragedy, and in the conduct of its plot, that prevented it from becoming a stock play. The author's ready classical allusions and learned historical illustrations appear in every page; but, not content with wealth, managers want tinsel. The learning of Lempriere, condensed and abbreviated, though fortified by a prodigious familiarity with Plutarch's Lives, is not enough to satisfy them. Mr. Brown could not descend to modern stage trickery, the monstrosities of melo-drama, or pantomime—consequently he could not please the managers.

We may thus account, perhaps, for the neglect of this deserving drama by those who control the stage, but why its merits never enabled the *publisher* to carry it to a second or third edition, we are still at a loss to comprehend. Surely there is no lack of cultivated readers in our country—of those who appreciate and love the elaborate efforts of the dramatic muse. When we see the eagerness and energy with which the British press welcomes and applauds every play-wright who contributes in the smallest degree to raise the sinking cause of tragedy—what praise it has recently bestowed on Miss Baillie, and more particularly on the author of *Ion*, we have cause to blush for our country. *Ion* is doubtless a highly-finished production; so is *Sertorius*. The scene of *Ion* is laid in ancient Argos—that of *Sertorius* in ancient Spain; but (and here lies the difference) the interest which can be attached to *Ion*, a foundling in a temple, is and necessarily must be vastly inferior to that which we feel in *Sertorius*, a man and a general, surrounded by trumpets and banners. Mr. Brown has felt his advantage here, and made the most of it. His play is alive with

the *clamor virum clangorque tubarum*. He has studied a noted scene at Tilbury Fort to much advantage. We have little hesitation in saying, that no dramatic writer of our day has shown more judgment in that difficult part of his duty, the choice of a subject, than Mr. Brown in *Sertorius*. He, himself, we presume, was not aware what high sanction he had for that choice, for, "in the scanty intervals afforded by an arduous profession," he had other things to think of than the study of Corneille, a remote author who made *Sertorius* the subject of a tragedy in the French tongue, one hundred and sixty years ago. Some ridiculous notions of preference for this rugged, foreign production may have had their influence in depressing Mr. Brown's play in the estimation of those who affect taste at the expense of patriotism; but our readers may take it on our assurance, that however Corneille may have anticipated Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown owes nothing to Corneille.

Sertorius, however, (Mr. Brown's *Sertorius*), is in a state of suspended animation, and whatever pleasure we might take in assisting to restore it, at least to a partial resurrection, our readers will pardon us the direct effort. We hope to accomplish that end indirectly by the consideration we are about to bestow upon its successor, "*The Prophet of St. Paul's*," second to it in nothing, save, perhaps, that the latter evinces a less daring genius, a greater reliance on the appliances of art, and a less sanguine trust in the candour and intelligence of the public. The enthusiasm of authorship has abated, but the intellectual vigour and cultivated fancy are undiminished.

From the title page of this new effort of our author, our readers have already learned that it is "a play, in five acts." From the dedicatory inscription to the members of the Philadelphia bar, characterized by the author's wonted modesty, they may learn that it is an "imperfect dramatic sketch;" and from the prologue, that it is a "drama," with the additional and desirable information that it

———"treats of beauty and of love;
Scenes it exhibits for the brave and fair,—
Especial scenes to greet the indulgent sight
Of dazzling eyes that sparkle here to-night:"

Meaning, we suppose, scenes especially intended for bright eyes to look upon. The peculiar propriety of this hint will appear in the fourth act, in which a tournament is introduced. The reader may conceive, moreover, that those scenes cannot be other than *especial* (the word is too narrow for the associations by which we are haunted) in which the interlocutors are no less than two kings, one heir presumptive, one queen *in esse*, and another *in futuro*, one cardinal, three dukes,

one ambassador, one duchess, the Chevalier Bayard, one marquis by creation and one by courtesy, knights, heralds, and attendants (all noble, no doubt,) without limit; the only plebeians being a jester, a tailor, and a waiting woman. If the property-man could only do his part, the mere spectacle of so much pomp, so many crowns and coronets, and so much armour, mingled, as they would be, with the cardinal's red hat, the tabard of the heralds, and the fool's motley, would work an anti-republican revolution. We should fear as patriots, while we admired as men. We would make a sober appeal to Mr. Brown on this subject, and ask him if he is not playing with edged tools. We are afraid of kings even in mimicry.

The play opens with an interview between Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. The scene is very properly laid in "a palace." Had it been between two gipsies, we cannot doubt that Mr. Brown's accurate knowledge of scenic propriety would have placed it in a wood, or perhaps in a barn. There is nothing like a *locus in quo*, as Mr. Brown professionally knows. True, he does not name the particular palace, or designate a room in it. It would narrow the importance of the persons too much to do so. We cannot but consider this a bold, as well as a happy scene. Bold, because it at once places Mr. Brown on the same ground with Shakspeare; as Captain Fluellen says, "there is salmons in both;" and happy, because the author throws such new light on the character of the said salmons. The opening address of the bluff monarch is very accurately modelled after history.

"Speak plainly, Wolsey, and forget the king;
It is the king commands."

No doubt Wolsey was duly impressed with his lesson, as nothing could have tended more happily to sink the individual addressing him into perfect oblivion than a reiteration of his regal title. The cardinal, accordingly, is soon reminded that he is *not to forget* altogether, either, but only *sub modo*, and with qualification. He might forget him until the story was told, but not at all in his moral reflections or commentary upon it; for falling into a hypocritical strain about "penance" and "things above," the monarch who, even at this early day, suspected his true character, affectionately reproves him with,

"Curse on this cant! dost palter with a king?"

Whereupon the priest whines a little more, and talks of his low beginnings and the royal bounty; the king, in turn, retorts with "*kingly honour*," and the like phrases, by way of remedying his past forgetfulness, and tells him, among other things, that

"If every knave build on his own construction,
Death's decrees shall lose their bloody impress,
And become a passport to a regal entertainment ;"

a sentiment whose purport is as clear as its phraseology is harmonious.

The secret, thus communicated by the cardinal to the king, touches nothing less than the aspirations of the Duke of Suffolk to the hand of the Princess Mary, sister to his majesty. This Henry swears he will prevent, by marrying her to Louis XII. of France, De Longueville, ambassador from that monarch, having made proposals to that effect.

———"By the Rood !
The treaty shall be closed, aye, on the instant ;
She is no subject's mate."

And he closes his impetuous harangue by adding, in melodious verse,

———"princes, like the stars,
Were made to gaze at, by vulgar eyes,
With awe and reverence—to worship, not to wed."

Upon which, the king having made his *exit*, the cardinal, as in duty bound, takes up the figure :

"Like the devout astronomer, who gazed
With naked eye on the effulgent sun
In close communion with these *earthly* planets,
I am struck blind with light."

With one or two additional reflections, the cardinal retires, and we hear no more of him, save in one short, superfluous interview. We have the sad satisfaction, however, to reflect that if his blindness proved perpetual, he incurred it in the discharge of his duty.

In the second scene the princess herself comes upon the stage under rather equivocal circumstances. We confess we were frightened, and thought of Messalina, when we found her "in a *loose disguise*, in a by-street," but we were soon reassured on discovering that, after all, it was probably day-light, and that she only came there to have her fortune told. She soliloquizes, in strains worthy of a Tudor, at the door of the fortune-teller's hovel, who, by the way, is none other than the Prophet of St. Paul's, himself. We regret that we have not room for her original contemplations on the hardship of the kingly lot ; they may be compared with those of Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt, without any disadvantage to Shakspeare. We cannot, however, omit a passage near the conclusion :

"I'll think no more—thought thickens upon thought,
And, like a dark and ravenous bird of prey,
Gloats while it gluts upon the quivering heart,
To die of surfeit."

Or, as Mr. Brown would say in prose: "I'll think no more. Thought, thickening upon thought, is like a dark and ravenous bird of prey, which gloats while it gluts to die of a surfeit upon the quivering heart." Surely the princess was in the right, and with a consistency for which Mr. Brown's characters are remarkable, she seems to have "thought no more" during the whole play. The passage itself is the most *intense* in the book, and on that account, as well as for the sentiment it so clearly expresses, we have quoted it.

The Prophet (and by and by our readers may, perhaps, guess who he is) is very oracular. He is, notwithstanding he deals in necromancy, a "holy seer," for which we are glad. We feared he might prove the devil incarnate. No such thing. He invokes no spirits, and scarcely uses a naughty word during his whole performance. In this, as in other portions of the machinery (if we may so call it) of this admirable play, Mr. Brown has looked to the happiness of that interesting part of an American audience, the rising generation. The Athenian magistrates were compelled, in order to preserve the wits of the women and children, to reduce the number of Furies in the chorus of Orestes from forty to nine. Their frightful contortions, their hissing serpents, and diabolical postures, produced alarming consequences. Not so with the Prophet. His very responses are in "the butter-woman's pace to market."

"Here is sunshine—there a cloud;
Here is mirth, and there a shroud."

The princess, gratified with his services and the kindliness of his manner, rewards him with a ring, with a valuable promise attached:

"Accept this poor requital, and should time
Restore me to the blessings I have lost,
Present thou, then, this ring, and name thy boon,
'Tis thine upon the promise of a princess."

The king does a good deal of business in scene third. He announces the completion of the treaty, and the departure of De Longueville:

"(And Longueville, impatient to convey
The welcome tidings to the ears of France,
Has taken his departure.)"

¹ As this verse is imperfect we propose to read it thus in the next edition,

"Has taken his departure in the packet."

He reads the cardinal a lecture on prerogative, and on the art of "forgetting the king ;"

———" Say no more, my lord !
Canst thou not see when kings are in the field,
A subject's proudest duty is—submission ?"—

takes Suffolk somewhat roundly to task for his contumacy and disrespect, for saying :

" Howe'er the state determine, 'tis not well
To wed the princess to a sepulchre,"

and concludes, by announcing to the same duke that he shall swell the princess's escort to France, by way of penalty for his presumption, little thinking how much pleasure he confers instead.

" The king's displeasure doth accord me more
Than supplication ever could obtain."

Suffolk announces his good fortune to the princess, who is less pleased than we had expected at the escort provided. Perhaps her lover had misbehaved on some former occasion, for she says :

" If thou *must* be companion of my voyage,
Remember thou art escort to a *queen*—
That the blue *waves* which sever adverse shores,
Are *Lethe's waves*—oblivious of the past.*

To which Suffolk assents, though as a general proposition (and so it is enounced by the princess) we hold it to be disputable. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, is an old authority the other way. Suffolk is heart-broken at the ending of his hopes, and after the departure of Mary, breaks out with a bitter soliloquy about the grave, which strongly indicates suicidal designs. His melancholy musings are interrupted by Dorset, the Mercutio of the play, as Suffolk is its Romeo, who enters with a hop, skip, and jump, to tell him (what by the way he knew before) that he is proclaimed

" Lord Marshal in *King Cupid's* expedition,"

(every thing takes a royal aspect in this regal company to which Mr. Brown introduces us,) and that they must soon be off to France. This scene enables Mr. Brown to illustrate the

* We give the italics as the princess pronounced them. Why the ten words so printed should thus overcrowd their twenty companions, we pretend not to conjecture.

characters of Suffolk and Dorset* by their opposites, and we should much like to give it to our readers entire, but they must be content with one specimen from each :

“*Dorset.*—What! Mary, too—Margaret will not suffice.
Egad, my lord, you are a mighty hunter,
A second Nimrod among royal game.
Might I advise to furnish out the trio,
You'll take old Jane—the offcast queen of Louis.”

At which decent joke “the lord of Suffolk” becomes unreasonably indignant, but Dorset soothes him, and at length accedes to his request—adjuration we should call it rather—to be left alone :

“Nay leave me Dorset, if thou lov'st me, leave me!
I will not fail you at the morning's dawn;
But now 'tis midnight, and my gloomy soul
Holds her dark vigils—and would be alone.”

Being gratified, his dark vigils commence, and are accompanied by a soliloquy of five-and-thirty lines as instructive and full of meaning as all Mr. Brown's soliloquies are. In it we are informed that

—“love ne'er shrinks to *friendship* till it dies,”

but that *true love is death*, or that true love shuddering at diminution is death, or that true love in diminution is death; (for the phrase though beautiful is somewhat obscure) and that the glowing heart, all its charms being lost, sinks to the low level of instinctive brutes; but that hearts that have ever loved as *we should love*, can suffer no abatement, no restraint, but a soul for a soul. The *breast*, however, [whatever may

* We have some historical information concerning this nobleman, to which Mr. Brown may allude in his next edition. It is from “Burton's Description of Leicestershire,” and we copy it for our author's special benefit and information, as it carries out his ideas of Dorset. Lucretius talks of the “*semperflorens Homerus*”—the epithet would be a good one for the marquis.—“Thomas, Marques of Dorset, whose body being buried in 1530, was, in 1608, upon the cutting open of the Cerecloth, found perfect and nothing corrupted, the flesh not hardened, but in colour, proportion, and softness, like an ordinary Corpse newly to be interred.” Thus far the annalist. It is always pleasing to find one's dramatic notions so coincident with fact, but this must always be the case with an author, who, like Mr. Brown, consults only truth and nature. Had Suffolk been disinterred, he would, no doubt, have been found in colour allied to plumbago or charcoal, the material evidence of his misanthropical turn of mind.

be the case with the glowing *heart*] was taught to glow by the great Creator, who also taught it to cling to sympathetic arms as closely as it clings to life. Such are some of the metaphysical and moral beauties of this impressive soliloquy, which the reader, we are sure, will not hesitate to pronounce as appropriate as it is eloquent. It concludes the first act as a splendid bravura terminates an opera.

Did our limits permit, we would trace the progress of the whole piece as minutely as we have done that of the first act, but our readers must henceforth be content with a more general survey, and a more limited selection of beauties. The second act opens in France with a banquet, at which some spirited conversation passes between Francis of Valois, the Chevalier Bayard, and Amarel, the jester, upon the fickleness of the future king, and the promise of knightly sport at the approaching tournament. Alexander's conduct to Statira very happily serves to display the learning of Francis, and to illustrate, by contrast, the prominent foible of his character. Scipio comes in as the usual companion-piece, but the Duke of Valois declares the superiority of Alexander, for a reason in which logic and rhythm are most happily united:

"The Greek resisting curiosity—resisted two Statiras."

A happy approximation to a Greek heroic verse, and a successful introduction of a new law into poetical composition, by which the line is lengthened in proportion to the greatness of the subject; Alexander in iambics would indeed be Achilles in petticoats. There is a *Brononian* theory of medicine, why not of metre?

The English train at last arrives at Boulogne, and we are given to understand that they came by sea and had a very rough passage. Dorset, who had previously informed Suffolk of his appointment, seems no sooner to have crossed the channel than he forgets the nature of the expedition. In one of his mercurial nature, this was a matter of course, but Suffolk's answers are so oracular (though he is questioned in sober prose) that neither Dorset nor the reader get any great satisfaction. At length he hints that beauty is very transitory, and adds emphatically:

"I tell thee, Dorset—for my grief will speak—
The temple where this union is confirmed,
Should be a sepulchre—a charnel-house;"

which strikes as a little singular, since, at page 11, he had told King Henry that it was mighty ill in him

"To wed the princess to a sepulchre;"

and we are sure that it would not be mending the matter to accumulate needless horrors on the occasion. Some day or other an interesting problem for critics will be whether Suffolk was not a mono-maniac. His love for the princess seems certainly a little to have disordered him, but we incline to a verdict of sanity. His soliloquies are too well-ordered for those of a madman, and the propriety of his conduct when he checks Dorset ;

“Dorset, forbear—the princess moves this way ;”

shows how perfectly he could control himself, even in her immediate presence.

The introduction of the princess to Francis is well managed, and the amenity of her disposition, even under unpleasant circumstances, is shown skilfully by the emphasis she gives her English on addressing him, a foreigner, doubtless, without much practice in that language :

“My good kinsmán, we are boundén to yóu.”

Dorset throws out a hint, by the way, in this scene, which we were sorry to see, as it is the first contemporary evidence we have met with which gives any colour to Henry's charges against Anna Boleyn.

——“there may be Campaspes in *our* train.”

Now Anna formed a part of that train, and, though very young, (Mary calls her “*young* mistress Boleyn”) must take her share of the stigma. Henry, however, married her seventeen years afterwards, and she was then in her youth, so that we trust her fair fame may not be much tarnished ; but Dorset and Mr. Brown should have been careful. The act closes with a most edifying scene between the Chevalier Bayard and Francis, which we recommend to the earnest perusal of all gay young bachelors.

Act III. introduces us to Louis XII., the cause of all this pother, in a most unexpected frame of mind. He discovers, rather late, that he has no business with a young wife, and comes to the determination that she shall be

——“his daughter and a *maiden* queen,”

an arrangement to which no one but the Prophet of St. Paul's can object. His response made her a

“Maiden mother—throneless queen,
Widow—in her wedding state.”

Which, in an important point, was going farther than the oracle in "The Crusaders," which the Prophet seems very properly to have studied. Be that as it may, Francis gets speedy notice of the arrangement, and in the very next scene proceeds to make love to the "maiden mother," spite of all the fine promises he had made to his Mentor, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The princess coolly asks him if he studies astronomy, a question as well adapted as if Mr. Brown had purposely so designed it, to get from him the gallant and uncommon reply :

"The only stars I ever studied, lady,
Are those bright eyes."

Whereupon the princess becomes aroused, indignant, alarmed, and deems that her *fancy* had led her into

"Some lawless haunt, where ruffian robbers lurk."

She at length gives, as a princess ought to do, a peremptory notice to quit, to Francis, which Suffolk enters very opportunely to enforce. Francis draws his sword, but Suffolk being of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion, that there should be "no honour before ladies," begs him to put it up again, which he does, and retires until a fitting opportunity to settle the quarrel shall present itself. The princess and Suffolk continue the interview, during which the latter tenderly asks a question which so many applicants for credit have asked in vain ;

———"will you not trust?"

To which the princess, confiding, as all ladies ought to do, in her lover, replies, without so much as hinting at an endorser,

"Aye, with my life ; nay more, my lord, my honour."

In the mean time Dorset has fallen in love with the Duchess of Montmorenci, and the Duchess of Montmorenci with Dorset, he having saved her as her horse fell, as lovers have saved ladies before, both in romance and reality. Neither party knows the other. Dorset, therefore, concludes the third act by telling *his* story to Suffolk, and the duchess opens the fourth by relating *hers* to her waiting woman. The loquacious duke also consumes a scene in making a confidant of Francis. These three scenes are extremely good specimens of economy of incident. It is true that they occupy nearly eight pages without contributing one iota to the developement of the main plot, but they do better—they give the author an opportunity to let off his stray similes, and to use up the eloquent odds and ends

his commonplace-book affords. Mr. Brown does not content himself with the classics of the language. He enriches his style with forms of expression which he draws from the pure well of provincial English. Such is that phrase of Dorset's,

———"most true, your grace,
I am engaged in solving of a riddle;"

which no man who had not read the Journal of Barnabas, whom purists call *drunken Barnaby*, could possibly have hit on. Barnaby, in his account of the puritan cobbler, very happily repeats the expression ;

"A hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a rat on Sunday."

A felicity which Mr. Brown will, no doubt, aim at in his next play. Dorset's identification of his stomach and his heart, in a subsequent passage, shows some oriental knowledge, too, for the Brahmins placed the intellect (and in a well-ordered system, like Dorset's, the affections go with it*) in the gastronomic regions. The theory is well worthy the attention of physiologists and metaphysicians.

The tournament which concludes the fourth act, induces us to believe that the author had in view a representation of his piece by an equestrian company. It carries us back to the age of chivalry, and forward to the circus on the old York road. Mr. Hunter's feat of riding three horses at once will be nothing to it. Observe the order.

"Scene IV. Tournament. Court procession [with Johnson's band?]. King and queen take their seats in the centre of the balcony, while the ladies arrange themselves in the order of their rank, on either side, with their attendants. LASTLY, enter Stella of Montmorency with Charmean, who take their seats near to the queen."

So much for the spectators. Now for the actors.

"(Trumpet. Enter herald, knights, and pages, wearing their respective colours! and, after kneeling to the king and queen, bow before their mistresses, and pass off the stage into the lists.)

"Enter Suffolk magnificently attired, and Dorset in black armour, [L'Allegro and Il Penseroso have changed habits,] engaged in conversation. Visors down."

Now if any thing can be finer than this, unless it be the

* The contrary holds of a different class of characters. Berchoux says of Nero :

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur.
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

cavalcade of robbers in "The Forty Thieves," or the grand procession in "Blue Beard," we are not acquainted with it. Then the tilt itself is a meet sequel to the previous description. We are transported to the very scene and made spectators of it. We see Valois unhorse young Percy, and Dorset's equivocal strife with an anonymous gentleman, designated as "the foe." From subsequent circumstances Dorset appears to have been the victor, but the text leaves us for some time in a state of delicate ambiguity :

"Att.—See! see! behold the knight in sable armour.
How gallantly he dashes on the foe!
Observe the well-poised spear—the lofty bearing!
—Now—now, defend thee, knight!—'tis all in vain!
He [who?] hurls him [whom?] to the earth!
(Shouts—Dorset! Dorset.)"

Whether the "Shouts—Dorset! Dorset!" are shouts congratulatory, or shouts sympathetic, we do not learn till the end of the scene, when we are relieved from our suspense by the distribution of the rewards. If that had never been the case, however, the first line of the extract would have repaid us for our disappointment, by its poetical abruptness and variety—"See, see, BEHOLD," works us by imperceptible stages to the highest pitch of expectation, and, though we are not able to see or behold any thing distinctly, we feel grateful to the attendant for exciting our curiosity so powerfully. The scene closes with a swoon on the part of the queen at Suffolk's supposed defeat by a burly Bavarian—a "huge knight" with a battle-axe, and a command by the king "to sound a retreat," which Suffolk disregarding, and taking advantage of the Bavarian who observed it, (as we conjecture,) gives his antagonist a finishing blow with his "falchion which gleams in the air," and thus ends the tourney.

As this contest takes place in open day, and we are all present at it, we are not quite aware of the author's precise object in telling the story over again, in the fifth act, to Twist, the tailor, unless it be to impress a lesson of industry upon the craft by letting them see that they lose nothing by staying at home and minding their business. If that is his intention, it is a laudable one, and we are willing to listen to some tailor-like jokes in the recital for the sake of the moral. In the second scene Dorset tells Suffolk that the object of his regard is a widow, and recommends a speedy elopement with her.

"Scarce shall the sun set on the obsequies
Of the departed king, ere you assert
A lover's right, and wed the widow'd queen."

Suffolk rather starts at the idea of carrying off a lady of such dignity from the very grave of her husband, but at length boldly resolves on the measure in high heroics suitable to the occasion.

"Give me thy hand—'tis but one effort more!
Despair and hope distract my tortured heart
By a divided reign—neither will yield;
And thus I give pre-eminence to *one*,
Or shun them *both*, in death."

To which every reader will respond, as Dorset did—"bravely resolved;" and every reader will rejoice to know that it was as bravely executed.

In the midst of her grief, Mary is surprized by a visit from the Prophet of St. Paul's, who comes with his ring to demand the promised "boon," which is no less than her hand. She recognizes him with some difficulty:

"Ah! that voice—that look—but still it cannot be!
The waves divide us. Speak quickly! who art thou?—
Why art thou here?"

These broken verses indicate a state of anxious wonder, and of curiosity too intense to care for the forms of speech or metrical propriety. The Prophet, however, at length puts an end to her difficulty, by announcing himself:

"*Mary*.—Amazement! Suffolk!
Suffolk.—Aye, lady!—and the Prophet of St. Paul's!"

and the queen redeems her pledge with all proper vivacity, considering she had not yet put on second mourning—

"Take thy reward—this free and willing hand
Was thine, is thine, and shall be thine for ever,"

and consents, forthwith, to the proposed elopement.

Arrived at the Carthusian convent, the friar, in his anxiety to render the marriage perfectly formal, gives time for Francis to interrupt it, and an opportunity for Suffolk to show his determination to lose his life rather than his love. Much to the astonishment of the reader, however, and here Mr. Brown has again improved upon history, Francis insists that there is no occasion to bluster, for that he is determined to give away the bride himself, and that Suffolk shall marry her under his own special supervision; a grace which is likewise accorded to Dorset and the duchess, who had run away for company.

The faults we have to point out in this interesting play are so few that we might well omit them altogether. The prince of poets occasionally nods, and our author does no more. We might, perhaps, say of the persons of the drama, that at least half of them are superfluous; of its plot, that it is inartificial and uninteresting; of its conduct, that it is unskilful and perplexed; and that the concatenation of its parts is so slight, that one may, without difficulty, break off any where. Still this gives the reader the advantage of half a dozen perusals instead of one. If the unities were preserved, we might look upon it as an attempt to revive the Greek drama. After the enunciation of the oracle, the characters get into the hands of destiny, and really take very little pains to get out. Such exertions as they do use, of course, only help on the great designs of fate. It would not suit the modern stage to introduce the classical chorus, but Mr. Brown has managed the lyrical portions of his play still better by placing them in the mouths of the principal characters. The scene between Francis and Dorset, at page 36, is a clever improvement on the models of the present and a former age. There the blank verse is varied by prose and several specimens of lyrical harmony.

If we may use a homely expression, we should say of Mr. Brown's *dramatis personæ* that they *do not know what to be at*. Time hangs heavily on their hands. This, at first, seemed to be a fault, but it really is no such thing. Kings, queens, and nobles, have nothing to do but to kill time. This feature, therefore, shows strongly the author's study of his subject. We wish we could as readily excuse their habit of swearing. It is characteristic, but modern taste does not tolerate it even on the stage. King Henry swears four several oaths, besides an occasional curse or two, during a very short period. He gives us "God's death"—"by the Rood"—"body o'me," and "by day and night." Francis is more chivalrous in his vocabulary. He swears, "by the immortal Charlemagne"—"by my hopes of fame," and once, piously, "by heaven." Suffolk being a sorrowful man, and Vendôme a silent one, they each content themselves with the ejaculation, "by my halidam," a sort of "sarcenet surety" to which we do not object. The jester does not commit himself. At page 42 he swears by St. ———, the patron of jesters not having been canonized. But he roundly adjures *St. Snip*, on behalf of the tailor. Dorset, however, overcomes them all in the number and variety of his oaths. He gives us three oaths theological, "by Thomas Aquinas"—"by St. Paul," and "by the Rood;" one oath mythological, twice repeated, "by Cupid;" and one "good mouth-filling oath" chivalric, "by the dragon and St. George," to

say nothing of a simple "egad" or two, an expletive in the use of which he has, to our astonishment, forestalled Etheridge and Lord Foppington. Sir Lucius, himself, might here amend his system of swearing. But aside from our objection to all this profanity, in a moral point of view, we fear that, like Nick Bottom's roaring, it might "fright the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek," which would certainly mar the performance. If Mr. Brown could omit it, or substitute some innocent exclamations, the company, into whose hands it falls, would be obliged to him.

On the whole, however, this play is sure to succeed. Its lofty sentiments commend it to the elevated and intellectual; its tone of gallantry to the fair; its stirring and brilliant scenes to men of the world, and its comic dialogues to the people.

"Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit,
Ordinibus. Lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque patriciis certant plebeja favori."

CONTENTS OF NO. XL.

| ART. | | PAGE |
|------|--|------|
| I. | HAZLITT AND THE PRESS. - - - | 265 |
| | Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, with a Notice of his Life by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer and Sergeant Talfourd. New York, 1836. | |
| II. | PELLICO AND MARONCELLI. - - - | 291 |
| | "My Prisons." Memoirs of Silvio Pellico of Saluzzo; and Additions, &c., with a Biographical Notice of Pellico. By Piero Maroncelli, of Forli. 2 vols. Translated from the Italian. Cambridge, 1836. | |
| III. | POPULAR EDUCATION. - - - | 315 |
| | Necessity of Popular Education, as a National Object; with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity. By James Simpson. New York and Boston, 1834. | |
| | On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind; or, an Enquiry into the Means by which a general Diffusion of Knowledge and Moral Principle may be promoted. Illustrated with Engravings. By Thomas Dick, L.L. D. Philadelphia, 1836. | |
| IV. | COLTON'S VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE. - | 351 |
| | Ship and Shore; or, Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant. By an Officer in the United States Navy. New York, 1835. | |
| | Visit to Constantinople and Athens. By the Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., author of Ship and Shore. New York, 1836. | |
| V. | PHRENOLOGY. - - - | 366 |
| | A System of Phrenology. By George Combe, late President of the Phrenological Society. Third edition. Edinburgh. | |
| VI. | FRENCH NOVELISTS. - - - | 395 |
| | Notre Dame de Paris. By Victor Hugo. Paris, 1834. | |

CONTENTS.

| ART. | PAGE |
|---|------|
| VII. BRITISH OPINIONS OF AMERICA. - | 405 |
| The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; or, Scenes on the Mississippi. By Frances Trollope, author of "Paris and the Parisians," "Domestic Manners of the Americans," &c. &c. With fifteen engravings. London, 1836. | |
| VIII. NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION. - | 433 |
| Message from the President of the United States, transmitting, in Compliance with a Resolution of the Senate, sundry Documents relating to the Northeastern Boundary of the United States. Svo. pp. 61. Washington, 1836. | |
| IX. POEMS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE. - | 478 |
| Poems by Hartley Coleridge. Leeds. | |
| X. BRYANT'S POEMS. - | 504 |
| Poems by William Cullen Bryant. New York, 1836. | |

ERRATUM.

Page 463, 25th line from top, for *barcation* read "*variation*."